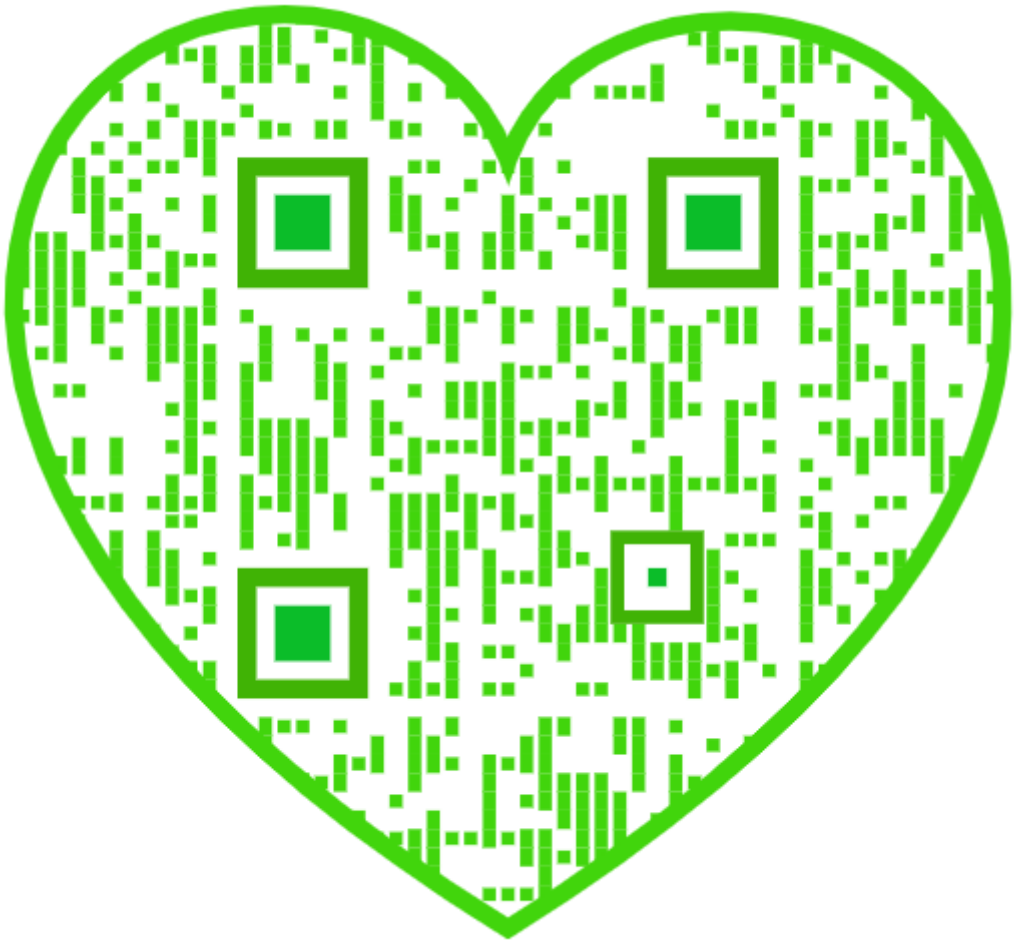

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A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY

WILLIAM EDWARD SIMONDS PH.D.

Professor of English Literature in Knox College,
Author of "A Student's History of English Literature"

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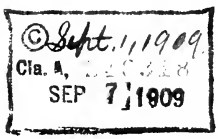

PREFACE

In the preparation of this book, the author has followed in the main the principles embodied in *A Student's History of English Literature*, published in 1902; less reference has been made, however, to the historical setting — it being assumed that the student is well acquainted with the history of his own country.

The author has tried to present the story with directness, omitting what seemed unessential or of minor importance, avoiding the technical both in criticism and in vocabulary, and attempting in the arrangement of material to find a plan as simple and clear as possible. Believing most emphatically that a course in the history of our literature should in no degree supplant the study of its masterpieces, but contribute rather to the enjoyment and correct appreciation of them, he has sought not only to interest his readers in the personal narratives of men and women who have created our literature, — and are still creating it, — but, through the suggestions for study or reading, also to encourage actual acquaintance with the works that compose that literature.

Many of the reference books mentioned in the text will be of more value to the teacher than to the pupil; and the experienced instructor will make more frequent use of illustration than of critical comment. It would be gratifying if our principal authors were represented in every school library, and if *one* such author could be read entire by each student in the course. At all events, the library habit should be cultivated and

the search for illustrative selections encouraged. Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*, Stedman's *An American Anthology*, and similar collections are of the greatest value. Whitcomb's *Chronological Outlines of American Literature* can be used to excellent advantage in noting the productions of specific years. The current volume of *Who's Who in America* is our one reliable source of information concerning living writers. Especially to be commended are *The Chief American Poets* and *American Songs and Lyrics*, both edited by Curtis Hidden Page; the former book, which contains in a single volume the great body of our best American verse, ought to be in continuous use throughout the course.

Finally, let no teacher of American literature consider it a part of his professional duty to depreciate or deprecate the work of our American writers. It represents a substantial and respectable achievement; it may well inspire a reasonable patriotic pride in the minds of our youth; it is, at the present time, as full of promise for literary art in the future as is the national literature of any land.

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The view of Whittier's birthplace is redrawn from a recent photograph. The other views are from contemporary engravings.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

EARLY COLONIAL LITERATURE. 1607–1700

I. The English in Virginia.
II. Pilgrims and Puritans in New England.
III. The New England Clergy.
IV. Puritan Poetry in New England.

I. THE ENGLISH IN VIRGINIA: CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, WILLIAM STRACHEY, GEORGE SANDYS.

THE story of a nation's literature ordinarily has its beginning far back in the remoter history of that nation, obscured by the uncertainties of an age of which no trustworthy records have been preserved. The earliest writings of a people are usually the first efforts at literary production of a race in its childhood; and as these compositions develop they record the intellectual and artistic growth of the race. The conditions which attended the development of literature in America, therefore, are peculiar. At the very time when Sir Walter Raleigh — a type of the great and splendid men of action who made such glorious history for England in the days of Elizabeth — was organizing the first futile efforts to colonize the new world, English Literature, which is the joint possession of the whole English-speaking race, was rapidly developing. Sir

Philip Sidney had written his *Arcadia*, first of the great prose romances, and enriched English poetry with his sonnets; Edmund Spenser had composed *The Shepherd's Calendar;* Christopher Marlowe had established the drama upon heroic lines; and Shakespeare had just entered on the first flights of his fancy. When, in 1606, King James granted to a company of London merchants the first charter of Virginia, Sidney and Spenser and Marlowe were dead, Shakespeare had produced some of his greatest plays, the name of Ben Jonson, along with other notable names, had been added to the list of our great dramatists, and the philosopher, Francis Bacon, had published the first of his essays. These are the familiar names which represent the climax of literary achievement in the Elizabethan age; and this brilliant epoch had reached its full height when the first permanent English settlement in America was made at Jamestown in 1607. On New Year's day, the little fleet commanded by Captain Newport sailed forth on its venturesome and romantic enterprise, the significance of which was not altogether unsuspected by those who saw it depart. Michael Drayton, one of the most popular poets of his day, later poet laureate of the kingdom, sang in quaint, prophetic verses a cheery farewell: —

"You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Go and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

"And in regions farre,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

"And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree,
You it may see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there."

This little band of adventurers "in regions farre" disembarked from the ships Discovery, Good Speed, and Susan Constant upon the site of a town yet to be built, fifty miles inland, on the shore of a stream as yet unexplored, in the heart of a vast green wilderness the home of savage tribes who were none too friendly. It was hardly to be expected that the ripe seeds of literary culture should be found in such a company, or should germinate under such conditions in any notable luxuriance. The surprising fact, however, is that in this group of gentlemen adventurers there was one man of some literary craft, who, while leading the most strenuous life of all, efficiently protecting and heartening his less courageous comrades in all manner of perilous experiences, compiled and wrote with much literary skill the picturesque chronicles of the settlement.

The Virginia Colony.

Captain John Smith, the mainstay of the Jamestown colony in the critical period of its early existence, was a true soldier of fortune, venturesome, resolute, self-reliant, resourceful; withal a man of great good sense, and with the grasp on circumstances which belongs to the man of power. His life since leaving his home on a Lincolnshire farm at sixteen years of age, had been replete with romantic adventure. He had been a soldier in the French army and had served in that of Holland. He had wandered through Italy and Greece into the countries of eastern Europe, and had lived for a year in Turkey and Tartary. He had been in Russia, in Germany, in Spain, and in Africa, and was familiar

John Smith, 1580–1631.

with the islands of the Mediterranean and those of the eastern Atlantic. Smith afterward wrote a narrative of his singularly full and adventurous life, not sparing, apparently, the embellishment which in his time seems to have been reckoned a natural feature of narrative art. The honesty of his statements has been doubted, perhaps to the point of injustice; and at the present time a reaction is to be seen which presents the writings of the sturdy old adventurer in a more favorable light.[1]

It was natural enough that such a daring rover should catch the spirit of enthusiasm with which the exploration and settlement of the New World had inflamed Englishmen of his time and type. And it was a recognition of his experience and practical sagacity which led to his appointment as a member of the Council at the head of affairs in the Jamestown colony.

The True Relation.

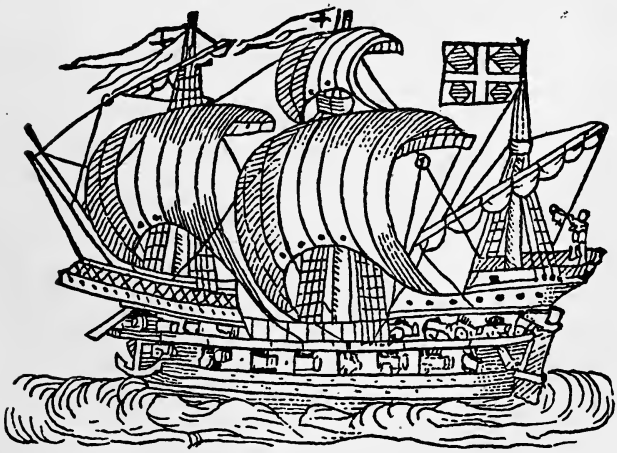
In so far as the literary accomplishments of Captain John Smith have any immediate connection with American history, our interest centres upon his *True Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony, which is now resident in the South part thereof, till the last returne from thence* (London, 1608). Smith's writings are plain, blunt narratives, which please by their rough vigor and the breezy picturesqueness of his rugged, unaffected style. Hardly to be accounted *literature* except by way of compliment, the *True Relation* is not unworthy of its place in our literary record as the first English book produced in America. It supplies our earliest chronicle of the perils and hardships of our

[1] For a full account of Smith's career and a discussion of the authenticity of his claims, read John Fiske's *Old Virginia and her Neighbours*, vol. i.

A TRVE RE-
lation of ſuch occur-

rences and accidents of noateas hath hapned in Virginia ſince the firſt planting of that Collony, which is now reſident in the South part thereof, till the laſt returne from thence.

Written by Captaine Smith *one of the ſaid Collony, to a worſhipfull* friend of his in England.



LONDON

Printed for *Iohn Tappe*, and are to bee ſolde at the Grey-hound in Paules Church yard by *W.W.*

1608

TITLE-PAGE OF JOHN SMITH'S "TRUE RELATION"

(Reduced)

American pioneers. The romantic story of Pocahontas is found in its pages, briefly recounted by the writer in terms which hardly warrant its dismissal as a myth; and many another thrilling incident of that distressing struggle with the wilderness which makes a genuine appeal to the reader now, as it undoubtedly did to the kinsmen of the colonists in England for whom the book was originally prepared.

Other writings.

Smith was the author of several other narrative and descriptive pamphlets in which he recounted the early history of the colonies at Plymouth and on Massachusetts Bay. Indeed, it was the redoubtable Captain who first gave to that part of the country the name New England; and to the little harbor on Cape Cod, before the coming of the Puritans, Smith had already given the name of Plymouth. In 1624, he published *A General History of Virginia*, a compilation edited in England from the reports of various writers.

William Strachey, fl. 1609–1618.

Another interesting chronicle of this perilous time was written in the summer of 1610 by a gentleman recently arrived at Jamestown after a stormy and eventful voyage. This vivid narrative, called *A true Reportory of the wracke and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, knight, upon and from the ilands of the Bermudas, his coming to Virginia, and the estate of that colony*, was written by William Strachey, of whose personality little is known. The tremendous picture of shipwreck and disaster is presented in a masterly style.

"The clouds gathering thick upon us, and the winds singing and whistling most unusually, . . . a dreadful storm and hideous began to blow from out the Northeast, which swelling and roaring as it were by fits, some hours with more violence than others, at length did beat all light from

heaven, which like an hell of darkness, turned black upon us. . . .

"Prayers might well be in the heart and lips, but drowned in the outcries of the Officers, — nothing heard that could give comfort, nothing seen that might encourage hope. . . .

"The sea swelled above the Clouds and gave battle unto heaven.

"Sir George Summers being upon the watch, had an apparition of a little round light, like a faint star, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height from the mainmast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud, tempting to settle as it were upon any of the four shrouds, and for three or four hours together, or rather more, half the night it kept with us, running sometimes along the mainyard to the very end, and then returning. . . .

"It being now Friday, the fourth morning, it wanted little but that there had been a general determination to have shut up hatches and commending our sinful souls to God, committed the ship to the mercy of the sea."

No wonder that when Strachey's little book, printed in London, fell into the hands of William Shakespeare, this dramatic recital of the furious storm which drove the Virginia fleet on the reefs of "the still vexed Bermoothes" should have inspired the poet in his description of the tempest evoked by Prospero on his enchanted island.[1]

So other narratives were written and other chronicles compiled by these industrious Jamestown settlers; but their chronicles and reports were largely official documents prepared for the guidance of the company's officers in London, and for the general enlightenment of Englishmen at home. Nowhere among them do we find the ring of that resounding style which makes literature of Strachey's prose.

[1] Compare Strachey's narrative with Shakespeare's *Tempest*, Act I, Sc. 1. There can be little doubt of Shakespeare's debt to this story of the wreck.

George Sandys, 1578–1644.

It did not seem likely that thus early in Virginia history any laurels would be gathered from Apollo's sacred tree to crown a poet's brow — as Drayton had pleasantly predicted in his lines of farewell. Yet, after all, among these gentlemen adventurers who continued to come from England in increasing numbers, there arrived in 1621, as treasurer of the Virginia company, one who was recognized as a poet of considerable rank — George Sandys, author of an excellent metrical translation of the first five books of Ovid. To Sandys also, Drayton, now laureate, had imparted a professional benediction, exhorting his friend with appreciative words: —

> "Let see what lines Virginia will produce.
> Go on with Ovid. . . .
> Entice the muses thither to repair;
> Entreat them gently; train them to that air."

And amid the exacting duties of his position in a most discouraging time, in experiences of privation and distress, amid the terrors of Indian uprising and massacre, he "went on" with Ovid. After four years of strenuous life in the new America, Sandys went home to England with his translation of the *Metamorphoses* completed, and in 1626 presented his finished work to the king. It was a notable poem, was so accepted by contemporaries, and afterward elicited the admiration of Dryden and of Pope. Thus came the first expression of the poetic art in the New World — "the first utterance of the conscious literary spirit, articulated in America."[1]

We record with interest these few literary appearances in the annals of our early history, but we can in no sense claim these writers as representatives of our native American literature. Smith, Strachey, and San-

[1] Tyler's *History of American Literature*, vol. i, p. 54.

dys were Englishmen temporarily interested in a great scheme of colonization. After brief sojourn in the colony, they returned to England. They were not colonists; they were travelers; and while their compositions have a peculiar interest, and are not without significance for us, they cannot be accounted American works.

Development of the Colony.

The record of Virginia's early struggles, its difficulties with the Indians, its depletion by illness and famine, its losses due to the incapacity of leaders and policies ill adapted to the conditions of a true colonial life, its reinforcements, its acquisition of colonists, its advancement in wealth and importance, — this is familiar history. The remarkable fact is the rapidity with which the colony developed. In 1619, twelve hundred settlers arrived; along with them were sent one hundred convicts to become servants. Boys and girls, picked up in the London streets, were shipped to Virginia to be bound during their minority to the planters. In the same year a Dutch man-of-war landed twenty negroes at Jamestown, who were sold as slaves — the first in America. The cultivation of tobacco became profitable, the plantations were extended, and new colonists were brought over in large numbers. Following the execution of Charles I, and the establishment of the Puritan Protectorate, hundreds of the exiled Cavaliers migrated to Virginia with their families and traditions. These new colonists stamped the character of the dominion that was to be. The best blood of England was thus infused into the new enterprise, and the spirit of the South was determined. In 1650, the population of Virginia was 15,000; twenty years later, it was 40,000.

Yet the southern soil did not prove favorable to liter-

ary growth. English books were, of course, brought into the colony, and private libraries were to be found here and there in the homes of the wealthy. There were no free schools in Virginia, and but few private schools. The children of the planters received instruction under tutors in their own homes, or were sent to England for their education. For fear of seditious literature, printing-presses were forbidden by the king. In 1671, Governor Berkeley declared: —

Literary Conditions.

"I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best of governments. God keep us from both."[1]

Of original literary accomplishment, there was little or no thought until well on in the eighteenth century. Two or three vigorous pamphlets, published in England not long after 1650, are interesting as voicing the first decided utterances of a genuine American spirit in the southern settlements. John Hammond, a resident in the newer colony of Maryland, visiting his old home in 1656, became homesick for the one he had left in America. "It is not long since I came from thence," he said, "nor do I intend, by God's assistance, to be long out of it again. . . . It is that country in which I desire to spend the remnant of my days, in which I covet to make my grave." His little work, entitled *Leah and Rachel* ("the two fruitful sisters, Virginia and Maryland"), was written with a purpose to show what boundless opportunity was afforded in these two colonies to those who in England had no opportunity at all.

"Leah and Rachel."

[1] For a discussion of social and intellectual conditions in Virginia at this period, see G. P. Fisher's *The Colonial Era*, pp. 51–61, and R. G. Thwaites's *The Colonies*, ch. v.

II. PILGRIMS AND PURITANS IN NEW ENGLAND; HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE WRITERS: WILLIAM BRADFORD, JOHN WINTHROP, FRANCIS HIGGINSON, WILLIAM WOOD, THOMAS MORTON.

In the northern settlements, conditions socially and intellectually were very different from those existing in the South. The men who colonized New England represented a unique type; their ideals, their purpose, were essentially other than those which inspired the settlers at Jamestown and the later colonizers of Virginia. The band of Pilgrims who landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth in November, 1620, were not bent on mere commercial adventure, lured to the shores of the New World by tales of its fabulous wealth. They were not in search of gold; they were looking for a permanent home, and had brought their wives and children with them. Their ideals were of the most serious sort; their deep religious feeling colored all their plans and habits of life.

New England.

The Pilgrims were a congregation of "Separatists" or non-conformists who had already endured hardness for conscience' sake before they had ever left the old home. Under the leadership of the Rev. John Robinson and Elder William Brewster, they had fled to Holland in 1608. For ten years, this community of Englishmen had lived peacefully in the Dutch city of Leyden, earning their own living and enjoying the religious liberty they craved; but they felt themselves aliens in a foreign land, and saw that their children were destined to lose their English birthright. After long deliberation, they determined "as pilgrims" to seek in the new continent a home where they might still possess their cherished freedom of worship, while living under English laws and following the customs and traditions of their mother-land.

The Pilgrims.

The Plymouth Colony.

This company of men obtained a grant from the London Company under the same charter as that which had been given to the Virginia Colony. They finally set sail from Plymouth, in England, September 16, 1620. It was in the early winter when the Mayflower sighted the shores of Cape Cod. The story of "New England's trials," first told in the narrative of Captain John Smith,[1] is as romantic as that of the Jamestown Colony and even more impressive.

Of the forty-one adult males who signed the famous compact on board the Mayflower, only twelve bore the title of "Gentleman." They were a sober-minded, sturdy band of true colonizers, familiar with labor and inspired with the conviction that God was leading them in their difficult way. Although half the colony perished in the rigor of that first winter, for which they had been wholly unprepared, the spirit of the Pilgrims spoke in the remarkable words of their leader, Brewster: —

"It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again." [2]

Puritan Colonies in New England.

The companies of settlers who followed the Pilgrims within the next few years were composed of the same sturdy, independent class of thoughtful, high-minded men. They were Puritans, — for the most part well-to-do, prosperous people; many of them had been educated in the universities, and brought the reverence for education with them. "If God make thee a good Christian and a good scholar, thou hast all that thy mother ever asked for thee," said a Puritan matron to her son. The colonists who within

[1] *A Description of New England* (1616); *New England's Trials* (1620–22).

[2] Read John Fiske's *The Beginnings of New England*, p. 82.

the next fifty years dotted the New England coast-line with their thrifty settlements were idealists. As Professor Tyler puts it, they established "not an agricultural community, nor a manufacturing community, nor a trading community; it was a thinking community." Moral earnestness characterized every action. In 1636, the General Court of Massachusetts voted to establish a college at Newtown; John Harvard, dying two years later, bequeathed his library and half his estate to the school, which was then named Harvard College in his honor. In 1639, the first printing-press in America was set up at Cambridge, as Newtown was then named out of compliment to the numerous graduates of the English university, then settled in this vicinity. The colonists had their grammar schools which prepared for college; and by 1650 public instruction was compulsory in four of the five New England colonies, Rhode Island being the exception.

The earliest literary efforts among the New England colonists — like the beginnings in Virginia — were historical and narrative writings, some in the form of journals, a few, more ambitious, representing real attempts at formal history.

William Bradford, for whom the title Father of American history may well be claimed, was a native of Yorkshire, and at seventeen, a member of the Rev. John Robinson's famous congregation, fled with his brethren into Holland. He was prominent among the Pilgrims at the time of their arrival in America, and at thirty-two was elected governor of Plymouth. Until his death, he continued to fill this honorable office, except as he was permitted to break the period of his service for intervals at five several times. Bradford was a plain, sensible, truthful man, an able leader under severe conditions. He felt the immense

William Bradford, 1590–1657.

significance of what was then taking place, and sought to provide a record which should preserve a faithful picture of the settlement. No sooner had the Mayflower sighted land, than Bradford began conjointly with Edward Winslow to keep a journal of all occurrences. This journal was carefully continued to the end of the first year. Ten years after the arrival, Governor Bradford began his notable *History of the Plimoth Plantation*, on which he labored for twenty years. His purpose, as he avowed, was to write "in a plain style, with singular regard unto the simple truth in all things." His story goes back to the persecutions in England and details the causes of the flight into Holland; describes the sojourn there, and explains the reasons for the second exodus to the shores of the New World. What follows consists of a contemporaneous narrative of the experiences of the colony, set down in simple chronicle without much regard to proportion or unity; but the unmistakable touch of his own homely, honest personality and the vigor of his blunt, realistic style impart a distinct literary flavor to this primitive history of Plymouth, which adds to its obvious value as the first detailed report of the New England settlements. An illustration is found in the writer's account of the Pilgrims and their perilous situation upon their arrival in the New World: —

"Being thus arrived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element. . . . But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader too when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean

and a sea of troubles before, in their preparation, . . . they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weather-beaten bodies, no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor. It is recorded in scripture as a mercy to the apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them; but these savage barbarians when they met with them . . . were readier to fill their sides full of arrows than otherwise. And for the season, it was winter; and they that know the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? And what multitudes there might be of them, they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah, to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hopes; for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stared upon them with a weather-beaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. . . . May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: 'Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord and he heard their voice and looked on their adversity. Let them therefore praise the Lord because he is good and his mercies endure for ever.' "

The manuscript of Bradford's history has itself had a rather interesting story. At the death of its author, it fell to the possession of his nephew, Edward Morton, who made liberal use of it in his own *New England's Memorial* (1669). It then came into the hands of

Rev. Thomas Prince, who wrote a *Chronological History of New England* (1736). During the occupation of Boston by the British troops in 1775–76, the manuscript was lost with many other valuable documents preserved in Prince's library, which was in the tower of the Old South Church. In 1855, this valuable document was discovered in the library of the Bishop of London, was copied, and published in this country; and in 1897, the original itself was restored to America. It is kept in the Massachusetts State Library at the State House in Boston.

John Winthrop, 1588–1649.

Among the company of English Puritans who, in 1630, settled on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, the foremost figure was that of John Winthrop, already appointed Governor of the colony. His family was well known in his home shire of Suffolk, a family of property and position. Winthrop himself was a man of noble character, a conscientious Puritan, yet catholic in spirit beyond some of his associates, possessing the tastes and accomplishments of culture. During his voyage to America, he had busied himself in the composition of a little treatise which was characteristic of this broad-minded man. *A Model of Christian Charity* is the title of his essay; and in it he presents a plea for the exercise of an unselfish spirit on the part of all the members of this devoted band, now standing on the threshold of an experience which could not but be trying in the extreme on the nerves and temper of all. "We must be knit together in this work as one man!" was his cry.

History of New England.

John Winthrop's *History of New England* is the contemporaneous record preserved in his journal of occurrences in the colony observed by him, or reported to him. The busy governor made a brave effort to keep up with the march

of events. Notwithstanding the press of official duties, which more than filled his days, he persevered with his journal, which commences with the beginning of the voyage and comes down to a date only some few weeks previous to his death, in 1649. There are gaps in the chronicle and a significant brevity in the records of particular incidents, some of these records passing from the trivial to the pathetic with ludicrous conciseness.

"A cow died at Plymouth, and a goat at Boston, with eating Indian corn." The fact is recorded as faithfully as a previous item, mentioned with Spartan brevity: "My son, Henry Winthrop, was drowned at Salem." In the following passage, we get a curious glimpse into the Puritan mind. The pathos of the original note is almost lost in the unconscious humor of the historian's wise deductions: —

"Mr. Hopkins, the governor of Hartford upon Connecticut, came to Boston, and brought his wife with him (a godly young woman, and of special parts), who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years, by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books. Her husband, being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her; but he saw his error, when it was too late. For if she had attended her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her.

"He brought her to Boston, and left her with her brother, one Mr. Yale, a merchant, to try what means might be had here for her. But no help could be had."

There are more momentous records than these in the annals, and Winthrop's history shares with that of Bradford in interest and importance.

Significance of the Chronicles.

Through these straightforward, plain-spoken men we get our clearest vision of the rugged, hazardous pioneer life, its heroism, its fortitude, its romance, its curiously contradictory display of self-sacrificing sympathy and fanatical intolerance; its superstition and narrowness; its petty trials and large tribulations; its splendid faith, its aggressive energy of zeal. It is well for the student of literature, as for the student of history, to feel the spirit of these early New England histories. Just as the Virginia settlers developed on the fertile plantations of the South a civilization which reflected the aristocratic traditions of the Cavaliers, so on the rock-bound coasts of Massachusetts Bay these northern colonists stamped their descendants with the grave, stern, persistent type of Puritan character.

Early Descriptive Writers.

There were not wanting in the colony those who found delight in studying and describing the natural wonders of this new land. The impressive grandeur of the forest, the fertility of the virgin soil, nature's luxuriant abundance redeemed from the wilderness, the strange picturesqueness of the savage natives, the wild things of the woods — so much that was new and wonderful in their environment — all this made its appeal to the imagination of some among these hard-headed, practical pioneers. Such an one was Rev. Francis Higginson (1567–1630), a gifted and eloquent man, who came from England in 1629 to serve the community at Salem as its minister. It was in June that the voyagers landed, and the glories of a New England summer colored the impressions of the newly arrived clergyman with a primeval splendor. He had written a narrative of his voyage, and now he began a description of the country itself. His little book of observations is a bright and genial picture,

poetically framed. Under the title *New England's Plantation*, it was published in London in 1630. "A sup of New England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale," declares its author. The woods, the flowers, the plants, delighted him. "Here are also abundance of other sweet herbs," he wrote, "delightful to the smell, whose names I know not, and plenty of single damask roses, very sweet." Even the stern rigidity of the Puritan could bend above the beauty of the sweetbriar and gratefully inhale its fragrance. The chill breath of the New England winter does not blight his enthusiasm. The great hearth-fires in the cabins, and the inexhaustible supply of wood to feed the flames rejoice his heart. "There is good living for those who love good fires!" he exclaims.

Something of a naturalist was William Wood, who published in 1634 his *New England's Prospect*, an interesting description of the country in which he had made his home. A little of a poet, also, he enlivened his account by putting some of his observations into verse — as, for example: — William Wood.

"The beasts be as followeth:

"The kingly Lion and the strong-armed Bear,
The large-limbed Mooses, with the tripping Deer;
Quill-darting Porcupines and Raccoons be
Castled in the hollow of an aged tree;
The skipping Squirrel, Rabbit, purblind Hare,
Immurëd in the self-same castle are.
. . . . . .

"Concerning lions I will not say that I ever saw any myself, but some affirm that they have seen a lion at Cape Ann, which is not above six leagues from Boston; some likewise being lost in woods have heard such terrible roarings as have made them much aghast: which must either be devils or lions; there being no other creatures which use to roar saving bears, which have not such a terrible kind of roaring."

Merrymount.

No record of early New England life can fail to take account of the experiences of Thomas Morton, a royalist who, in 1626, established himself with some thirty boon companions on an estate[1] not far from the Plymouth settlement. The presence of this lively neighbor proved anything but agreeable to the strict and godly residents of Plymouth and of Boston, who were scandalized by the goings-on at Merrymount. Here were sports and revelings which were viewed by the Puritans with consternation, and then with righteous indignation. When Morton's little company had increased to a considerable number, — for various congenial spirits had been added to the group, — these stern moralists rose in their wrath, hewed down with axe and sword the lofty maypole around which their rollicking neighbors had rehearsed the dances and revels of Merry England, and banished Morton with his followers from the country. Back in his native land, he wrote his *New English Canaan* (1637), turning the shafts of ridicule upon his victorious enemies. While the work in itself is of slight importance, the incident is a diverting one, and gives a humorous glow to the sober-hued picture of this sombre Puritan age.

III. THE NEW ENGLAND CLERGY: THOMAS HOOKER, THOMAS SHEPARD, JOHN COTTON, NATHANIEL WARD, ROGER WILLIAMS, JOHN ELIOT, THE MATHERS.

Theology in New England.

Among a people constituted in temper like the Puritans, a people with whom religion was life and whose life even on its temporal side was closely identified with religion, it was natural that religious ideas should find constant expression in

[1] Now Wollaston Heights.

literature. This we have seen to be true in the historical narratives of Bradford and Winthrop. The Puritan writers are always impressed with the spiritual significance of their conquest in this new Canaan. Even the most casual accidents of pioneer experience are interpreted as filled with divine purpose. John Winthrop soberly records the fact that in his son's library of a thousand volumes, one, which contained the Greek Testament, the Psalms, and the Book of Common Prayer bound up together, was found injured by mice. Every leaf of the Common Prayer was eaten through; not a leaf of the other portions was touched, nor one of the other volumes injured. A marvelous providence this, clear enough in its indications. So Edward Johnson, not an educated man, but a farmer and a ship-carpenter, who had been active in the founding of Woburn, in 1640, wrote his *Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England* (1654). "For the Lord Christ intends to achieve greater matters by this little handful than the world is aware of."

The colonists are soldiers under the divine leader; they must not tolerate the existence among them of a single disbeliever; they must take up their arms and march manfully on till all opposers of Christ's kingly power be abolished. Thus spake Puritanism on the side of its austerity and fanaticism.

The Clergy.

There was in New England one class of men who by natural aptitude and by training were well fitted to be heard from on religious topics. These were the ministers. As the village church, or meeting-house, was the centre geographically, morally, and socially, of every New England community, so the minister was, usually, the dominating force among his townspeople, maintaining the high dignity of the sacred calling with a manner which commanded a

deference amounting to awe. Not only was his authority recognized on the purely religious questions of daily life, not only was his voice reverently heard as he preached for hours from the high pulpit on Sunday, but the New England minister was the natural leader of his flock in every field. He gave counsel in town affairs, he directed the political policy of his people. In cases of disagreement, the minister was usually the mediator and the final court of appeal. The greater part of the New England ministry were educated men of noteworthy gifts. The majority were graduates of the English universities; many of them had been distinguished for their eloquence and piety before the religious persecution of Charles and his ministers had driven them forth to find religious liberty elsewhere.

Three strong thinkers and eloquent preachers are usually mentioned as conspicuous among these early colonial ministers: Thomas Hooker, Thomas Shepard, and John Cotton. All three were graduates of the same college at Cambridge; all were Puritan preachers in England until compelled to flee for their lives because of the hostility of Bishop Laud.

Thomas Hooker, 1586–1647.

Hooker had escaped into Holland, and in 1633 followed in the track of those who had crossed the ocean before him. He became the minister at Cambridge. Three years later he led a colony of one hundred families through the wilderness into the beautiful Connecticut valley and founded the town of Hartford (1636). Here until his death, in 1647, Hooker wrote and preached and moulded the life of his parish. His power in the pulpit is said to have been wonderful. Many of his sermons were published; he wrote numerous treatises on theological and spiritual themes. It is significant of the impression left by Hooker on his contemporaries that an English clergy-

man affirmed that "to praise the writings of Hooker would be to lay paint upon burnished marble, or add light unto the sun."

Thomas Shepard, 1605–49.

Rev. Thomas Shepard arrived in America in 1635, succeeding Hooker in Cambridge, where he preached until his death in 1649. Unlike the stalwart Hooker, whose physical strength and bodily energy matched his intellectual stature, Shepard was an invalid. He was, however, a profound scholar, and a "soul-melting preacher." His writings are not voluminous, but they exercised a strong influence even after his death. His diction is imaginative and forceful, with the rugged force of Puritan vigor.

"God heweth thee by sermons, sicknesses, losses and crosses, sudden death, mercies and miseries, yet nothing makes thee better.

"Death cometh hissing . . . like a fiery dragon with the sting of vengeance in the mouth of it. Then shall God surrender up thy forsaken soul into the hands of devils, who being thy jailers, must keep thee till the great day of account; so that as thy friends are scrambling for thy goods, and worms for thy body, so devils shall scramble for thy soul."

John Cotton, 1585–1652.

On the same ship which brought Thomas Hooker to America came John Cotton, most noted of these three men. For nearly twenty years, he had served the parish of St. Botolph's in Boston in Lincolnshire, and was known far and wide for his aggressive spirituality. In 1633, he discovered that he was no longer safe in his native land. The principal colony on Massachusetts Bay had longed for him. In compliment to him, its members adopted the name of Boston; and John Cotton became the foremost minister in New England, — "a most universal scholar, a living system of the liberal arts, and a walking library," as his grandson, Cotton Mather, described him. John Cotton

wrote many theological treatises, and engaged in bitter controversies. He was a laborious student. Near him as he studied stood a sand-glass which would run four hours. This glass, thrice turned, was the measure of his day's work. This he called "a scholar's day." His writings lack the picturesque imagery of Hooker and Shepard. His style is lifeless now, but he carried prodigious weight among his contemporaries and was the foremost champion in the theological battles of his age.

The Simple Cobler.

Among the more noteworthy publications of these scholastic writers was a singular book which appeared in London in 1647. Its author was Nathaniel Ward, a Cambridge graduate and retired minister, who lived at what is now the town of Ipswich in eastern Massachusetts. His work is quaintly addressed under the title of *The Simple Cobler of Aggawam in America*. Upon the title-page, in accordance with seventeenth-century custom, the author explains his purpose at considerable length: as —

"willing to help mend his native country, lamentably tattered both in the upper-leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take; and as willing never to be paid for his work by old English wonted pay. It is his trade to patch all the year long gratis. Therefore I pray gentlemen keep your purses. By Theodore de la Guard."

This picturesque book, full of pungent wit, directs its satire at what its author deemed the follies and perversions of his day. The allegory of the Cobbler is not maintained much beyond the title-page. Himself a refugee from religious persecution, he expresses the usual Puritan intolerance of all independent opinion:

"That state that will give liberty of conscience in matters of religion must give liberty of conscience and conversation

in their moral laws, or else the fiddle will be out of tune, and some of the strings crack."

Nathaniel Ward's *Simple Cobler* voices with characteristic fervor the utterance of Puritan bigotry; but there was in the colony one powerful champion of religious tolerance who constitutes one of its most attractive figures. This was Roger Williams, an independent among the independents. Born in Wales, a university man and a clergyman in the Church of England, he had turned nonconformist, and appeared in Plymouth colony in the usual way. In 1633, two years after his arrival at Plymouth, Williams went to Salem to be the minister there; but his teachings were altogether too radical to suit his stern and narrow-minded Puritan brethren. He preached a real liberty of thought and worship — even for Baptists and Quakers; taught that it was unrighteous to rob the Indian of his land, and to treat captives with cruelty; and maintained that the State's authority did not extend over the individual conscience or opinion. Roger Williams was one of those who proclaim the truth so far in advance of the conceptions held by those about them, that they seem to be living years before their proper time. He was banished from Massachusetts in 1636; and making friends with the Pequot Indians, he planted on Narragansett Bay the settlement of Providence. Williams revisited England several times, and was no inconspicuous figure there. He knew Milton and had the friendship of Cromwell. It was on one of these visits that he wrote his first important treatise on "Soul Liberty," — *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience.* This was published at London in 1644, the year in which Milton's *Areopagitica*, a plea for the freedom of the press, appeared. Williams's *Bloody Tenet* was the beginning

Roger Williams, 1606–83.

of a famous literary battle between himself and that belligerent Puritan defender, John Cotton, who in 1647 published his reply in *The Bloody Tenet washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb.* The final rejoinder came from Roger Williams in *The Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to wash it white in the Blood of the Lamb.* And with this brief summary of the encounter between these two keen-minded, argument-loving minds, their blows delivered in what Williams called "sharp Scripture language," we may well afford to take our leave of Puritan controversy.

The attitude of the Englishman toward the native inhabitants of America[1] has long been marked with injustice and dishonor. The precarious situation of the colonists surrounded by fierce and savage tribes naturally produced occasion for the display of savage passions on the part of the white man as well as on that of the Indian. The horrors of war and massacre that redden the early annals of colonial history were, no doubt, due in part to the indiscretions and encroachments of the superior race. Some one has said of the Puritan pioneers that "first they fell upon their knees, and then they fell on the aborigines." As we have seen, Roger Williams declared boldly for a different policy; and his own methods with the savage peoples were well illustrated in the comparative peace and prosperity of his settlement in Rhode Island. Another peacemaker is discovered in the gentle personality of John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," who came to Boston in 1631, and devoted his life to the conversion of these children of the forest, whom he regarded as descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. He studied their

John Eliot, 1604–90.

[1] In his *Beginnings of New England*, pp. 205–211, John Fiske sets forth this matter in a light more favorable to the English.

native tongue, preached to them, converted many, and organized his converts in little churches of their own. He wrote several books of minor importance; but he is to be remembered as a translator of the entire Bible into the Algonquin tongue. It was a tremendous task and a remarkable achievement. He published the New Testament in 1661 and the Old Testament in 1663. It was the first Bible in any language, printed in British America. This translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular of a people who had no written language, done largely by candle-light after days devoted to exacting work in his Roxbury parish, is a most remarkable monument to "Apostle" Eliot's laborious industry and his missionary zeal.

The Mathers: a distinguished Family.

The scholarly attainments of colonial Puritanism have been amply shown by this record of the New England ministry in the literature of the time. The history of a single family furnishes our most conspicuous and most curiously interesting illustration of scholastic eminence and its position in popular regard. Through three generations the Mathers — in grandfather, son, and grandson — appear as brilliant intellectual leaders of the Massachusetts clergy.

Richard Mather, 1596–1669.

The first of the "dynasty," Richard Mather, an Oxford graduate, who arrived in Boston in 1635, was one of that conscientious Puritan brotherhood that of necessity sought a refuge and a field for spiritual conquest in the New World. He became the minister at Dorchester. "My brother Mather is a mighty man," Thomas Hooker said of him. Although he was a prolific writer, it is sufficient here to recall the fact that Richard Mather's name was the one appended to the preface of the old *Bay Psalm Book.*

Four of Richard Mather's six sons became ministers; it was, however, through Increase Mather that the chief inheritance of scholarly gifts was transmitted. The father's eloquence was more than equaled by the son's; his Puritan zeal, his love of learning, his industry in the production of pamphlets and books, brought the name of Increase Mather into greater prominence than Richard Mather's vigorous quill had won. For fifty-nine years, he served as minister of the North Church in Boston. He added some ninety titles to the list of colonial publications — the majority representing discourses prepared for his congregation. Perhaps the only one of his books sufficiently vitalized by human interest to be noted to-day is *An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences* (1684), in which the piety, pedantry, and superstition characteristic of the religious scholar in that age are curiously mingled. This collection of strange visitations and marvelous deliverances was designed for the pious entertainment and spiritual comfort of its readers. It is one of the most interesting of these early American classics; and, like so many of the works previously cited, affords a vivid glimpse into the Puritan mind. For sixteen years, Increase Mather served as President of Harvard College.

Increase Mather, 1639–1723.

The clerical succession of this remarkable family was continued in the third generation by the most illustrious representative of the line.

Cotton Mather, 1663–1728.

> "Under this stone lies Richard Mather
> Who had a son greater than his father,
> And eke a grandson greater than either."

Thus ran a *quasi*-epitaph composed after the death of Cotton Mather with intent to honor his achievements. Nor was this paternal relationship the only source of

hereditary influence. The famous John Cotton, contemporary of Hooker and Shepard, was his grandfather on his mother's side; it was in memory of that stalwart champion that Cotton Mather received his baptismal name. All the accumulated piety and learning of his distinguished ancestry seemed to reside in this extraordinary man. His intellectuality was abnormal. He has been not inappropriately termed "the literary behemoth of New England." He had read Homer at ten years of age, and at eleven was admitted to Harvard College. He took his first degree at fifteen; at seventeen he began to preach, and soon afterward became associate with his father in the pastorate of the North Church in Boston, a connection which lasted for forty years. In his religious life, he became abnormal also; at times he lay for hours on the floor of his study in spiritual agony. He fortified himself for the conflict with error by fasts and vigils. His speech was full of pious ejaculations. When he saw a tall man he prayed, "Lord, give that man high attainments in Christianity; let him fear God above many." And each trivial act was the source of some devout meditation. Unhappily, Cotton Mather is most often remembered as a leader in the pitiful persecution of the unfortunate people accused of witchcraft at Salem in the last decade of the century. His *Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcrafts* (1691) and *Wonders of the Invisible World* (1693) contain curious records and much interesting matter relative to satanic possession; ideas which were firmly believed at that time, not only in New England, but very generally throughout Europe also.

The most remarkable thing about Cotton Mather's literary career is the number of his writings; four hundred or more titles are included in the catalogue

His Industry.

of his works. Many of these are fantastic treatises, grotesquely named, representing the vagaries of Puritan thought; many are sermons delivered on special occasions; three or four are interesting little books.

One, familiarly known under the title *Essays to do Good*,[1] was cordially praised by Benjamin Franklin, who declared to the son of the writer that as a youth he had derived great benefit and inspiration from the book. But the great work, the *magnum opus* of Cotton Mather's prolific industry, was the famous *Magnalia Christi Americana, or Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its First Planting in the Year 1620, unto the Year of our Lord, 1698.*

The Magnalia Christi Americana.

Something over a thousand pages of closely printed matter is included in the seven parts or volumes of this monumental work. The planting of New England and its growth, the lives of its governors and its famous divines, a history of Harvard College, the organization of the churches, "a faithful record of many wonderful Providences," and an "account of the Wars of the Lord — being an history of the manifold afflictions and disturbances of the churches in New England" — such is the scope of the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, or The Great Acts of Christ in America.

It begins like an epic: —

"I write the *Wonders* of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION, flying from the depravations of *Europe* to the *American Strand* and, assisted by the Holy Author of that *Religion*, I do, with all conscience of *Truth*, required therein by Him, who is the *Truth* itself, report the *wonderful displays* of this

[1] *Bonifacius, an Essay upon the Good that is to be Devised and Designed, with Proposals of unexceptionable Methods to do Good in the World.*

infinite Power, Wisdom, Goodness, and Faithfulness, wherewith His Divine Providence hath *irradiated* an *Indian Wilderness.*"

The style is pedantic and artificial, but the spirit of the writer is perfectly sincere. Now and then the narrative grows simple and strong. There is a frequent use of Old Testament phraseology which indicates a clear perception of its poetical value. Such, for example, is the account of Hannah Dustin's thrilling experiences among the Indians, at Haverhill, in 1697. This is the story of the woman's daring escape from captivity: —

"She heartened the *nurse* and the *youth* to assist her in this enterprise; and all furnishing themselves with *hatchets* for the purpose, they struck such home blows upon the heads of their *sleeping oppressors* that e'er they could any of them struggle into any effectual resistance, *at the feet* of these poor prisoners, *they bow'd, they fell, they lay down; at their feet they bowed, they fell; where they bowed, there they fell down dead.*" [1]

Significance of the Work.

The *Magnalia*, completed in December, 1697, was published at London in 1702. It stands fitly enough as the last important literary effort of seventeenth-century colonial Puritanism. Already there were indications of a change in the current of New England religious life. The old extreme Puritan doctrines were in a decline; and Mather's huge volume was a final utterance in defense of the fathers' faith. Not only had there come a change in the form of thought; in the style of literary expression, the change was as notable. English writers no longer followed the models of the later Elizabethan essayists; their fantastic phraseology had been displaced by the direct and forceful diction of Bunyan and Dryden; the easy, natural style of Addison, Steele, and Swift was

[1] The Song of Deborah and Barak, *Judges* v. 27.

giving a new charm to English prose. Cotton Mather lived throughout the first quarter of the eighteenth century; but in all essential respects, in personality and in utterance, he belongs wholly to the seventeenth. The consummate product of the old Puritan theology, he stands as the last important representative of the type in American literature.

IV. PURITAN POETRY IN NEW ENGLAND: BAY PSALM BOOK, ANNE BRADSTREET, MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

Early Puritan Poetry.

The Puritans were not susceptible to the charms of poetry. The strenuous life of the pioneer left little time for cultivating any of the arts, and the spirit of New England was too serious and too stern to permit indulgence in what was merely pleasant or beautiful. Even after the first critical years of danger and struggle were past, the intellectual life of the people was bounded by the narrow limits of religious discussion and theological debate. That the Puritan was not without imagination, however, is abundantly proved by the forceful figures and impassioned rhetoric of the prose writers whom we have been considering. Moreover, some of these same men did occasionally slip into rhyme. William Wood has been quoted.[1] Even John Cotton was the author of verses, halting and rough-hewn, and full of the queer conceits which were common at the time. It is significant that this pious man wrote much of his verse in the pages of the household almanac, where it remained hidden from the public eye; and sometimes he disguised its metrical character by inscribing it in Greek.

Much ingenuity was expended upon epitaphs and obituary tributes — so solemn a theme as that of death justifying poetical expression. If there were any oppor-

[1] Page 19.

tunity to play upon the name of the deceased, the opportunity was gracefully seized. When the Rev. Samuel Stone, the successor of Thomas Hooker at Hartford, died in 1663, his colleagues vied with one another in their fervid appreciations of his virtues. He was compared to the stone which Jacob set up and called Ebenezer, and also to the stone with which David slew Goliath; he was termed

> "Whetstone, that edgefy'd th' obtusest mind:
> Loadstone, that drew the iron heart unkind."

— and this within the compass of a single epitaph.

One quotation will serve to show the skill with which these versifiers were sometimes able to conquer the difficulties of rhyme: —

> "Here lies the darling of his time,
> Mitchell expirëd in his prime;
> Was four years short of forty-seven,
> Was found full ripe and plucked for heaven."[1]

The Bay Psalm Book.

If poetry be rare among our forefathers, it is nevertheless true that the first English book printed in America passed for poetry with them, and for poetry of an edifying and noble type. *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, commonly known as the *Bay Psalm Book*, was printed on the new press at Cambridge in 1640.[2] This work, designed to provide a metrical version of the Psalms of David, to be used in the churches, contains the joint efforts of three New England ministers — "the chief divines in the country," — Richard Mather of Dorchester, Thomas Welde, and John Eliot, of Roxbury. The preface, written by Mather, declares that

[1] From an epitaph on Rev. Jonathan Mitchell of Cambridge, died, 1668. From the *Magnalia* of Cotton Mather.

[2] The first article printed here was *The Freeman's Oath*, a single sheet, and the second was Pierce's *Almanack*, 1639. No other work is known to have been printed previous to 1640.

"It hath been one part of our religious care and faithful endeavor to keep close to the original text. . . . If, therefore, the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect, let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishings, for we have respected rather a plain translation than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase; and so have attended Conscience rather than Elegance, fidelity rather than poetry."

In illustration of the art displayed by these divines in their paraphrase, historians have invariably cited some of the most atrocious of the compositions. This seems hardly fair. The following examples are sufficient to show the average result of "the sad, mechanic exercise" of these godly men: —

"I in the Lord do trust; how then
to my soul do ye say,
As doth a little bird, unto
your mountain fly away?

"For lo the wicked bend their bow,
their arrows they prepare
On string; to shoot in dark at them
in heart that upright are."

From paraphrase of Psalm xi.

"Praise ye the Lord, praise God
in 's place of holiness;
O praise him in the firmament
of his great mightiness.
O praise him for his acts
that be magnificent,

"& praise ye him according to
his greatness excellent.
With trumpet praise ye him
that gives a sound so high:
& do ye praise him with the Harp
& sounding Psalterye."

Psalm cl.

The student may be sure that he will find many worse compositions in this collection; it is doubtful if he will

find smoother. And yet the *Bay Psalm Book* served its sacred purpose in the New England churches for more than a century; it was even used to some extent by Puritan worshipers in England and Scotland until after 1750. At the Old South Church in Boston, the *Bay Psalm Book*, although it had been revised, was not displaced until 1786.

Anne Bradstreet, 1613–72.

From the midst of the crude and sombre compositions of Puritan verse-makers, there arose one writer for whom in some measure the poetical gift may be claimed. This was Anne Bradstreet. In 1650, the first volume of her poems was published in London. Upon the title-page of this volume the author was rather extravagantly introduced as "the Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America." Anne Bradstreet, a really gifted woman, was the daughter of Thomas Dudley, a Puritan soldier and scholar, who has been described as a "typical narrow-minded, strait-laced Calvinist, for whom it is so much easier to entertain respect than affection." [1] Nevertheless, Anne Dudley was reared in comfort and enjoyed especially the dear delight of books. She was married at sixteen to Simon Bradstreet, a Puritan gentleman who afterward became a leader in colonial affairs and a governor of Massachusetts. In 1630, the entire family joined the company of emigrants to America, Thomas Dudley holding the position of deputy governor under Winthrop. The Bradstreets settled near the present town of Andover, not far from the beautiful Merrimac. For this young wife, accustomed to an atmosphere of comfort and refinement, the experiences of pioneer life must have been trying in the extreme. Yet, in the wilderness, amid its threatening perils, superintending the work which falls to the mistress of a farm, rearing and

[1] John Fiske, *Beginnings of New England*, p. 103.

educating her eight children, Mrs. Bradstreet found comfort in literary occupation, and both time and spirit to write. The quality of her mind is shown in her prose, but it was as a poet that she found fame. In her verse, she is influenced by the work of such of the English poets as would naturally have impressed her: the devotional poems of John Donne, of Francis Quarles, author of the *Divine Emblems;* of the Puritan poet, George Wither, and the deeply spiritual poetry of the saintly George Herbert. The verse of these minor English poets who flourished in the time of James and Charles I — the period of Anne Bradstreet's girlhood and early womanhood — was characterized by an unusual and fantastic style of thought and diction. These men are sometimes called the "metaphysical poets," because of this artificial quality and on account of their grotesque conceits. The crude rhymes of the colonial epitaphs already quoted, with their incongruous puns, are rather extreme examples of this fantastic style. The work of the "Tenth Muse" shows the influence of this taste for a strained and laborious ingenuity of expression. Her longer works are didactic; so filled with the eager purpose to instruct and edify that the natural Puritan scruples regarding a woman's practice of the literary art were in large degree forgotten. *The Four Elements* and *The Four Seasons* are in the form of dialogue, wherein the speakers individually maintain their claims to preëminence; these poems are mechanical and heavy compositions, but show a facility of phrase and rhythm quite new to the readers of colonial verse. *The Four Monarchies*, her most ambitious poem, is a rhyming chronicle based upon Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World.* When Anne Bradstreet's poems were published, in 1650, they were received with extravagant praise in America; and following her death, not a few

THE TENTH MUSE

Lately ſprung up in AMERICA.

OR

Severall Poems, compiled with great variety of VVit and Learning, full of delight.

Wherein eſpecially is contained a compleat diſcourſe and deſcription of

The Four { *Elements*, *Conſtitutions*, *Ages of Man*, *Seaſons of the Year*.

Together with an Exact Epitomie of the Four Monarchies, *viz.*

The { *Aſſyrian*, *Perſian*, *Grecian*, *Roman*.

Alſo a Dialogue between Old *England* and New, concerning the late troubles.

With divers other pleaſant and ſerious Poems.

By a Gentlewoman in thoſe parts.

Printed at *London* for *Stephen Bowtell* at the ſigne of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.

TITLE-PAGE OF ANNE BRADSTREET'S BOOK
(Reduced)

of her admirers essayed to express their appreciation in flattering verse.

John Rogers, who before his death became president of Harvard College, paid his tribute to the genius of Anne Bradstreet in quite exalted utterance. One stanza of his composition may be quoted, in testimony to the effect produced in contemporary minds of literary taste by this gifted woman's work.

"Twice have I drunk the nectar of your lines,
Which high sublimed my mean-born fantasy.
Flushed with these streams of your Maronian wines,
Above myself rapt to an ecstacy,
Methought I was upon Mount Hybla's top,
There where I might those fragrant flowers lop,
Whence did sweet odors flow, and honey-spangles drop."[1]

Let us now read a few stanzas written by Anne Bradstreet herself, taken from her best known and most attractive poem, *Contemplations*. It was written late in her life, at her home in Andover, and is properly described as "a genuine expression of poetic feeling in the presence of nature."

"I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black-clad cricket bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and played on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.
Shall creatures abject thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their maker's praise,
Whilst I, as mute, can warble forth no higher lays?

"Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm,
Close sate I by a goodly River's side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine there would I dwell.
. . . . . .

[1] Quoted by Professor Tyler in his *History of American Literature*, vol. ii, ch. xi.

"While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet tongu'd Philomel percht o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
And wisht me wings with her awhile to take my flight."

A few months before Anne Bradstreet's death, she composed the following lines, which illustrate the aspirations of Puritanism in their noblest form: —

"As weary pilgrim now at rest
Hugs with delight his silent nest,
His wasted limbs now lie full soft,
That miry steps have trodden oft,
Pleases himself to think upon
His dangers past and travails done;

"A pilgrim I, in earth perplexed,
With sins, with cares and sorrows vexed,
By age and pains brought to decay,
And my clay house mouldering away,
Oh, how I long to be at rest
And soar on high among the blest."

Michael Wigglesworth, 1631–1705.

While Mrs. Bradstreet's verse at its best exhibits the highest poetical accomplishment of seventeenth-century Puritanism in New England, there was one other Puritan versifier whose inspiration appealed yet more strongly to contemporary minds. This most popular of early American poets was Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, minister at Malden, Massachusetts, author of a tremendous and dismal epic, surcharged with the extreme Calvinism of the time. This masterpiece of Puritan theological belief is entitled *The Day of Doom;* it was published in 1662, and for a hundred years remained — as Lowell expresses it — "the solace of every fireside" in the northern colonies.

This long and desolate composition is an imaginative

account of the Last Judgment. The voice of the trumpet is heard summoning the living and the dead before the dreadful bar.

The Day of Doom.

"Some hide themselves in Caves and Delves
in places underground.
Some rashly leap into the Deep,
to scape by being drowned:
Some to the Rocks (O senseless blocks!)
and woody mountains run
That there they might this fearful sight,
and dreaded Presence shun."

In this jingling ballad measure, so strangely inappropriate to his solemn theme, the reverend author pursues his gloomy way. It is not well to linger over this grotesque presentation of mediæval art and logic; yet it is through these crude expressions of the early literature that we are brought in closest touch with some phases of the Puritan mind. First we are given the appeals of the condemned; the children argue with reference to Adam's fall: —

"Not we, but he ate of the Tree,
whose fruit was interdicted:
Yet on us all of his sad Fall,
the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin that had not been,
or how is his sin our
Without consent, which to prevent,
we never had a power?"

The reply is heard that Adam stood not for himself alone, but for all mankind; that had he done well instead of ill, all would have shared in his benefits — nor would they have then protested that they deserved not to share therein, on the ground now urged. The inexorable Judge does, however, yield a point in mercy to the children and infants: —

"Yet to compare your sin with their
who lived a longer time,

I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin 's a crime.

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell.
The glorious King thus answering,
they cease and plead no longer:
Their consciences must needs confess
his reasons are the stronger."

Much of Wigglesworth's vision is too lurid to be described here; such raw strength as he applied in painting the details of his fiery picture but intensifies the horror of it and increases our wonder that such conceptions could have prevailed.

Puritan Types.

It is interesting to remember that at the very time when the Malden minister was writing his *Day of Doom*, John Milton was engaged upon the real epic of Puritan faith, one of the masterpieces of all literature. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667. It was but a decade thereafter that John Bunyan completed his beautiful religious allegory, *Pilgrim's Progress*. But the Puritanism of New England — its narrowness and hardness no doubt intensified by the isolation and, perhaps, the depression incident to life in a comparatively rude and struggling colony — was represented by the zealot, Michael Wigglesworth, with his sing-song verse, and the stern ascetic Cotton Mather, with his laborious and often fantastic prose. It was eminently fitting that when Wigglesworth died in 1705, the author of the *Magnalia* should have preached his funeral sermon. The two stand appropriately together. They taught the same doctrine; and in their two great representative works they exhibit the literary attainment of Colonial America in the seventeenth century.

Suggestions for Reading.

The following books will be found especially helpful for reference and for supplementary reading: John Fiske's *Old Virginia and her Neighbours; Beginnings of New England;* George P. Fisher's *The Colonial Era* (*American History Series*); R. G. Thwaites's *The Colonies* (*Epochs of American History*). The one authoritative work on early American literature is Moses Coit Tyler's monumental *History of American Literature during Colonial Times* (2 vols.); for teachers and advanced students of the subject Professor Tyler's books are invaluable. In Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature* are to be found extended selections from the works of all these early writers; this excellent *Library* should be in every school, and in constant use for illustration during the course.

The series of *Old South Leaflets* (published by the Old South Historical Society, Boston, Massachusetts) contains reprints of various papers of interest, notably: *A Description of New England*, by John Smith (No. 121). *Manners and Customs of the Indians* (from the *New English Canaan*), by Thomas Morton (No. 87). *The Lives of Bradford and Winthrop*, by Cotton Mather (No. 77). Bradford's *Memoir of Brewster* (No. 48). *Roger Williams' Letters to Winthrop* (No. 54). Bradford's *History of the Plimoth Plantation*, with a report of the proceedings incident to the return of the manuscript to Massachusetts, was printed and published by the State at Boston, in 1901. The lives and times of Francis Higginson, Anne Bradstreet, and Cotton Mather have been presented in recent interesting biographies. *The Scarlet Letter*, by Hawthorne, F. J. Stimson's *King Noanett*, Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold*, with other standard works of fiction dealing with this colonial period, may be read with great advantage also.

Historical Events.	Literature in Virginia.	Literature in New England.			Literary Events in Great Britain.
	Historical and Descriptive.	History, Journals, and Diaries.	Theology and Controversy.	Poetry.	
King James I. (1603–25.)	Smith's *True Relation*, 1608.	Bradford's *History of Plymouth*, 1607–46.			Milton born, 1608.
Charles I. (1625–49.)	Strachey's *Narrative of the Wreck*, 1610.	Winthrop's *History of New Eng.*, 1630–49.			Bacon's *Essays*, 1612.
Comm'wealth. 1649–60.	*New England's Trials*, J. Smith, 1622.	Higginson's *New England's Plantation*, 1630.			Raleigh's *History*, 1614.
1607. Jamestown.	*History of Virginia*, J. Smith, 1624.	Wood's *New England's Prospect*, 1634.	*The Bloody Tenet*, etc., 1644.	*The Bay Psalm Book*, 1640.	Shakespeare died, 1616.
1620. Plymouth.	[Sandys' Translation of *Ovid*, 1626.]	Morton's *New English Canaan*, 1637.	*The Bloody Tenet washed*, etc., 1647.		Bacon's *Novum Organum*, 1620.
1621. New York.		Johnson's *Wonder-Working Providence*, 1654.	*The Simple Cobler of Aggawam*, 1647.		Bunyan born, 1628.
1630. Mass. Bay.	Hammond's *Leah and Rachel*, 1656.		*The Bloody Tenet, yet More Bloody*, 1652.	Anne Bradstreet's *The Tenth Muse*, 1650.	Herbert's *Temple*, 1631.
1634. Maryland.			John Eliot's Translation of the *Bible*, 1661–63.	Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*, 1662.	Milton's *Comus*, 1634; *Lycidas*, 1638.
1636. Harvard College.			Increase Mather's *Illustrious Providences*, 1684.		Sir Thos. Browne's *Religio Medici*, 1642.
1636. Hartford.			Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World*, 1693.		Milton's *Eikonoklastes*, 1649.
1636. Providence.			*Magnalia Christi Americana* (completed, 1697), 1702.		Taylor's *Holy Living*, 1650.
1638. Delaware.					Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, 1650.
1653. N. Carolina.					Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, 1666.
Charles II. (1660–85.)					Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 1667.
1670. Charleston.					Dryden, Laureate, 1670.
1675–78. King Philip's War.					Milton died, 1674.
1682. Pennsylvania.					Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678.
1692. Salem Witchcraft.					Dryden died, 1700.
James II. (1685–88.)					
William and Mary. (1689–1702.)					

CHAPTER II

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

I. The First Half of the Century.
II. Benjamin Franklin, 1706–1790.
III. The Second Half of the Century.
IV. Poetry of the Revolution.
V. The Close of the Century.

I. THE FIRST HALF OF THE CENTURY; THE PERSONAL TOUCH: SAMUEL SEWALL, MRS. KNIGHT, EBENEZER COOK, WILLIAM BYRD, JONATHAN EDWARDS.

In the study of literature, there is nothing more gratifying than the discovery of an author who has unconsciously put *himself* visibly into his book. Two or three American writers wrote thus amiably at this period of our colonial history, and their works form an interesting and welcome group.

Samuel Sewall, 1652–1730.

The most prominent of these was Judge Samuel Sewall, who arrived in America in 1661 and settled at Newbury. He was a conspicuous man in the Massachusetts colony and became the Chief-justice of Massachusetts. Like his friend, Cotton Mather, he was involved in the witchcraft delusion and was one of the judges who condemned the victims to death. His repentance, his dramatic confession of error and his annual fast are familiar tradition.[1] It should be remembered, also, that in a little book, *The Selling of Joseph* (1700), Judge Sewall wrote the first published argument against slavery. From 1673 to 1729, Samuel Sewall kept a diary — and thereby left

[1] Read Whittier's poem, *The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall.*

for generations of readers to come one of the most frank and unconventional records of the time. The publication of this journal[1] shows that it is worthy of a place with that of Samuel Pepys (pronounced *Pēps*), of London, whose celebrated *Diary* covers the decade of 1659–69. The social life of colonial New England is most happily illustrated in Sewall's memoranda; and the stiff stateliness of the stern old Puritan type loses at least its solemnity when we read the Judge's record of his unavailing suit for the hand of Madam Winthrop.

[Oct. 6, 1720.] "A little after 6 P.M. I went to Madam Winthrop's. She was not within. I gave Sarah Chickering the Maid 2^{s}, Juno, who brought in wood 1^{s} Afterward the Nurse came in, I gave her 18^{d} having no other small Bill. After a while Dr. Noyes came in with his Mother [Mrs. Winthrop]; and after his wife came in: They sat talking, I think, till eight a'clock. I said I fear'd I might be some interruption to their Business; Dr. Noyes reply'd pleasantly: He fear'd they might be an Interruption to me, and went away. Madam seemed to harp upon the same string [she had previously declared that she could not break up her present home]. Must take care of her children; could not leave that House and Neighborhood where she had dwelt so long. I told her she might doe her children as much or more good by bestowing what she laid out in Hous-keeping, upon them. Said her son would be of Age the 7th of August. I said it might be inconvenient for her to dwell with her Daughter-in-Law, who must be Mistress of the House. I gave her a piece of Mr. Belcher's Cake and Ginger-Bread wrapped up in a clean sheet of Paper; told her of her Father's kindness to me when Treasurer, and I Constable. My daughter Judith was gon from me and I was more lonesome — might help to forward one another in our journey to Canaan. — Mr. Eyre came within the door; I saluted him, ask'd how Mr. Clark did, and he went away. I took leave about 9 a'clock."

[1] Collections of the Mass. Historical Society, Boston, 1879.

The Judge's suit did not prosper.

"8ᵇ 21 [October 21.] Friday, My Son, the Minister, came to me p. m. by appointment and we pray one for another in the Old Chamber; more especially respecting my Courtship. About 6 a-clock I go to Madam Winthrop's. Sarah told me her Mistress was gon out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently ordered me a Fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's *Bowells* with me to read. I read the first two Sermons, still no body came in: at last about 9 a-clock Mr. Jnº Eyre came in; I took the opportunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs. Noyes before, that I hoped my visiting his Mother would not be disagreeable to him; he answered me with much Respect. When twas after 9 a clock He of himself said he would go & call her, she was but at one of his Brothers: A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice enquiring something about John. After a good while and Clapping the Garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I mentioned something of the lateness; she bantered me, and said I was later. She received me Courteously. I asked when our proceedings should be made publick: She said They were like to be no more public than they were already. Offer'd me no Wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 a'clock to come away, saying I would put on my coat, She offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her that Juno might light me home, she open'd the Shutter, and said twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gon to bed. So I came home by Starlight as well as I could. At my first coming in, I gave Sarah five shillings. I writ Mr. Eyre his name in his book with the date October 21, 1720. It cost me 8ˢ Jehovah jireh."

Sarah Kemble Knight, 1666–1727.

Among the most interesting personal narratives of this period is the *Journal of Sarah K. Knight*, which contains a lively account of a journey from Boston to New York made by this adventurous lady in 1704. Madam Knight was thirty-eight years of age — a native of Boston. She made the trip on horseback and was five

days on the way between Boston and New Haven; the distance between New Haven and New York occupied two days. The story is eloquent of the inconvenience and peril to which colonial travelers were subject, but the charm of the narrative is due to the vivacious personality of its author, and to her abounding sense of humor which broadly illuminates the oddities of human nature encountered in the wilderness.

To the student, as to the general reader, these bright and lively narratives of actual life are far more attractive than essays in more formal history; in their power to revive the past they are far superior. The South as well as the North is represented thus in this same period.

William Byrd, 1674–1744.

Born on a beautiful estate at Westover, Virginia, William Byrd became one of the most prominent and useful of those who served that colony at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was also its wittiest writer if not its most accomplished scholar. His education he received in England — as was customary with the youth of the South — and he was admitted to the English bar. After further travel in Europe, he returned to Virginia. He filled various official positions and became famed as the master of Westover, where he maintained a princely hospitality. In 1729, his duties assigned him to an expedition which fixed the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina; and a narrative of this expedition Byrd wrote in the form of a journal. It was not until 1841, however, that the Westover manuscripts were published. The *History of the Dividing Line*, as its author called it, is a picturesque and racy account of an interesting experience. It was a laborious task — this of running the line of division from a point on the coast six hundred miles westward through a country wild and almost unknown,

and which traversed the Great Dismal Swamp. In the gayest of spirits, the journal records the daily experiences of the expedition, vivaciously describing the locality, with its denizens both wild and tame. An historical sketch of Virginia is included in the narrative wherein Byrd humorously sets off the shortcomings of the first colonists — "about a hundred men, most of them reprobates of good families." Another journal entitled *A Progress to the Mines* contains the account of a trip taken in 1733.

Histories.

There was no lack of historical writings in the colonies during this period of their growth. A young Virginian, Robert Beverley, studying in London, was shown the text of a work upon the British Empire in America; and was so disturbed by its inaccuracies that he himself prepared a *History of Virginia* which was honest and readable. Beverley's history was published in London in 1705, and again, enlarged and revised, in 1722. Rev. William Stith (1689–1755), president of William and Mary College,[1] published in 1747 his first part of *The History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia*, bringing his narrative down only to 1624. He never carried the work further. It is based directly upon "the excellent but confused materials" of Captain John Smith, of whom Stith adds loyally: "I take him to have been a very honest man and a strenuous lover of truth."

The Sot Weed Factor.

One other book dealing with a picturesque aspect of southern life at this time is worthy of notice; it was one entitled *The Sot Weed Factor; or, a Voyage to Maryland*, published at London in 1708. The name of its author, Ebenezer Cook,

[1] William and Mary College was established at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1693.

appears on the title-page, but of him we know nothing; he may have been an American, he may have been merely an English visitor to our shores; however, his work is a lively contribution to the literature of the period and presents in rough and ready rhyme a coarse but realistic satire of the writer's adventures among the tobacco agents — the "sot-weed factors" of Maryland. He asserts his purpose to describe "the laws, governments, courts, and constitutions of the country, and also the buildings, feasts, frolics, entertainments, and drunken humors of the inhabitants." His style may be inferred from these opening lines: —

"Condemned by fate to wayward curse
Of friends unkind and empty purse, —
Plagues worse than filled Pandora's box, —
I took my leave of Albion's rocks;
With heavy heart concerned, that I
Was forced my native soil to fly,
And the old world must bid good-bye.
. . . . . .
Freighted with fools, from Plymouth sound
To Maryland our ship was bound."

Jonathan Edwards, 1703–58.

Returning to New England, we find once more the intellectual leader of his age among the ministers. Jonathan Edwards was not only a great scholar and one of the most noted theologians of the century in which he lived, but one of the most brilliant logicians that our country has ever produced; and in the literature of philosophical study, he is still a commanding figure. Edwards was born in Connecticut, and was graduated from Yale College[1] at seventeen. After a brief connection with that institution as a tutor, he became pastor of the church in

[1] Yale College was founded, in 1701, at Saybrook, Connecticut; in 1718, the institution was removed to New Haven and given its name in honor of Elihu Yale, its principal benefactor.

Northampton, Massachusetts, where he remained until 1750, when he resigned his charge and engaged in missionary work among the Indians in the western part of the colony. In 1758, he was called to the presidency of Princeton College,[1] and died within a few weeks after his installation.

In the records of Edwards's precocious childhood, in the breadth of his interests and in the scope and energy of his scholastic labors there is much that recalls the phenomenal career of Cotton Mather, but there was no real resemblance in the men; Mather was ponderous, Edwards was profound.

A Scientific Student.

When a boy of twelve, Jonathan Edwards was an acute observer of nature and wrote for a naturalist in England an account of his observations on spiders. This interest in natural science he maintained in mature years. He advanced a theory of atoms, he demonstrated that the fixed stars are suns, he made interesting studies on the growth of trees and on the formation of river channels, he studied the principles of sound, the cause of colors, and the tendencies of winds, and anticipated Franklin's discovery of the nature of the lightning.

Theologian.

Edwards's sermons have acquired a fame, not altogether desirable, perhaps, but almost unique in the recognition of their power. His most noted sermon, preached at Enfield, Massachusetts, in 1741, on the theme *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*, was so terrifying in its immediate effect that the people bowed in agony and the noise of their weeping and their cries obliged him to call for silence that he might be heard. Edwards became recognized as a defender of Calvinism at a time when strong opposition was developing against it. He was one of the conspic-

[1] The College of New Jersey (now Princeton) was founded in 1746.

uous leaders in the great revival movement in the forties, known as the Great Awakening — the religious movement in which the famous English preacher, George Whitfield, was a prominent figure.

It is, however, as the author of an extraordinary book entitled *An Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will*, that Jonathan Edwards holds his position in American letters. This work is a defense of the Calvinistic doctrines of foreordination, original sin, and eternal punishment. It is a masterpiece of philosophical reasoning, and although in the broadening of men's minds the old theological ideas have been greatly modified, the *Freedom of the Will* is still recognized as a profound work, and has a definite place in the literature of theological discussion; it has been called "the one large contribution which America has made to the deeper philosophic thought of the world."

The Freedom of the Will, 1754.

Jonathan Edwards was intensely spiritual, an "intellectual saint." The presence of an inner light glows in his refined and delicate features. A deep poetical temperament underlies his spiritual thought. His imagination revels in beautiful figures. Holiness makes

Personality.

"the Soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian . . . appears like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun.

"So that, when we are delighted with flowers, meadows,

and gentle breezes of wind, we may consider that we see only the emanation of the sweet benevolence of Jesus Christ. When we behold the fragrant rose and lily, we see His love and purity. So the green trees and fields, and singing of birds, are the emanation of His infinite joy and benignity. The easiness and naturalness of trees and vines are shadows of His beauty and loveliness. The crystal rivers and murmuring streams are the footsteps of His favour, grace and beauty. When we behold the light and brightness of the sun, the golden edges of an evening cloud, or the beauteous bow, we behold the adumbrations of His glory and goodness; and in the blue sky, of His mildness and gentleness. There are also many things wherein we may behold His awful majesty: in the sun in his strength, in comets, in thunder, in the hovering thunder-cloud, in rugged rocks, and the brows of mountains. That beauteous light with which the world is filled in a clear day is a lively shadow of His spotless holiness and happiness and delight in communicating Himself."

II. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: 1706–1790.

Next to Washington the most conspicuous and most widely useful of Americans throughout the eighteenth century was Benjamin Franklin. He was perhaps the most typical American of his time; certainly he was the most versatile man of affairs and the most picturesque in personality of all that distinguished group who helped to guide the nation in that troubled age. Through the second quarter of the century he lived the quiet life of a thrifty, sagacious man of business, at the same time taking a practical interest in matters of public moment and presenting the most original model of good citizenship that can be found. His contribution to American literature, the larger portion of which belongs to this earlier period of his career, is not great, but it is noteworthy.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, in 1706, of

typical Puritan stock. His father, Josiah Franklin, who had come from England in 1685, was a soap-boiler and candle-maker. At the sign of the blue ball, near the South Meeting House, he had his little shop where he sold his soap and candles. Benjamin was the fifteenth in a family of seventeen children, and while the opportunities for formal education were not promising, Josiah Franklin, a man of sound understanding, was ingenious in providing means to improve the minds of his children. At table, he discussed useful topics for their benefit. Benjamin, he designed for the ministry, and at eight years of age he sent him to school. Within the year, however, he was compelled to withdraw his boy from the school and soon after set him to work in the shop cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds, and running errands. This work proved distasteful, and after some efforts to find a trade that the boy would like, Ben was apprenticed to his brother James, who owned a printing business. It was a fortunate choice; and here, for a time, he throve.

Boyhood in Boston.

From his earliest childhood, Franklin had a passion for books. So soon as he could read, he had waded through the small library — a musty collection of treatises on divinity — which he found on his father's shelves. With his first spending money, he bought the works of John Bunyan, in separate little volumes; and these he later sold in order to buy Richard Burton's *Historical Collections*, small and cheap, in forty volumes. Among his father's books, he discovered a copy of Plutarch's *Lives*, which he read "abundantly." A volume of Defoe, *An Essay on Projects*, and that little work by Cotton Mather, known as *Essays to do Good*, Franklin afterward recalled as having given a turn to his thinking which directly influenced him in the principal events of his later life.[1]

Habits of Study.

[1] See page 30.

He now obtained other books, and by chance secured an odd volume of the *Spectator*. This became not only a source of delight, but, by an ingenious system of his own devising, it also became a means of instruction in the art of expression, and in no small degree helped him to acquire a sound literary style.

The Newspaper.

In 1721, James Franklin, the brother to whom Benjamin had been apprenticed, began to publish a newspaper, *The New England Courant*, one of the first in the colonies.[1] To this paper, articles were sometimes contributed by acquaintances who were interested in the project. It was not long before the printer's apprentice got the idea that he, too, could write readable articles; but, suspecting that if he were known to be their author, his brother would refuse to print his pieces, Ben wrote the papers in a disguised hand and slipped them under the door of the printing-office at night. When these articles were read, the boy had the pleasure of hearing them approved by gentlemen who visited the office, and guesses made as to their authorship. Once when James Franklin was arrested on account of some indiscreet utterance regarding public affairs in his newspaper and compelled to undergo brief imprisonment, the conduct of the paper was turned over to Benjamin, who managed it alone and with success. However, the brothers did not get along well together; there were differences and disputes; and in 1723, when seventeen, Ben ran away. To raise a little money, he sold his books, slipped secretly aboard a sloop, and after three days' sail found himself in New York. He was without acquaintance, recommendations, or resources other than the knowledge of his trade, his shrewd practical sense, and the sturdy self-reliance developed by his experience in the past.

[1] *The Boston News-Letter* was established in 1704; *The Boston Gazette* and *The American Weekly Mercury* (in Philadelphia) in 1719.

Franklin did not secure employment in New York, but hearing that printers were needed in Philadelphia, he proceeded to that city. The familiar sketch of Franklin as an awkward youth trudging along Market Street, a large roll under each arm and hungrily devouring a third, dates from this period. He describes the scene himself, and says that a Miss Read, his future wife, who was standing in her father's doorway, saw him pass in this guise, and commented on the uncouth appearance.[1]

Arrival in Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia, Franklin soon found work at one of the two printing-shops then established in the town, and before long received some flattering notice from the governor of the colony, Sir William Keith. This gentleman proposed that Franklin set up in business for himself, promising him the government printing, and suggesting that he go to England to secure equipment for the office on the governor's indorsement.

Highly elated, Franklin set out on his errand, but only to find that he had been grossly deceived. His supposed patron was discovered to be without credit or other means to fulfill his promise of assistance; and thus again thrown on his own resources, this time in the city of London, the young American settled down to work at his trade. Eighteen months Franklin now spent in London, accumulating experience — some of which he afterward deplored — and all the while establishing himself in habits of study, industry, and thrift. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1726, as yet but twenty years of age and not inadequately prepared for a picturesque and important career.

England.

The story of Franklin's life as a citizen of Philadelphia is a record of successful enterprise and practical philanthropy. Again engaged in printing, he devel-

[1] *Autobiography*, chapter ii.

oped a profitable business and in 1729 purchased a newspaper, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, recently established by a business rival. Just previous to this transaction, Franklin had written a series of humorous and satirical sketches, which he called *The Busy Body* papers; these appeared in the issues of another Philadelphia paper which preceded the *Gazette*. Soon after his return from England, Franklin organized an association which he called the Junto; it was composed of a few earnest young men of serious purpose and literary tastes who met regularly to discuss important themes, debate public questions, and in a general way to seek means of self-improvement. Out of this society, grew several interesting developments. In time, similar clubs were organized, each presided over by one of the original members of the Junto, the existence of which was to some extent a secret. The usefulness of the institution was thus extended and at the same time a means of influence was established which under the shrewd management of its founder materially helped Franklin in the furtherance of his ideas.

A Useful Citizen, 1726–1750.

While his private interests prospered as a result of his shrewd practical policy, Franklin's activity was by no means restricted to these. The same principles of industry, thrift, and common-sense he applied, as opportunity offered, in matters affecting the comfort and common good of all. It was at his instance that the first organized system of police protection displaced the old method of the city "watch." He organized the first volunteer fire department; and by his efforts the service of a state militia was inaugurated. At his suggestion, the members of the Junto joined in buying books for their use in common, and established a library which was the beginning of the circulating library sys-

Practical Beneficence.

tem in America. In 1744, Franklin organized the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and five years later succeeded after considerable effort in founding an academy for the education of the youth in the state; out of this academy grew the University of Pennsylvania. Many minor improvements in municipal methods also came through his suggestion and persistent advocacy. Thus the Philadelphia markets were paved, and then all the city streets, and provision was made for keeping them clean. The invention of an open stove, still used and known as the Franklin stove, he gave freely to the public, refusing to accept a patent therefor, when one was offered him by the governor.

Such a record speaks eloquently not only of Franklin's sagacity, but also of his genuine benevolence. Although it was his policy to keep his own personality in the background, it is no wonder that his services were recognized, and that he was now regarded as the leading citizen in Philadelphia. He was able to retire from active business in 1748, and was henceforward wholly employed in matters of public welfare. Since 1737, he had been postmaster of Philadelphia. In 1750, he was elected a member of the General Assembly.

A Man of Letters.

We have already noted the modest beginnings of Franklin's literary work in the contributions made anonymously, while an apprentice, to his brother's paper in Boston. These articles, signed with the pen-name Silence Dogood, inspired by Cotton Mather's *Essays to do Good*, and formed on the style of Addison, were merely experimental. *The Busy Body* papers, contributed to the *Philadelphia Mercury* in 1728–29, are not notable except for their well-developed sense of humor. But in 1732, Franklin published the first issue of his famous *Almanac*, which for a quarter of a century appeared annually, exercising no small

influence on habits and morals throughout the colonies.

The Almanac.

To appreciate the popularity of Franklin's annual, it is necessary to recall the lack of original literature in America at that time. Among the common people, except the Bible, the printed sermons of the New England clergy, and their theological pamphlets, there was little if any reading matter of any sort. The almanac, however, was an established and cherished institution. It was as universal as the Bible itself. Various printers issued almanacs; peddlers carried them about in their packs; one hung in every chimney-corner. Their owners used them as receptacles for their memoranda and accounts. Such crude paragraphs and wise saws as might be found inserted among the calculations supplied about everything in the way of "profane" literature which was accessible to the people at large. No less than seven of these annual publications were appearing regularly in Philadelphia when Franklin's first issue appeared. Their predictions were vague and unsatisfying. "Rain here or in South Carolina," said one; "cold to the northward, warm to the southward," it declared. The editors, however, prided themselves on the fact that if they missed the mark in their weather forecasts, they were usually correct in placing the day of the week on its proper date in the month — and that, after all, was the most useful thing in an almanac.

"Poor Richard."

The new publication, "by Richard Saunders, Philomath," was different from its predecessors. Franklin created a character, Poor Richard, in whose name the work appeared, and whose real existence was debated humorously and seriously. Scattered among the calculations, were many crisp sayings introduced by the phrase "As Poor Richard says," —

Poor Richard, 1733.

AN

Almanack

For the Year of Chriſt

1733,

Being the Firſt after LEAP YEAR:

And makes ſince the Creation	Years
By the Account of the Eaſtern *Greeks*	7241
By the Latin Church, when ☉ ent. ♈	6932
By the Computation of *W.W.*	5742
By the *Roman* Chronology	5682
By the *Jewiſh* Rabbies	5494

Wherein is contained

The Lunations, Eclipſes, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & mutual Aſpects, Sun and Moon's Riſing and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts, and obſervable Days

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours Weſt from *London*, but may without ſenſible Error, ſerve all the adjacent Places, even from *Newfoundland* to *South-Carolina*.

By *RICHARD SAUNDERS*, Philom.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and ſold by *B. FRANKLIN*, at the New Printing Office near the Market.

FIRST ISSUE OF FRANKLIN'S "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC" — first page

(Original size 2⅞ × 5⅝ inches)

sayings which have taken their place among the maxims of the world.

"Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee."

"One today is worth two tomorrows."

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep."

"An empty sack cannot stand upright."

"Fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

"He that by the plow would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive."

These and scores of similar homely proverbs were incorporated in the *Almanac*. It was Franklin's idea to teach lessons of thrift to his countrymen. Some of the sayings he coined entire, others he quoted from various sources. They were finally sifted and collected in permanent form in a lengthy discourse called *Father Abraham's Speech*, which was included in the Almanac of 1758 and found its way thus into well-nigh every home in America. *Father Abraham's Speech* was translated into every European language, and even to this day continues to teach its useful lesson of industry, frugality, and honesty, the world over.

The Autobiography.

Franklin's other literary success was his famous *Autobiography*, which he began to write in 1771, resumed in 1788, and left incomplete at his death. The purpose of its author was to make the experiences of his own career, the conduct and habit of life which had led to success in his own case, a source of help and inspiration to others. He therefore tells the story of his struggles, his errors, his experiments with himself, his accomplishment, with wonderful frankness and extreme simplicity.

Take for example the following passage:[1] —

"The objections and reluctances I met with in soliciting

[1] Chapter vi. The reference is to the subscription library established by Franklin's effort.

the subscriptions made me soon feel the impropriety of presenting one's self as the proposer of any useful project that might be supposed to raise one's reputation in the smallest degree above that of one's neighbors, when one has need of their assistance to accomplish that project. I therefore put myself as much as I could out of sight, and stated it to be a scheme of *a number of friends*, who had requested me to go about and propose it to such as they thought lovers of reading. In this way, my affairs went on more smoothly, and I ever after practiced it on such occasions ; and from my frequent successes, can heartily recommend it. The present little sacrifice of your vanity will afterwards be amply repaid. If it remains a while uncertain to whom the merit belongs, some one more vain than yourself may be encouraged to claim it, and then even envy will be disposed to do you justice, by plucking those assumed feathers, and restoring them to their right owner. This library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repaired in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allowed myself. I spent no time in taverns, games, or frolics of any kind; and my industry in my business continued as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing-house; I had a young family coming on to be educated, and I had two competitors to contend with for business who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continuing, and my father having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, '*Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men*,' I thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encouraged me, — though I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before kings*, which, however, has since happened ; for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner."

Characteristics of his Literary Work.

The predominant quality in all of Franklin's writing is its genuine humanness; this is what brought the *Almanac* into instant popularity, and what makes the *Autobiography* an enduring American classic. It is a quality that had been extremely rare in the earlier colonial literature. A keen sense of humor, also, homely and blunt but true, is constant in Franklin's work and one of the essential factors in its success. Noted examples of his wit are found in his anecdote of *The Whistle* and *The Dialogue between Dr. Franklin and the Gout*, which are among the papers entitled *Bagatelles*, written when Franklin was in France.

Franklin's literary work was thoroughly typical of himself. Honest, plain, democratic, clear-headed, shrewd, worldly-wise, he was interested in the practical side of life. To him the matter of "getting on" in the world was a duty; and to enable others to see the advantages of integrity, application, and thrift was his self-appointed task. His influence in this direction was immense. The absence of ideality is obvious in all his compositions. He never reached the high levels of imaginative art, but on this lower plane of material interest and every-day life he was, and is, without a peer among writers. The works which have been mentioned possess a universal charm. "I will disinherit you," said Sidney Smith to his daughter, "if you do not admire everything written by Franklin."

1750–1790, His Service to the Country.

Of Franklin's later life, his large usefulness to this country throughout the Revolutionary period, his distinctions and his honors, only a bare summary can be given here. In 1753, he was appointed Postmaster-general and established the postal system on a paying basis. In 1757, he was sent to England as the representative of Pennsylvania

— his duties keeping him there for the ensuing five years. From 1764 to 1775, he was again in England, the official representative of four of the colonies, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Georgia. The day after his landing again in America, he was appointed a member in the Second Continental Congress, where he was conspicuous for the next fourteen months. It was he who, with characteristic humor, declared, after the signing of the Declaration of Independence: "Yes, we must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately." In September, 1776, Franklin was sent to France as a special envoy to win the sympathy and assistance of that country for the new nation. How well he succeeded in his mission, and what enthusiasm of popular admiration was aroused by his homely, benevolent personality are matters of familiar history. On his return, after having been relieved by Jefferson, in 1783, he was at once made a member of the Constitutional Convention, which finally adopted the Constitution of the United States.

"I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity," he said, "when I ought to have been abed and asleep." He was seventy-seven years old. He had seen the development of his country from ten disunited colonies with a population of 400,000 into a nation of thirteen united states with a population of 4,000,000. In the making of that nation, no American had borne a more useful or more conspicuous part. His place in our political history is emphasized by the fact that his signature is found appended to four great documents: the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with England, and the Constitution. Of no other American can this be declared.

But this record of Franklin's versatility is by no

means complete. The final word must be concerning his services to Science. Throughout his life, he was an eager searcher after truth, an ardent student of nature. His private correspondence is full of the matter of his investigations which he prosecuted with great intelligence and with remarkable results. As Mr. Franklin, the philosopher, he was renowned among contemporary scholars. That famous experiment with the kite and key which identified electricity with the lightning, was only one of many which brought him fame. The colleges of Yale and Harvard conferred on the soap-boiler's son the degree of M. A. He was honored by the scientific scholars of St. Petersburg, London, and Paris. He was a member of the Royal Society. When his death occurred in 1790, it was a French scholar who wrote the epitaph so often quoted: —

The Scholar and Scientist.

"Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

Such is, in outline, the record of this remarkable man — "the many-sided Franklin," as he is appropriately called, our first great American. It was in keeping with his intensely practical nature that Franklin should devise a peculiar, a unique plan of beneficence for the good of posterity. In his will, he bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia, and to the city of Boston, each, the sum of £1000. These funds were to be used in loans, under restrictions, to young tradesmen, in small amounts; principal and interest were to be allowed to accumulate in each case for one hundred years, when, as Franklin calculated, each fund should amount to £131,000. A division was then to be made, £100,000 to be withdrawn and be applied by each city upon public works, and the remainder be placed again in service for a second hundred years. At the expiration of that period, the donor thought that each fund would aggregate

something over £4,000,000, and devised that in each instance the sum should then be divided between the city and the commonwealth, to be applied in any form that should be thought best. Unfortunately, in the face of changed conditions, Franklin's idea proved impracticable; however, the city of Boston did possess in this fund, at the end of the period stipulated by the will, the sum of $400,000. The city appropriated $100,000 additional (which was used in buying land) and the entire amount of the Franklin Fund was applied in building and equipping a great evening technical school, to be known as The Franklin Union. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given the sum of $400,000, which has been set aside as an endowment fund, the income from which provides for the running expenses of the institution.

III. SECOND HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD: SPEECHES, ARGUMENTATIVE ESSAYS, STATE PAPERS.

In the second half of the eighteenth century, our literature presents the vivid reflection of that momentous struggle for independence upon which the American colonies had entered. Fiery speeches, able arguments set forth in newspapers and in pamphlets, sharp and bitter satire served to give utterance to the thought and passion of men's minds. One feature of this activity must be emphasized: geographical lines were now forgotten; the literature of this period is no longer local; essayists, versifiers, orators were inspired by a common purpose and by a devotion to the interests of the country at large.

Greatest of the Massachusetts orators and conspicuous at the beginning of the struggle was James Otis. He was a graduate of Harvard, and a prominent lawyer in Boston. In 1761, following the

James Otis, 1725–83.

accession of George III, in the previous year, there arose in Massachusetts a debate over granting the new Writs of Assistance to officers of the customs in that colony. In February of that year, Otis, in the council chamber at Boston, delivered an argument against the legality of these writs which is sometimes described as the prologue of the Revolution.[1] Of this passionate address, no complete record exists, but John Adams, who reported it, declares that American independence was then and there born. "Otis was a flame of fire," Adams declares. "Such a profusion of learning, such convincing argument, and such a torrent of sublime and pathetic eloquence — that a great crowd of spectators and auditors went away absolutely electrified."[2] Three years later, Otis published a pamphlet, *The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved* — one of the most acute and powerful among the many political papers of these years.

Political Essayists.

The historic events of the period came in quick succession. The Stamp Act, passed in 1765, was repealed in the following year; but taxes on tea, paper, glass, paints, and other articles were levied in 1767. Petitions, appeals, and resolutions were numerous. Pamphlets and essays appeared in great numbers. To these years belong the political papers of Franklin, who contributed vigorously to these discussions. Samuel Adams (1722–1803), tax collector of the town of Boston, was a voluminous essayist — of whom a tory governor declared "every dip of his pen stings like a horned snake."

Both sides participated in this fierce debate, for there were not a few in the colonies who remained loyal to England throughout the struggle. Following the assem-

[1] Tyler's *Literary History of the American Revolution*, chapter ii.

[2] Correspondence of John Adams, *Works*, vol. x, p. 183.

blage of the first Continental Congress, in 1774, there appeared in New York a series of four pamphlets dealing with the great questions of the time from the tory standpoint. These were signed "Westchester Farmer"; they were incisive, picturesque, witty, and readable. "If I must be devoured, let me be devoured by the jaws of a lion, and not gnawed to death by rats and vermin," declared the audacious pamphleteer. These papers aroused a storm of patriotic protest in the midst of which it is interesting to find a pamphlet entitled *The Farmer Refuted*, the essay of a youth of eighteen, young Alexander Hamilton, then a student in King's College.[1] The "Farmer" was identified with the Rev. Samuel Seabury, an Episcopal clergyman of Westchester, New York, and was made to pay dearly for his bold utterances by some of the excitable patriots in his vicinity. He suffered many indignities, but after the close of the conflict resumed his position and ended his life in peace, honored by many of his former foes.

The Orators.

Chief among the orators of the South was Patrick Henry (1736–99), of whom Jefferson said: "He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote." It was he who in the opening speech of the first Congress uttered the ringing declaration, "I am not a Virginian but an American"; and he who in the Virginia Assembly, March 23, 1775, delivered the address which ranks as one of the classics of American eloquence. Along with Otis, in the North, stands the familiar figure of John Hancock (1737–93). In the speech which he delivered in 1774, on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, he expressed in characteristic phrases the fervor of the time: "Burn Boston and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public good requires." Joseph Warren (1741–1775), a Boston phy-

[1] Now Columbia University, founded in 1754.

sician, in his address on the next anniversary of the Massacre, exclaimed: "These fellows say we won't fight; by Heavens! I hope I shall die up to my knees in blood." It was but a few weeks thereafter that the unconscious prophecy was realized at Bunker Hill. If much of this oratory was turgid, it nevertheless expressed the sincere sentiment of those who gave it voice. Such was the spirit of the time. Josiah Quincy (1744–75) spoke for many another as well as for himself when he declared: "If to appear for my country is treason, and to arm for her defense is rebellion — like my fathers, I will glory in the name of rebel and traitor, as they did in that of Puritan and enthusiast."

The newspapers teemed with articles signed with symbolic names: Publius, Vindex, Candidus, Novanglus, etc.

Thomas Paine, 1737–1809.

In the flood of political papers, with which patriotic writers deluged the colonies, there was none which wrought such effect as the pamphlet entitled *Common Sense*, published by Thomas Paine. Paine was an Englishman of radical mind, who, after an unpretentious career in his own country, came to America in 1774, equipped only with a note of introduction from Benjamin Franklin. Catching the spirit of the hour, and seeing the logical issue of events as few, if any, of the colonists had done, in 1776, he sent forth his epoch-making work. He first pointed out that the present struggle must lead to national independence. His literary style was not impressive, the logic of his argument was not invincible, but the effect of his paper was electric. One hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold within three months. In France, and even in England, its power was felt. The authorship of the pamphlet, which was anonymous, was ascribed to Franklin. It carried conviction in America, and made the

issues of the conflict clear. During the war, Paine published a series of papers called *The Crisis*, the opening sentence of which — "These are the times that try men's souls," became a proverbial phrase. Later he went to France, and in his enthusiasm for the cause of Revolution there, wrote *The Rights of Man* (1791–92), a reply to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution.* In *The Age of Reason* (1794–96), a bitter attack on Christianity, Paine's radicalism appears in its extreme form; it is an unpleasant work and does not discover the earlier power or skill of its author.

The Federalist, 1787–88.

After the conclusion of the war, during that critical period which preceded the adoption of a constitution, there appeared at intervals a very notable series of papers which were designed in their entirety to set forth the fundamental principles of government. These appeared as articles contributed to various New York newspapers. There were eighty-five in all, and their authorship was concealed under the pseudonym of "Publius." In 1788, these papers were collected and published under the name of *The Federalist* — a collection which ranks as our chief political classic. Of these famous papers, five are attributed to John Jay, twenty-nine to James Madison, and fifty-one to Alexander Hamilton.

The Declaration and the Constitution.

Two other great state documents — eloquent products of this exalted time — demand a place in the record of our nation's literature. *The Declaration of Independence* was drafted by Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826), a Virginian. Its sonorous sentences need not be subjected to depreciation by the colder literary criticism of to-day. Its lines were written by men who were intensely stirred by the spirit of their deeds. "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are

endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Thomas Jefferson was a fluent writer and a statesman who left a lasting impress on the political thought of his country. An exponent of the principles of popular government and a champion of individual freedom, he is the great representative of democracy in America, and is looked upon as father of the ideas embodied in the Democratic party. He published *Notes on Virginia*, wrote a compact *Autobiography*, founded the University of Virginia, and established in that institution a chair of English — the first in America.

The Constitution of the United States, adopted in 1788, which was described by Gladstone as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," owed its precise formulation largely to the labors of Alexander Hamilton (1757–1804), the brilliant champion of the federal principle in national government which insists upon the centralization of authority, and the unity of the federal relation. Hamilton, therefore, is recognized as the first exponent of those ideas which are now represented theoretically in the present Republican party.

These men, the orators, the pamphleteers, the statesmen, of that generation were not unworthy contemporaries of Fox, Chatham, and Burke, the great English parliamentarians whose eloquence and statesmanship were matched with theirs. "When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause," said the Earl of Chatham, in 1775; and Edmund Burke, in his remarkable speech on *Conciliation with America*, pays a notable tribute to the legal knowledge of the colonists.

Not to be overlooked by the student of this period are a few productions which are not so deeply colored by the political spirit of the time. Such are the collected *Letters* of Washington, of Jefferson, of John Adams and his wife, Abigail; the *Farewell Address* of Washington to his troops; and the *Journal* of John Woolman, a Quaker, — which was beloved of Whittier,[1] and received the praises of Charles Lamb.

Journals and Letters.

IV. POETRY OF THE REVOLUTION: SATIRES, EPICS, AND BALLADS.

The Revolutionary period was not without its poets. From the beginning of the conflict, in 1775, to the end, there was a copious flow of verse which sprang naturally enough from the turbulence of popular excitement and emotion. Here and there among the crude productions of these unschooled rhymers, one comes upon compositions which show an unexpected strength of feeling expressed with considerable literary art. This is especially true of the political satires and the ballads which are conspicuous in Revolutionary literature.

Foremost among the tory versifiers — for both parties in the contest had their literary champions in metre as in prose — was Jonathan Odell, who invoked the muse thus: —

Jonathan Odell, 1737–1818.

> "Grant me for a time
> Some deleterious powers of acrid rhyme,
> Some ars'nic verse, to poison with the pen
> These rats who nestle in the lion's den."

Odell came of pioneer Puritan stock and was himself a native of New Jersey. He was a graduate of Princeton, and became a surgeon in the British army. He later went to England, where he took orders for the Church.

[1] The *Journal* was edited by Whittier, in 1871.

Returning to New Jersey, he became rector of the parish in Burlington. With the outbreak of hostilities, and the development of violence against all suspected of royalist sympathies, the clergyman was forced to take flight; and as a refugee, he remained in New York until the evacuation of the British troops.

Odell's literary talent was soon engaged in the composition of satiric poems; modeled on the satires of Dryden and Pope, they show considerable merit. Odell wrote with a trenchant pen. There is no humor in his satire — it is wit, caustic, biting; the tone of his verse is the tone of bitter, implacable invective. Four satires, all written in 1779, furnish the best examples of his verse: *The Word of Congress*, *The Congratulation*, *The Feu de Joie*,[1] and *The American Times*. The following lines from the last of his satires are sufficient to exhibit his skill in satire and in verse: —

> "What cannot ceaseless impudence produce?
> Old Franklin knows its value and its use:
> He caught at Paine, relieved his wretched plight,
> And gave him notes, and set him down to write.
> Fire from the Doctor's hints the miscreant took,
> Discarded truth, and soon produced a book, —
> A pamphlet which, without the least pretence
> To reason, bore the name of Common Sense.
> . . . . . .
> The work like wildfire, through the country ran,
> And Folly bowed the knee to Franklin's plan.
> Sense, reason, judgment were abashed and fled,
> And Congress reigned triumphant in their stead."

Persistent in his attitude, irreconcilable and belligerent still, Jonathan Odell forsook the colonies at the close of the contest and migrated to Nova Scotia, where he lived to old age, unconvinced and unrelenting to the last.

Three Revolutionary poets of large and serious pur-

[1] The Bonfire.

pose, and widely famed in their generation, may be grouped together, not only because of some similarity in their verse, but also because they were all Connecticut men; two were conspicuous members of a coterie noted as "the Hartford Wits." That Connecticut town, indeed, enjoyed a reputation as a literary centre through the exploits of this group. The two Hartford poets were John Trumbull and Joel Barlow; the third of this group was Timothy Dwight.

The Hartford Wits.

Trumbull's contribution was a long satire, a burlesque epic, entitled *McFingal*. It was modeled on Butler's *Hudibras* — a famous English satire of the seventeenth century directed at the Puritans. The Yankee poet, borrowing the rollicking measure of the earlier satirist, narrates the misadventures of his hero — a tory squire in the midst of patriots. The poem first appeared in January, 1776, was afterward expanded and reappeared, in four cantos, in 1782. *McFingal* is full of native Yankee wit and humor, and contains many clever couplets — couplets which have passed for Butler's: —

John Trumbull, 1750–1831.

> "No man e'er felt the halter draw,
> With good opinion of the law;
> Or held in method orthodox
> His love of justice in the stocks;
> Or failed to lose by sheriff's shears
> At once his loyalty and ears."

So popular was this merry epic, *McFingal*, that it ran to thirty editions. It was a source of joy in the camps of the Continentals, and nerved the arm of many a tired soldier in the ranks.

Still more ambitious was the effort of Joel Barlow, who published, in 1787, his *Vision of Columbus*. In 1807, the completed work appeared under the epic title *The Columbiad*. It was a prodigious poem, intended to be a second *Iliad*. Fol-

Joel Barlow, 1754–1812.

lowing a plan employed by Milton in the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*, Columbus is led to the hill of Vision and is shown the future greatness of the land he had discovered. The patriotic fervor of the author is intense.

> "I sing the mariner who first unfurled
> An eastern banner o'er the western world,
> And taught mankind where future empire lay
> In these fair confines of descending day."

In 1793, Barlow composed in lighter vein another poem which has outlived the ponderous epic. This is the happy composition in honor of *Hasty Pudding*, one of our best examples of light and fanciful verse. The poem was written when Barlow was abroad in Savoy, and was dedicated to no less a personage than Lady Martha Washington. The poet still uses the heroic couplet, this time in *mock*-heroic strain; and the humorous realism of his rural scenes is no less attractive to the modern reader than it was to those who first enjoyed the poet's glorification of this homely theme.

Timothy Dwight, 1752–1817.

The third writer in this group, Timothy Dwight, was the grandson of Jonathan Edwards; and he became in time the president of Yale College. The subject of his epic — for his inspiration was also epical — is Religion. It was entitled *The Conquest of Canaan;* and it appeared in 1785. It is described by its author as "the first of the kind which has been published in this country." [1] The spirit of the Revolution is felt in the treatment of even this ancient theme; and the ingenious device by which the great event of American history in the latter part of the eighteenth century is linked with this epic recital of Israelitish wars is very amusing.

Timothy Dwight was, like his grandfather Edwards, a man of marvelous energy and of great literary pro-

[1] It preceded by two years Barlow's *Vision of Columbus.*

ductiveness; he inherited, however, none of the genius which distinguished Jonathan Edwards's scholarly work. His *Theology Explained and Defended*, in five volumes, does not resemble the famous treatise on *The Freedom of the Will*. The most interesting example of his prose is the *Travels in New England and New York* — four volumes of letters fictitiously addressed to an English correspondent, and filled with observations made during his summer travels in his gig.

In 1777 and 1778, Dwight served as an army chaplain and employed his lyric gifts with patriotic fervor. His best remembered song, *Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise*, was the fruit of this period. The fact that he was the author also of the hymn, *I Love thy Kingdom, Lord*, should certainly not be forgotten. In *Greenfield Hill* (1794) we find a very interesting attempt at a descriptive as well as didactic poem. It is in frank imitation of the English classic poets, Pope, Denham, Thomson, Goldsmith, but shows some touches distinctively American.

Among the most interesting compositions of the Revolutionary period, are the numerous songs and ballads, hundreds of which were written during the years of the war. Many of these were mere doggerel, but some — as such songs of the people often are — were characterized by a homely, hearty strain, which in spite of crudity bears its own appeal, and stirs the passion of men without the aid of art. The names of their writers were often unknown even in that generation. Sometimes these compositions took the form of camp-songs like that to *The Volunteer Boys* (1780):— **Revolutionary Songs and Ballads.**

> "Hence with the lover who sighs o'er his wine,
> Chloes and Phillises toasting,
> Hence with the slave who will whimper and whine,
> Of ardor and constancy boasting.

Hence with love's joys,
Follies and noise, —
The toast that I give is the Volunteer Boys," etc.

Sometimes they are religious songs, one of the best examples of which is found in *The American Soldier's Hymn:* —

"'T is God that girds our armor on,
And all our just designs fulfils.
Through Him our feet can swiftly run,
And nimbly climb the steepest hills.

"Lessons of war from Him we take,
And manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of steel with ease we break,
Forced by our stronger arms to yield," etc.

But more numerous were the narratives in crude and vigorous verse of battle, of incident, and of individual exploit, such as we find in an anonymous poem on the *Battle of Trenton* (December 26, 1776). The historic crossing of the Delaware is mentioned in the opening stanza: —

"On Christmas-day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fixed
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no sign of dismay."

In each of the six stanzas which compose the song, there is some clever touch which reveals the real poetic impulse — none the less effective because of its artlessness.

"Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

"In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost."

The account of the action is very brief, the surprise,

the victory, the trophies of battle are tersely described, and the song closes in conventional style: —

"Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let 's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let 's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day."

One of the best naval ballads of the time was *The Yankee Man of War*, a stirring record of an exploit in 1778, wherein the bravery of John Paul Jones is enthusiastically celebrated. Its unknown author writes with the precision of one well versed in sea-craft, and like an eye-witness of the incident.

"'Out booms! out booms!' our skipper cried,
'out booms and give her sheet.'
And the swiftest keel that was ever launched
shot ahead of the British fleet,
And a-midst a thundering shower of shot
with stun'sails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer
just at the break of day."

Scores of these spirited little lyrics may be read in the collections of Revolutionary songs.[1] The patriotic fervor of the singer is often more impressive than the inspiration of his muse, and yet there are not a few poems in the group which may claim a place in our national literature.

The humorous ballad on *The Battle of the Kegs* illustrates another phase of this patriotic activity in verse. The author of these rollicking lines was Francis Hopkinson, a man prominent in all the serious and weighty movements of these momentous times, yet full of vivacity and an irresistible

Francis Hopkinson, 1737–91.

[1] See Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*, vol. iii; George Cary Eggleston's collection of *American War Ballads and Lyrics*, vol. i; and *Poems of American Patriotism*, chosen by J. Brander Matthews; also Moore's *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution* (1856), and Burton E. Stevenson's *Poems of American History* (1908).

humor which frequently broke forth in trenchant satire and clever verse. In *The Battle of the Kegs*, his irrepressible wit runs merry riot. The incident which inspired the ballad belongs to the beginning of 1778. Some Yankee inventor having constructed a sort of infernal machine for the purpose, a lot of kegs were equipped with the mechanism and charged with powder; these kegs were then sent floating down the Delaware toward Philadelphia, where the British force under Howe was quartered for the winter. Whether actually dangerous or not, these suspicious-looking kegs caused great excitement as they came floating by the city and provoked a general bombardment from ships and garrison. No harm resulted to the English from this fleet of Yankee invention, but Hopkinson's doggerel rhymes which followed appear to have had a most beneficent effect upon the Continentals. The ballad proved to be the most popular composition of the war period, and its influence is thus described by Tyler: —

"It gave the weary and anxious people the luxury of genuine and hearty laughter in very scorn of the enemy. To the cause of the Revolution it was perhaps worth as much, just then, by way of emotional tonic and of military inspiration as the winning of a considerable battle would have been." [1]

Francis Hopkinson's impassioned *Camp Ballad* (1777) exhibits the real lyric power of the poet in his serious mood. *Columbia*, written by Timothy Dwight, belongs to the same group of patriotic lyrics. Dwight's poem begins with the lines: —

> "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
> The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

It is not to be confused with the national song *Hail Columbia*, which was written by Joseph Hopkinson (not Francis) in 1798. If popularity were a standard

[1] Tyler's *Literary History of the American Revolution*, vol. ii, p. 149.

of excellence, these fervid compositions, along with *The Battle of the Kegs* and *The Yankee's Return from Camp* ("Yankee Doodle"), would have to represent the poetic accomplishment of our Revolutionary poets; happily this is not the case. *Bold Hawthorne*, the Surgeon's record of the cruise of the "Fair American," Captain Hawthorne, 1777, has the homely flavor of an honest folk-song, and so has the ballad of *Brave Paulding and the Spy*, which celebrates the patriotic integrity of the captor of Major André; but the best of all these patriotic compositions is one entitled *Hale in the Bush*, a wonderfully tender and impressive tribute to the memory of Nathan Hale, captured and hanged by the British as a spy. This remarkable poem merits quotation in full.

HALE IN THE BUSH.

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
A-saying "oh! hu-ush!" a-saying "oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush, as she nestled her young
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook, he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat, the tattoo had beat;
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking place,
To make his retreat, to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood, as he passed through the wood;
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood, as she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp on that dark dreary night,
Had a murderous will, had a murderous will;
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill, to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell, in that little stone cell;
But he trusted in love from his Father above —
In his heart all was well, in his heart all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by, sat moaning hard by:
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die, for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained, —
The cruel general! the cruel general! —
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,
And said that was all, and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side, down the hill's grassy side.
'T was there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride, his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent, for him to repent.
He prayed for his mother — he asked not another, —
To Heaven he went, to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed,
As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe —
No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave!"

V. THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. TRANSITION: POETRY, DRAMA, FICTION, PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Coincidentally with the satires, the epics, the songs and ballads, which owed their measure of inspiration

immediately to the spirit of that strenuous time, we note also the appearance of a different school of verse which meant infinitely more in the development of our literary art.

Among the satirists of the Revolutionary epoch, there was none whose pen was readier or sharper in its thrusts than Philip Freneau; and among the poems of the war itself, none holds a firmer place in our literature than Freneau's brief elegy on the valiant who died at Eutaw Springs. One line of this poem was thought worthy of adaptation by the author of *Marmion*.[1] But Freneau's strongest claim for remembrance lies in a few compositions which mark the beginning of nature poetry in America.

Philip Freneau, 1752–1832.

Philip Freneau owed his foreign name to Huguenot ancestry, but he was born in New York and was graduated, in 1771, at Princeton, where he had been a classmate and room-mate with James Madison. In the early part of his career Freneau engaged in commercial ventures in the West Indies and made frequent voyages, commanding his own vessel. Once (in 1780) he was captured by the British and was for several weeks confined in an English prison ship in New York harbor. The hardships of this experience are rehearsed in a poem entitled *The British Prison Ship*, filled to the brim with the horror and rancor of his suffering. Many another fierce broadside did he hurl at the nation's foe, until hostilities ceased. After the war, Freneau entered

[1] "They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear — but left the shield."
Eutaw Springs.

"When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield."
Marmion (Introd. to Canto III).

journalism, but his later years were comparatively inactive. Near the close of his eightieth year, on a December night, returning to his home from a gathering with friends, he lost his way in the snow and fell by the road-side; the next morning he was found dead.

The Nature Poems.

The compositions which have done most for Freneau's fame as a poet belong to his earlier years. In these productions, we find the beginning of genuine nature poetry in America. Here we have Freneau's opening lines on *The Wild Honeysuckle:* —

"Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet;
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear."

To a Honeybee, addressed to a wandering rover from the hive resting luxuriously on the rim of the poet's glass, is written with the same charming simplicity of style and with a dainty touch of humor befitting the theme.

"Welcome! — I hail you to my glass:
All welcome, here, you find;
Here, let the cloud of trouble pass,
Here, be all care resigned.
This fluid never fails to please,
And drown the griefs of men or bees.

. . . . . .

"Yet take not, oh! too deep a drink,
And in this ocean die;
Here bigger bees than you might sink,
Even bees full six feet high.
Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said
To perish in a sea of red.

"Do as you please, your will is mine;
Enjoy it without fear,
And your grave will be this glass of wine,
Your epitaph — a tear —

Go, take your seat in Charon's boat;
We 'll tell the hive, you died afloat."

Of a different tenor are two poems in pensive key: *The Indian Student* and *The Indian Burying-ground.* In all these compositions, we feel the spirit of a true poet who loves Nature and responds to her appeals spontaneously and without artifice. There had been a few previous attempts at this form of treatment in American verse, but they had been isolated instances and had failed of the excellence attained by Freneau. These poems are therefore the more worthy of note. The volume which contains these productions appeared in 1786 — the same year in which the first volume of the poems of Robert Burns was published; and twelve years before the *Lyrical Ballads* introduced William Wordsworth as the first recognized champion of simplicity and naturalness in English verse.

The Parting Glass is in the lighter mood of the old Cavalier Poets. *On the Ruins of a Country Inn* shows the influence of Thomas Gray. In one long poem, *The House of Night*, Freneau enters the weird domain afterward so skillfully worked by Edgar Allan Poe.

A singular example of precocious literary development is found in the work of a negro girl, Phillis Wheatley. Brought from Africa at the age of seven or eight, she became a slave in the household of a family in Boston. She learned rapidly under the guidance of her mistress and began to write verse in the conventional style of the English classical poets — verse as good as that produced by any of their American imitators. A volume of Phillis Wheatley's poems was published at London in 1773, the genuineness of the work being vouched for by prominent people in Boston. At the appearance of this volume, Phillis

A "Curiosity of Literature."

could have been scarcely twenty years of age, her precocity marking her development phenomenal.

The Drama in America. The beginnings of dramatic literature in America belong to this same period. Quite early in the century English plays had been acted by amateurs in New York, but it was not until 1752 that a professional company had been seen in the colonies presenting standard plays. In that year, an English troop of London players began a series of presentations at Williamsburg, Virginia, afterward playing in New York and Philadelphia. *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III*, and *Hamlet* were included in their repertory. Two or three plays had been written by Americans previous to the Revolution — for the most part so-called reading-plays. Hugh H. Brackenridge (1748–1816), a classmate and associate with Philip Freneau, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, wrote, in 1776, a drama called *The Battle of Bunker Hill*. Brackenridge was then a school-teacher, and the play was presented by his pupils. Theatres had been built in Philadelphia, New York, Annapolis, and Charleston previous to the war. Boston's earliest play-house dates from 1794.

Early American Plays. The first American play to be performed by a professional company was *The Contrast*, written by Royall Tyler (1757–1826). It was produced in New York, April 16, 1787. The theme of this comedy was patriotic; a contrast is drawn between those who ape foreign fashions and those who hold to the plain but wholesome manners of home. In this play the Yankee, Jonathan, is introduced effectively as a typical character. Tyler was himself a Vermonter of versatile talent. He produced other plays, a novel and several poems. In 1789, another American comedy was produced, — *The Father, or American Shandyism.*

This was the work of William Dunlap (1766–1839) of New Jersey. This play, one of some sixty written by Dunlap, and the most worthy of them, contains two characters modeled after the famous Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim of Lawrence Sterne's whimsical novel, *Tristram Shandy*. Dunlap became a theatrical manager, and later wrote a *History of the American Theatre* (1832). He was also the biographer of the first American novelist of note, Charles Brockden Brown.

The American Novel.

Contemporaneous with the appearance of the drama in our literature, we have to record also the entrance of the novel. The first native experiment in this form of fiction, modeled — very distantly — after Richardson's *Pamela*,[1] was entitled *The Power of Sympathy*. This work has a curious history. Madam Sarah Wentworth Morton, its author, a member of one of New England's most aristocratic families, had won provincial fame as a "poetess," under the sentimental name of "Philenia"; she had, indeed, been described by one distinguished admirer as "The American Sappho." For her plot, Mrs. Morton utilized a miserable scandal which had blighted her own family life, and made the identity of her principal characters so obvious that the persons most interested bought the entire edition from the publisher — and *The Power of Sympathy*, thus incontinently suppressed (1789), was never published in that generation.[2]

Two other New England women appeared thus early in print with narratives of somewhat similar sort "founded on fact." Susanna H. Rowson, an English lady who had established a school for girls in Boston, was the author of a very popular novel, *Charlotte*

[1] *Pamela* (1740), by Samuel Richardson, is commonly regarded as the first novel of common life and manners in English literature.

[2] An edition of this novel was published at Boston, in 1894.

Temple, a Tale of Truth (1790), and of other novels, including a sequel, *Lucy Temple*, which was published in 1828.

Hannah W. Foster wrote, in 1797, *The Coquette; or, The History of Eliza Wharton, a Novel Founded on Fact.* Mrs. Foster was the wife of a clergyman and wrote, as did Mrs. Rowson, with a moral purpose. In both these novels, the theme of indiscretion and desertion is treated in the sentimental, didactic style which characterized many of the English novelists of the same period. The popularity of these two stories outlasted their own generation. Pilgrimages were made by sentimental readers to the graves of both these heroines; and the old slate headstone in the ancient graveyard in Salem, where the real "Eliza Wharton" is buried, has been all but chipped away by relic-hunters.

Hugh H. Brackenridge, already mentioned as the author of an early American play, wrote a satirical romance called *Modern Chivalry; or, The Adventures of Captain Farrago and Teague O'Regan, his Servant*, the first part of which appeared in 1792, the second, in 1806; and the playwright Royall Tyler also entered the lists with a two-volume narrative entitled *The Algerine Captive*, in 1799. Neither of these works, however, can be regarded as possessing the interest or importance of Mrs. Rowson's and Mrs. Foster's "tales of truth" in the annals of American fiction. It is with *Charlotte Temple* and *The Coquette*, that the novel of manners appears.

Charles Brockden Brown, 1771–1810.

While these earliest examples of the American novel are of interest historically, — and interesting mainly on that ground alone, — there appeared before the close of the century one or two essays in prose fiction which possess decided merit on the ground of technical construction and on that of

genuine narrative power. These were the early romances of Charles Brockden Brown.

Brown was a native of Philadelphia, where he received his education. He chose the profession of the law and prepared himself for practice; but the duties of the legal calling were wholly uncongenial, and the effect of this trying situation was soon apparent in depression of spirits and impaired health. At last, he forsook the law for the profession of literature, and is deserving of some distinction as the first American to make deliberately so dangerous an experiment. He removed to New York and formed associations with a few men of literary tastes comprising the members of the "Friendly Club," among whom was William Dunlap, the future biographer of the novelist. It was a period of considerable mental excitement in both Europe and America. Revolutionary forces were vigorously alive. New theories affecting political and social relations were promulgated daily. As an essayist on moral as well as literary themes, Brown had written copiously before his abandonment of the law; he had been a diligent student; his mind was even abnormally active, and he wrote with a style noticeably strong and vivid. In 1797, Charles Brockden Brown published his first volume, *Alcuin: a Dialogue on the Rights of Women.* It did not meet with success. But following this, Brown produced in rapid succession a series of remarkable novels which won for their author contemporary distinction, and, historically regarded, hold a very notable place in American literature. The titles of these novels are: *Wieland; or, the Transformation; Ormond; or, the Secret Witness; Arthur Mervyn; Edgar Huntley; Clara Howard;* and *Jane Talbot.* The first of these was published in 1798; the remainder, before the end of 1801. Besides writing his novels,

Brown was also conducting a magazine, *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*, which consisted almost entirely of his own contributions. Near the close of 1800, the novelist returned to Philadelphia, where he founded *The Literary Magazine and American Register*, and where he continued to write miscellaneous articles on political, biographical, and historical subjects until his death at the age of thirty-nine. He suffered from the attacks of consumption due presumably to the early undermining of his health, and aggravated by the intensity and laboriousness of his life.

The novels of Charles Brockden Brown are seldom read to-day; but they attracted general attention at the time of their appearance, and won the approbation of some European writers, including Scott and Shelley, who gave them a high rank. Both Poe and Hawthorne were undoubtedly influenced by them. They reflected strongly the characteristics of the romantic school of fiction that arose in Germany and England near the close of the eighteenth century. The plots of these stories are psychological and are based on mystery; the incomprehensible and the horrible are invoked to stimulate interest. There is a marked solemnity of diction which reinforces the peculiar style of the narrative, and the emotions are played upon in the sentimental manner of the romance then in vogue abroad. The general tone of the narratives may be properly described as morbid, — a tone which pervades the series as a whole.

In *Wieland*, the principal characters are introduced under the spell of a mysterious catastrophe suggesting the attack of some malignant force which may be the product of electricity, or of spontaneous combustion. Mysterious voices are heard which are finally accounted for by the confession of an ill-disposed ventriloquist.

A dreadful crime is committed by a person insane with religious mania; and disaster overwhelms an entire family through the operation of these mysterious agencies which, at the last, are but unsatisfactorily explained. In *Arthur Mervyn*, the scene is laid in Philadelphia during an epidemic of yellow fever (1793), and the ghastly details of that visitation are faithfully reproduced. In *Edgar Huntley*, there is an attempt at murder committed during temporary madness; the madman afterwards commits suicide while the intended victim escapes. The principal personage in the story is a somnambulist.

These novels of Charles Brockden Brown are not unimpressive in their realistic portrayal of horrible and loathsome scenes, and in their appeal to the sentiments of curiosity and terror; they fail in characterization and in life-likeness. Yet they compare not unfavorably with contemporary English narratives like William Godwin's *Caleb Williams* (1794) and Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) or Matthew Lewis's *The Monk* (1795). A significant feature of Brown's work is the fact that he always made use of American scenes; in *Edgar Huntley*, he employed the incidents of Indian warfare to good purpose.

Periodicals.

In connection with this account of our literary beginnings in the eighteenth century, we must not fail to note the earliest appearance of periodical literature in America — a very important phase of intellectual life. Newspapers came first, and were established in the following order: —

1704. *The Boston News Letter* (continued to 1776).
1719. *The Boston Gazette* (first issue, Dec. 21).
1719. *The American Weekly Mercury* (Phila., Dec. 22).

1721. *The New England Courant* (Boston).
1725. *The New York Gazette.*
1728. *The Pennsylvania Gazette* (Franklin's).

Before the end of 1765, there were in the colonies forty-three newspapers, nearly all weeklies, and in comparison with the modern journal very diminutive affairs. News was not abundant and not often up to date. Prominence was given to correspondence from England. Letters from local politicians, anecdotes, essays, poems, lampoons, etc., were introduced. In the latter part of the century, some literary value was claimed by the newspapers. It was not until 1784 that the daily newspaper began to appear — with the founding of *The Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser*, at Philadelphia.

Two or three literary magazines were established in the colonies previous to the Revolution. Such were *The General Magazine*, started in Philadelphia, in 1741, and *The American Magazine and Historical Chronicle*, established in Boston in 1743. *The Royal American Magazine*, started in Boston in 1774, was one of the most elaborate of these publications; few of them survived more than a few months. One interesting periodical of the Revolutionary period was *The Pennsylvania Magazine*, edited by Thomas Paine. Its career began in January, 1775, and ended gloriously with the printing of the Declaration of Independence, in July, 1776. Hugh H. Brackenridge edited *The United States Magazine* at Philadelphia in 1779. *The Boston Magazine* appeared — and disappeared — in 1785. But it was not until the beginning of the new century that anything like a substantial existence was enjoyed by any periodical of this class.

Tyler's *History of American Literature during Colonial Times* and his *Literary History of the American Revolution* (2 vols.) will serve as authoritative background for this chapter. Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*, vols. 2, 3, and 4, supplies selections from all the writers enumerated here. The period of the eighteenth century is admirably covered in *American Literature* (*Literatures of the World*) by W. P. Trent. For more personal reference, see *The Samuel Sewall Papers* — Mass. Hist. Soc. Col. — 1879; also N. H. Chamberlain's *Samuel Sewall and the World he lived in* (Boston, 1897), the life of *Jonathan Edwards* (*American Religious Leaders*) by Alexander Allen, and Austin's *Philip Freneau.* Brief authoritative biographies of *Franklin*, *Patrick Henry*, *Samuel Adams*, *John Adams*, *John Quincy Adams*, *Washington*, *Hamilton*, *Jefferson*, *Jay*, and *Madison* are included in the *American Statesmen Series.* Selections from the Revolutionary orators will be found in the third volume of *The Library of Oratory*, and in volume eight of *The World's Famous Orations.* Illustrations of the Revolutionary verse are accessible in Stevenson's *Poems of American History;* Moore's *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution* and in *American War Ballads*, edited by George Cary Eggleston. The best poems of Freneau are to be found in Stedman's *American Anthology* (Houghton Mifflin Co.). *The Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife Abigail Adams*, edited by Charles Francis Adams, are an especially interesting record of the period, also Scudder's *Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago.* There are numerous biographies of Franklin: Morse's *Life* in the *American Statesmen Series* has been cited; that by McMaster in the *American Men of Letters Series* is excellent. A larger biography in two volumes is the *Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin*, by James Parton. Of course Franklin's own *Autobiography* is indispensable. The most recent authoritative edition of the complete writings of Franklin is that edited by Albert H. Smyth in ten volumes, now published in most convenient form, for $15.00 (the Eversley Edition, Macmil-

Suggestions for Reading.

lan). Besides Cooper's *The Spy* and *The Pilot*, there are several recent novels which may well be read as illustrating the life of the colonies in the eighteenth century; among these are *Lewis Rand*, by Mary Johnston, *Hugh Wynne*, by Dr. Weir Mitchell, *Janice Meredith*, by Paul Leicester Ford, and *Richard Carvel*, by Winston Churchill. The student should include in his reading at least one of the novels of Charles Brockden Brown (reprinted in Philadelphia, by David McKay, 1889).

Chapter 1 of McMaster's *History of the People of the United States* will be found most interesting in its discussion of social conditions in America during the century and at the close of the Revolution. Read especially the sections upon *the minister* and *the schoolmaster*.

Recent and important is *Heralds of American Literature*, — Annie Russell Marble (University of Chicago Press, 1907). It contains chapters on Francis Hopkinson, Freneau, Trumbull, The Hartford Wits, William Dunlap, and Charles Brockden Brown; also *Life and Poems of Philip Freneau*, by F. L. Pattee (Princeton Historical Association).

Historical Events.	Journals, Histories, and Letters.	Essayists and Orators.	Poetry, Satire, Drama, and Fiction.	Contemporary Literature in Great Britain.
Reign of Queen Anne, 1702–14.	Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*, 1702.	Jonathan Edwards, 1703–58.	*The Sot Weed Factor*, 1708.	Addison and Steele's *Essays* in the *Spectator*, 1711–14.
George I, 1714–27.	*Journal* of Madam Knight's Trip from Boston to New York, 1704.	The Enfield *Sermon*, 1741.	Jonathan Odell, 1737–1818.	Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719.
George II, 1727–60.	Samuel Sewall's *Diary*, 1673–1729.	*Freedom of the Will*, 1754.	*Satires*, 1779.	Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, 1726.
George III, 1760—.	Byrd's *History of the Dividing Line*, 1729.	Benjamin Franklin, 1706–90.	Jonathan Trumbull, 1750–1831.	Alexander Pope, 1688–1744.
The Stamp Act — passed, 1765; repealed, 1766.	*Progress to the Mines*, 1733.	*The Busy Body*, 1729.	*McFingal*, 1775, 1782.	*Essay on Criticism*, 1711.
Duty on Tea, 1767.	Beverley's *History of Virginia*, 1705 and 1722.	The *Almanac*, 1733–58.	Timothy Dwight,. 1752–1817.	*Essay on Man*, 1734.
Boston Tea Party, 1773.	Prince's *History of New England*, 1736.	*Father Abraham's Speech*, 1758.	*Conquest of Canaan*, 1785.	Thomson's *The Seasons*, 1730.
Boston Port Bill, 1774.	Stith's *First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia*, 1747.	*Autobiography*, *begun*, 1771; *resumed*, 1788.	Joel Barlow, 1754–1812.	Richardson's *Pamela*, 1740.
First Continental Congress, 1774.	*Letters* of Washington.	James Otis, 1725–83.	*Vision of Columbus*, 1787.	Collins's *Odes*, 1746.
Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775.	*Letters* of John Adams and his wife, Abigail.	Samuel Adams, 1722–1803.	*Hasty Pudding*, 1793.	Fielding's *Tom Jones*, 1749.
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.	*Journal* of John Woolman, *pub.* 1774.	Patrick Henry, 1736–99.	Ballads of the Revolution.	Gray's *Elegy*, 1751.
Declaration of Independence, 1776.		John Hancock, 1737–93.	Phillis Wheatley's Poems, *pub.* 1773.	Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*, 1751.
French Alliance, 1778.		Joseph Warren, 1741–75.	Philip Freneau, 1752–1832.	Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, 1759.
Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781.		Josiah Quincy, 1744–75.	*The British Prison Ship*, 1781.	Oliver Goldsmith, 1728–74.
Treaty of Peace, 1783.		Thomas Paine, 1737–1809.	*Poems*, *pub.* 1786, 1795.	*The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1765.
Constitutional Convention, 1787.		*Common Sense*, 1776.	*The Contrast*, 1787.	*The Deserted Village*, 1770.
Adoption of Constitution of U. S., 1788.		Thomas Jefferson, 1743–1826.	*The Father*, 1789.	*She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773.
Administration of Washington, 1789–97.		Alex. Hamilton, 1757–1804.	*The Power of Sympathy*, 1789	Samuel Johnson, 1709–84.
Administration of John Adams, 1797–1801.		James Madison, 1751–1836.	*Charlotte Temple*, 1790.	Hume's *England*, 1754–61.
		John Jay, 1745–1829.	*The Coquette*, 1797.	Gibbon's *Rome*, 1776–88.
		The Federalist, 1787–88.	*The Algerine Captive*, 1799.	Cowper's *Task*, 1785.
			Charles Brockden Brown, 1771–1810.	Burns's *Poems*, 1786.
			Wieland, *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, 1798–1800.	Burke's *Reflections on the Conciliation with America*, 1775.
				French Revolution, 1790.
				Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, 1794.
				Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, 1794.
				Lewis's *The Monk*, 1795.
				Wordsworth and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

I. The New Literature: The Knickerbocker Group.
II. Washington Irving: 1783–1859.
III. James Fenimore Cooper: 1789–1851.
IV. William Cullen Bryant: 1794–1878.

I. THE NEW LITERATURE. — NEW YORK AND THE KNICKERBOCKER GROUP.

With the turn of the century, our young republic entered upon an era of expansion and development which can be described only as marvelous. The rapid progress in the settlement of the West, the influx of foreign immigration, the growth of the larger cities, extension of transportation systems by construction of canals and government roads, application of the new inventions employing the power of steam in river navigation and on railroads, — these features of American progress during the first fifty years in our first completed century of national existence can be here but thus briefly summarized. It is unnecessary to attempt a full historical outline of that period of growth and change except to note that coincidentally with this expansive period of material prosperity and growth, our national literature entered upon what we may not inaptly term its golden age — the age of its best essayists, novelists and poets, our real American men of letters.

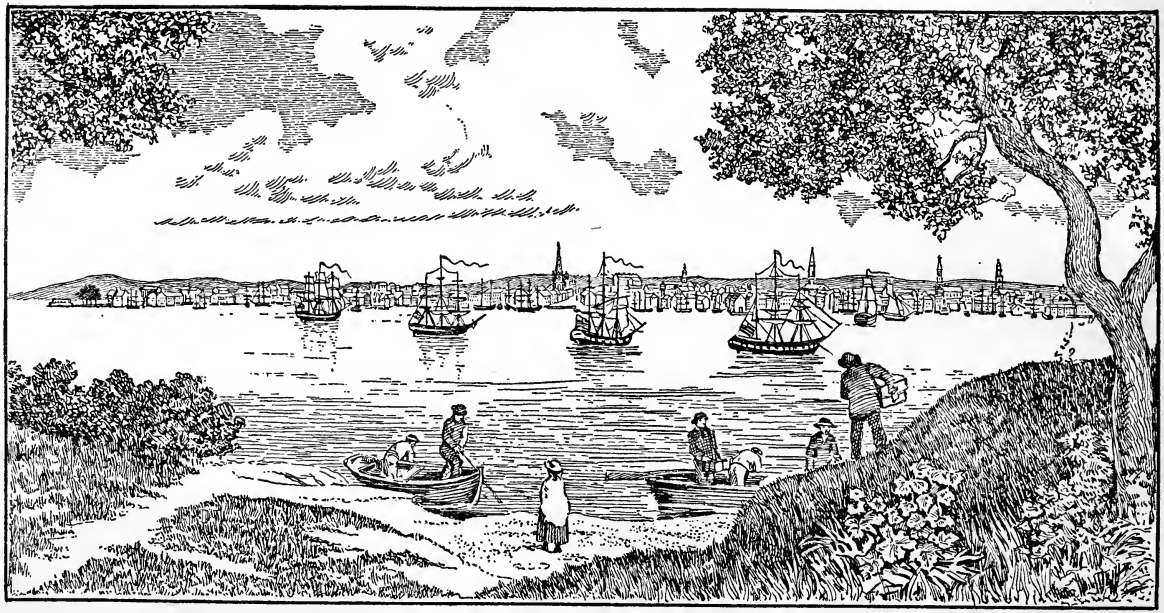
We have traced the slow steps of literary effort recorded in the several colonies to the close of their ex-

istence as colonies; and, immediately after the period of revolution, we have recognized the new and fresh impulse of creative imagination in the little group of simple nature-poems by Philip Freneau, and imaginative power of somewhat differing type in the sombre but not altogether unreal romances of Charles Brockden Brown. But Freneau and Brown are only heralds of coming achievements; of the appearance of a literature national in scope and of importance sufficient to command recognition by the people of England and the Continent, and possessed of an artistic excellence felt and enjoyed by all.

Birth of the New Literature.

There were evidences of literary activity in Boston, in Philadelphia, and in New York. Little groups of *literati*, as they liked to call themselves, mightily interested in the development of a national literature, gave an atmosphere that was helpful to literary effort; and they themselves accomplished what could be accomplished by interest, patriotism, and industry when joined with talent, modest if not mediocre. For some reason, New York took precedence over Boston and Philadelphia in these first decades of the nineteenth century and not only sheltered a coterie of enthusiastic, congenial comrades of the pen, whose lively essays in both prose and verse provoked the humor of the town, but pushed into the light of more than local fame the names of Paulding, Halleck, Drake, and Dana; and before the quarter mark in the century was reached had produced two of the century's greatest writers, Irving and Cooper. These are the Knickerbocker writers, so called in deference to the old Dutch traditions of Manhattan, the spirit of which was directly inherited by most of them, and the influence of which appeared to some extent in their work. In 1825, the poet Bryant came to live in New York, and his

New York.



NEW YORK CITY IN 1801

name is therefore grouped with those already mentioned, although not a native of the state. He was, however, of their generation and, like Halleck and Dana, an adopted son of New York.

The significance of these first decades of the nineteenth century in their relation to the beginnings of the new literature will appear when we note the dates of the following events. It was in 1807 that the Irvings, together with their friend Paulding, published the first of the anonymous *Salmagundi* papers; in 1809, appeared the humorous masterpiece, the *Knickerbocker History of New York*. In 1817 it was that the editors of the *North American Review* — itself a publication only two years old — printed Bryant's great poem *Thanatopsis* and his *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*. Irving's *Sketch-Book*, appearing in 1819, established that writer's place permanently in the leadership of American letters. In 1821, Cooper published his second novel — and first success — *The Spy;* and that same year was further signalized in a literary way by the printing at Boston of Bryant's first volume of verse. By 1825, Irving had added *Bracebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveller* to his earlier volumes; Cooper had written *The Pioneers* and *The Pilot*. Bryant had published among additional poems *The Yellow Violet*, *To a Waterfowl*, *Green River*, *A Winter Piece*, and *A Hymn to Death*.

In comparison with the works of contemporary British writers, this brief list of American publications appears modest indeed; for by 1825 Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey had produced all that was characteristic of their work; Keats had died in 1821, Shelley in 1822, and Byron in 1824; Scott had written the last of the Waverley novels; Tom Moore had reached the height of his popularity; Charles

In England.

Lamb had published the first series of the *Essays of Elia;* De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* had appeared in 1821; and Macaulay's first essay, that on *Milton*, was printed in 1825. And yet, although meagre when brought thus in comparison with the literature of the mother-land, this beginning of our national literature is after all not so insignificant as it may seem; it *was* a beginning, and the question once derisively put in 1820, by Sidney Smith, a witty Englishman — "Who reads an American book?" — could now be answered, in 1825, affirmatively by many of his countrymen. Before considering in detail the work of the three prominent Americans in this group, let us note briefly some of the minor authors who are associated with them.

James K. Paulding, 1778–1860.

James Kirke Paulding was a typical member of the Knickerbocker group; he was of Dutch descent and made good use of the Dutch traditions in his most successful work, a novel, published in 1831, entitled *The Dutchman's Fireside.* A relative by marriage of William Irving, Paulding was early associated with Washington Irving and his brother, William, in the production of the humorous *Salmagundi* papers which appeared in 1807. Subsequently Paulding undertook, alone, a new series of the *Salmagundi*, which came out in 1819–20. During the period of the War of 1812, he produced two clever satires directed at the British navy — one of these, *The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle*, being a parody upon Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* In 1818, he published *The Backwoodsman*, a metrical narrative of frontier life in six books — not a strong performance. Paulding was altogether overshadowed in a literary way by Irving and Cooper, both of whom he attempted to follow. He wrote considerable verse, nothing of which attains to

excellence, and of his novels three only call for mention: *Koningsmarke, the long Finne*, dealing with the Swedish settlements (1823), *The Dutchman's Fireside*, a study of old Dutch life along the Hudson (1831), and *Westward Ho!* a tale of Kentucky (1832). Paulding was also the author of a popular life of Washington, published in 1835. He served as Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790–1867.

One of the most energetic members of this New York coterie was Fitz-Greene Halleck, a descendant of the apostle, John Eliot. Halleck was born in Guilford, Connecticut, and in 1811 came to New York and was employed in a banking-house as clerk. He later entered the office of John Jacob Astor, who at his death left Halleck an annuity of forty pounds. Halleck was a poet from his youth, and three or four of his compositions are not likely to slip from the memory of American readers so long as there are schoolboys to declaim the stirring lines of his *Marco Bozzaris*, or men to quote by the graves of their friends his simple and tender poem, *On the Death of Drake.*

Of Halleck's poems, three are considered notable: *Alnwick Castle* (1827), *Burns* (1827), and *Marco Bozzaris* (1825). The strength of the poet is in these compositions; but perhaps this is surpassed by the pathos and sincerity of the beautiful elegy on Drake —

> "Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my better days!
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise."

A long poem, *Fanny*, in the style of Byron's *Beppo*, written in 1819, was popular at the time, but has fallen into oblivion. Halleck retired on his annuity in 1849, returned to his old home in Connecticut and there spent the remainder of his days. Upon the eightieth anniver-

sary of his birth, a monument erected by his townspeople over his grave was dedicated to his memory — the first honor of the kind bestowed upon an American poet.

Joseph R. Drake, 1795–1820.

The association of Halleck and Drake in the most intimate of friendships is one of the pleasant incidents of our literary history. Joseph Rodman Drake was born in New York, became a student of medicine, wrote but a brief amount of verse, — although that was of a high quality, — and died at twenty-five. "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter," said Halleck, "now that Joe is gone."

The two poets joined in contributing to the New York *Evening Post* a series of anonymous poems, under the general title of *The Croakers*. These appeared in 1819; they were light, satiric, often personal in aim, and capital examples of what is frequently called "society verse." They excited a great deal of comment at the time, and are said to have been a subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, book-stores, and coffee-houses on Broadway and throughout the city. One of the best poems in the series was Drake's *The American Flag*, of which the concluding lines —

> "Forever float that standard sheet!
> Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
> With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
> And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

— were the suggestion of Halleck.

Drake's principal composition is a long but graceful poem, full of charm and animated by a most poetical fancy, entitled *The Culprit Fay*. It was written in 1816, and grew out of a discussion in the group of poets — Cooper being with them at the time — as to the possibility of drawing from American streams poetical inspiration like that found in the historic and legend-haunted rivers of Scotland. Drake affirmed that it

could be done; and in three days, it is said, he produced his brilliant poem, the scene of which is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson. Although written previous to the appearance of Irving's *Sketch-Book*, the poem was not published until 1835.

Richard Henry Dana was born in Boston, and was one of the associate editors of the *North American Review*, when Bryant's early poems were accepted for that publication. In 1821, he began in New York to publish a new magazine, *The Idle Man*, in which Bryant's poems continued to appear. When Bryant arrived in New York and took his first editorial position in charge of the *New York Review*, in 1825, he included Dana's poem, *The Dying Raven*, along with Halleck's *Marco Bozzaris*, in the first issue of that magazine. Mr. Dana did not produce many poems. A volume, entitled *The Buccaneer, and Other Poems*, was published in 1827. One lyric, *The Little Beach-Bird*, has found a permanent place. It is interesting to note that the poet was one of several descendants of Anne Bradstreet to attain some distinction in verse. The larger part of his long life was lived in retirement, and his influence in the development of our literature was perhaps strongest indirectly in his criticism, and in his personal association with his literary friends. His son, Richard Henry Dana, Jr. (1815–82), is even more widely known than his father, as the author of the popular narrative, *Two Years before the Mast* (1840).

Richard Henry Dana, 1787–1879.

Among the minor poets belonging to this period of fresh beginnings, several call for mention who were not directly in association with the Knickerbocker group. John Pierpont (1785–1866), a native of Connecticut and later a Unitarian clergyman in Boston, was the author of the spirited

Other Minor Poets.

Warren's Address, and of the poem, *The Pilgrim Fathers*. His *Airs of Palestine, and Other Poems* was published first in 1816. James Gates Percival (1795–1857), a man of remarkable versatility, also Connecticut born, was a physician, a geologist, and a linguist. He wrote fluently — although little of his work is familiar now. *The Coral Grove* is one of his brightest compositions. His first volume of poems, *Prometheus*, appeared in 1820. Lydia Huntley Sigourney (1791–1865), born at Norwich, Connecticut, and for many years head of a famous select school for girls, which she established at Hartford in 1814, was a pioneer in the cause of higher education for women. She was a prolific writer, the author of fifty-three volumes in prose and verse. Her first volume of *Moral Pieces* appeared in 1815. Emma H. Willard (1787–1870), another Connecticut woman who became famous as an educator, — she conducted the Troy Female Seminary 1821 to 1838, — published a volume of poems in 1830, in which was included the well-known song, *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*. George Morris (1802–64), who was the author of many poems of sentiment popular in his day, is now remembered for only one — *Woodman, Spare that Tree*. Samuel Woodworth (1785–1842) is likewise remembered as the author of one song — *The Old Oaken Bucket* (1826). John Howard Payne (1791–1852), whose name is immortalized because of his *Home, Sweet Home*, was an actor and writer of plays. He was born in New York and lived a wandering life. His tragedy, *Brutus* (1818), was his most successful drama. The opera, *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, in which occurs the famous song, was written in Paris, in 1823, and produced at Covent Garden, London. Payne was United States Consul at Tunis from 1841 until his death. In 1883, his remains were removed to

Washington, and there interred. Francis Scott Key (1779–1843) wrote *The Star-Spangled Banner* in 1814. Key was detained as a prisoner on board a British man-of-war during the bombardment of Fort McHenry; all night he watched the engagement with keenest anxiety, and in the morning wrote the words of his song. It was printed immediately and to the air of *Anacreon in Heaven* was sung all over the land. Another national anthem, *America*, was written, in 1832, by Rev. Samuel F. Smith (1808–1905). The name of Washington Allston (1778–1843) should be included in this group, for the most distinguished of our earlier American painters was also a leader in literary culture and the author of numerous graceful poems. James Abraham Hillhouse (1789–1841), of New Haven, was one of the earliest of Americans to attempt the poetic drama on the lines of Byron and Shelley. His *Dramas* appeared in 1839. Charles Fenno Hoffman (1806–84), founder of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1833, was the author of light and brilliant verse. His career was closed by insanity in 1849.

N. P. Willis, 1806–67.

In contemporary estimation, at least, no other member of the New York group, during the thirties and forties, quite equalled Nathaniel Parker Willis. He was born in Portland, Maine, was graduated from Yale College in 1827, and served his apprenticeship as a man of letters in Boston. After his removal to New York he was associated with George P. Morris as editor of the *New York Mirror*. In 1844 he made a place on the *Mirror* for Poe. It was in that paper that *The Raven* was published (January, 1845).[1] During his visits to England and the continent, Willis wrote for the *Mirror* or the *Home Journal* lively sketches of picturesque scenes and notable people; these were gathered in *Pencillings by the Way* (1835, 1844) and

[1] See page 208.

Loiterings of Travel (1840). He wrote two plays, also, *Bianca Visconti* (1837) and *Tortesa, the Usurer* (1839). The *Sacred Poems* (1843) represent his most worthy accomplishment in verse.

II. WASHINGTON IRVING: 1783–1859.

First among American writers to obtain universal recognition abroad, our first true literary artist and our earliest "classic," is Washington Irving. If some few among our earlier pioneers in letters had already detected in American soil the germs of a native literature, it is Irving to whom belongs the honor of successfully developing those germs in works which still preserve their freshness, their delicacy, and their charm. To the inspiration of native themes, Irving owed much of his ample success.

Family and Birth.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. It was the year which marked the end of the long struggle for liberty and the beginning of peace. The British troops evacuated the city and the Continental forces assumed possession. "Washington's work is ended," said Mrs. Irving, "and the child shall be named after him." Some six years later, we are told, when the first president returned to New York, then the seat of government, a Scotch maid-servant of the family finding herself and the child by chance in the presence of Washington, presented the lad to him. "Please, your honor," said Lizzie, all aglow, "here 's a bairn was named after you." And the Father of his Country gravely laid his hand upon the head of his future biographer and blessed him.

The household in William Street was comfortably well-to-do. The father, William Irving, a Scotchman, born in the Orkney Islands, and until his marriage an officer upon a vessel plying between Falmouth and New York, was now engaged in the hardware trade.

He was a man of strict integrity, rather severe in his attitude toward life, with a good deal of the old strict Covenanter spirit in his make-up. He took little interest in amusements, required that at least one of the half-holidays in every week should be piously employed with the catechism, and saw to it that his children were well grounded in sound Presbyterian doctrine. The mother, daughter of an English curate, was far less rigid in her views and more vivacious in temperament. Needless is it to say that the future chronicler of the Knickerbocker legends resembled the mother more closely than the father in his inheritance of spirits. Full of drollery and mischief, the boy ran merry riot, sometimes a source of perplexity even to the more indulgent parent, who once was heard to exclaim: "O Washington, if you were only good!" He loved music, and delighted in the theatre, whither, in spite of his father's prejudices, the boy often betook himself, secretly, in company with his young comrade, Paulding.

Education.

Irving's training was desultory, and his schooling ended at sixteen. This cutting short of the school-days was due to the state of his health in these early years, which forbade confinement or close association with books. Yet he read, and read intelligently, becoming familiar with the best, especially books of travel, voyages, and adventure. In his rambles about the city — for he lived much out of doors — he oftenest turned toward the docks, dreamily wandering among the piers and along the waterside with mind apparently stirred by the sight of the shipping and the romantic suggestions of foreign lands. Up the Hudson, also, he wandered — into the Highlands and over all the country-side, until the suburbs of Manhattan and the picturesque region of the Catskills were familiar ground.

Law *vs.* Literature.

Nevertheless young Irving settled down more or less seriously to a professional career. Upon leaving school, he began the study of law. Tradition has it, however, that Irving's reading was more upon works of general literature than on those concerned with legal practice. His excursions continued. In 1798, he thoroughly explored that idyllic region of Sleepy Hollow, afterward immortalized in the *Sketch-Book*. In 1800, he took an extended trip up the Hudson and into the Mohawk Valley. Although he had become in 1802 a law clerk in the office of Josiah Hoffman, he was at least to outward appearance a good deal of an idler. He had always been fond of society and entered with zest into its pleasures. In the wide circle of his friendships, he was a conspicuous and favorite figure, admired for his genial, happy gayety, and for his warmth and kindliness of heart. His first contributions to literature were made at this time. In 1802, he published in the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper just established by his elder brother, Peter Irving, a series of letters signed "Jonathan Oldstyle." These papers were in frank imitation of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* essays, full of boyish humor, and directed with the audacity of youth at some of the visible follies of the day.

First European Journey.

In 1804, Washington Irving was sent abroad by his brothers, who were anxious over the condition of his health. On this first visit, Irving was absent a year and a half. He touched at the Mediterranean ports and incidentally enjoyed the experience of a real capture by pirates. He sojourned four months in Paris, and the same length of time in London. He made acquaintance with many distinguished people and drank joyously of the romance of the Old World as found in its scenery, its manners, its languages, its literature, and its art. The experience

was in every way broadening and educational; the youth became a man of the world. Pleased and stimulated as well as restored in health, he returned to America early in 1806.

A year later Irving, together with his intimate friend, James K. Paulding, and his brother, William Irving, joined in a rollicking bit of literary mystification — the publication at irregular intervals of a lively little journal entitled *Salmagundi.*[1] This publication appeared anonymously throughout its successful career, which continued from January, 1807, to January, 1808, and included twenty numbers. The series was modeled upon the periodicals of Addison and Steele; the style was amateurish; the humor was of a coarser type, but it tickled the fancy of its readers from the start. Its modest programme was announced in the first number. "Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age."

Salmagundi, 1807.

Two years later, in December, 1809, appeared Irving's first notable work, the famous *Knickerbocker History of New York.* Its author was now twenty-six years old. He was still unsettled in his plans, although admitted to the bar; he was not attracted to his profession nor likely to make headway in its pursuit. The months just preceding had, moreover, been saddened by the experience of an overwhelming sorrow, and the depression of its shadow was not to be relieved for many years. Irving had become tenderly attached to the beautiful Matilda Hoffman, daughter of the gentleman in whose office he had followed the study of law. She was stricken with fatal illness, and with the gradual fading of her life in the

The Knickerbocker History, 1809.

[1] Salmagundi — a mixture; originally an Italian dish, consisting of chopped meat, eggs, anchovies, onions, oil, etc.

almost constant presence of her devoted lover, the sunshine seemed to fade from the life of this hitherto lighthearted youth. It is a marvel that out of these months of doubt and gloom should have come a volume which is still recognized as the masterpiece of American humor — for as such the *Knickerbocker History* may fairly be ranked.

A Masterpiece of Humor.

This inimitable epic of the doughty Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam purports to be the serious work of Diedrich Knickerbocker, in whose mystifying personality considerable interest had been aroused by very ingenious advertisements preceding the publication of the book. In the broadly humorous pages of the narrative, Irving's lively imagination runs with reckless abandon. In the golden age of the settlement, the renowned Wouter van Twiller sits in ominous silence, lost in his doubts and in the cloud of smoke rising from his pipe, until he emerges from both these hazy envelopments to pronounce judgment in the affairs of the colony. His successor, William the Testy, wiry and waspish, in his broad-skirted coat with its huge buttons, cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and a cane as high as his chin, storms through the city; his soul burning like a vehement rushlight in his bosom, inciting him to incessant bickering and broils. Old Peter Stuyvesant, surnamed "the Headstrong," brilliantly clad in brimstone-colored breeches, stumps with his wooden leg before his admiring people and valiantly leads his army against the Swedes in that most awful of battles — when "the earth shook as if struck by a paralytic stroke — trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight — rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits — and even Christina Creek turned from its course, and ran up a hill in breathless terror."

There is greater significance in the appearance of the *Knickerbocker History of New York* than at first appears. From our modern point of view it was the first American book.[1] Not only was it the starting-point of the Knickerbocker tradition, but it was pleasing testimony to the fact that even in the recently developed civilization of the New World material existed which possessed true literary value; and that in the evolution of its artistic spirit America had arrived where she might hope to produce works of the creative imagination — where her representatives might be recognized as men of letters, abroad as well as at home.

Significance of Knickerbocker.

While the lively humor of *Knickerbocker* proved unnecessarily irritating to some of the descendants of the Dutch heroes so cleverly caricatured by Irving, the good-natured laughter of the historian was understood and heartily echoed by most of Irving's contemporaries. In England the *History* was read and applauded. It proved the introduction of Irving to the literary circle in which he was soon to mingle; and Sir Walter Scott declared that it was as good as the work of Jonathan Swift. He afterward told its author that he had read it aloud to his household, and that they had laughed over its pages till their sides were sore.

Reception of Knickerbocker.

Still Irving remained undecided as to future plans of life. Uncongenial though it was, he became a partner with his brothers in the hardware business, for the most part attending to the interests of the firm outside of New York. He traveled much and was a familiar as well as a welcome figure in the society of Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore. During the war of 1812, he bore himself patriotically

In Business.

[1] Franklin's *Autobiography* was not published until 1817.

and offered his services to the state. He was in fact made governor's aid and military secretary, and was addressed as "Colonel."

The Second Voyage.

In 1815, Washington Irving made his second trip to Europe, expecting to be absent but a few months; he remained abroad seventeen years. He was occupied with the business affairs of the firm, which were at this time in a bad way; still he found time for occasional visits to some of the principal towns of England, making congenial acquaintance with distinguished persons. It was in 1817 that he paid that visit of personal tribute to Walter Scott, which he has so charmingly described in the sketch of Abbotsford.

The Sketch-Book, 1819.

With the business failure of Irving Brothers in 1818, a crisis came in the personal affairs of the younger brother, and Washington Irving betook himself more seriously to literary effort. The *Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Esq.*, was published in America, in 1819. This first series contained the first five of the sketches including *Rip Van Winkle*. The completed work appeared in 1820. It proved an instant success in America, and with its issue by a British publisher that same year Irving's literary fame was established. The genial spirit, delicate humor, and graceful sentiment, together with its flowing diction, placed the *Sketch-Book* among the best examples of this familiar essay type in our literature. Twice in this volume does Irving utilize for his sketches material drawn from the old Dutch associations of Manhattan and the Highlands of the Hudson. In the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle*, we recognize two masterpieces, our most popular classics in the field of the short story. Among the thirty odd papers which comprise the *Sketch-Book*, there are several conceived in the old spirit of the *Spectator* essays, notably those on

The Boar's Head Tavern, Westminster Abbey, Rural Funerals, The Pride of the Village, and *The Angler*. A group of studies dealing with the household pleasures of the holiday season at a typical English hall is particularly attractive, and is our first introduction to the environment which Irving chose as the setting of his next book, *Bracebridge Hall*.

This volume followed in 1822; and two years thereafter, the third in this series of sketch-books, — for all are modeled on the same general plan, — *The Tales of a Traveller*. Irving's best work is found among these sketches and tales. The influence of Addison and of Goldsmith is obvious in the plan and in many details of this work, but the originality of Geoffrey Crayon is just as evident. The native vein which had been worked with such success in *Rip Van Winkle* was followed almost as successfully in *Dolph Heyliger*, and was drawn upon in *Kidd the Pirate*, *The Devil and Tom Walker*, and *Wolfert Webber*. These tales exhibit their author as a master in narrative, and are justly regarded as our earliest examples of that highly developed form of literature — the short story.

Bracebridge Hall, 1822.

Tales of a Traveller, 1824.

If we choose to group the works of Irving according to their themes, it is easy to find an order of division. Following that first group of early essays, including the *Knickerbocker History*, the *Sketch-Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Tales of a Traveller* (1809–24), we have a well-defined period in the author's life during which his interest centres in the historical records of Spain.

Spanish History and Romance, 1826–32.

In 1826, Irving went to Madrid to make a translation of some important historical documents then appearing as extracts from the journals of Columbus. Impressed with the richness of

Columbus.

this material bearing on the discovery of the New World, he determined to write a life of the great navigator. Thus the author of the *Sketch-Book* who had recounted with such charm the old Dutch traditions of his native land, creating for the valley of the Hudson an atmosphere of romance which has never vanished, became the first among American writers to draw upon that store of romantic legend and rich historic chronicle which, from the era of the Moors to that of the Discoverer, have given fascination and allurement to this poetic and picturesque land of Spain. Besides his *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828) and the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus* (1831), his most serious undertakings, Irving wrote a *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* (1829) and — most attractive of all the Spanish series — the *Alhambra* (1832). This last volume is another "sketch-book." For a period Irving dwelt within the walls of this historic structure under the spell of its beautiful architecture and its romantic associations; haunting its marble halls, gazing from lofty windows over the surrounding landscape, or pacing at evening through its deserted gardens, melodious with the song of the nightingale, it is no wonder that his imagination kindled in the glow of ancient splendor until he wrote in poetic strain of the moonlit nights in this enchanted palace.

The Alhambra.

In 1829, Irving had been pleasantly surprised by an appointment as Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. James. It had required, however, the urgency of his friends to induce him to accept the honor. Naturally diffident, he shrank from the public responsibilities of a diplomatic position; moreover, several literary projects were engaging his attention. However, the post, once assumed, proved agreeable,

Again in England.

and until the fall of 1831 he continued in the position. It was during these last two years of official routine that the series of Spanish volumes was completed. In 1830, Irving had been awarded one of the two medals annually placed by George IV at the disposal of the Royal Society of Literature, to be given to authors of works of eminent merit. The historian, Hallam, received the other. Shortly thereafter the University of Oxford conferred upon the American writer the degree of D. C. L. In May, 1832, Irving, who had been longing for his native land, returned to America, distinguished and admired abroad, to find himself honored and beloved by his countrymen at home.

Third Period, 1832–42.

The home-coming was signalized by a spontaneous outburst of hearty welcome which partly expressed itself in a public banquet tendered by the city of New York to her own humorous historian, "the Dutch Herodotus, Diedrich Knickerbocker" — as the recipient was facetiously named in a toast. Greatly impressed by the development of his country during the years of his absence, Irving made an extended tour in the South and the West, pushing out into the wild regions of the Pawnee country, on the waters of the Arkansas. In his *Tour on the Prairies* (1835), the author describes the life of the ranger and the trapper as he saw it on this excursion. But the characteristic feature of this period in Irving's life is his establishment at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, on the Hudson.

Sunnyside.

This comfortable little farm of earlier Dutch possession has, through its associations with our first conspicuous man of letters, acquired a fame almost as general as that attaching to the home of Scott. This American Abbotsford, as it is often called, was an ideal location for the residence of

"Knickerbocker." It was the old estate of the Van Tassels. Its comfortable stone cottage was humorously said to have been modeled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong; at all events, a whimsical weather-cock brought over from Rotterdam perched above its pretentious little tower, and ivy grown from a slip secured at Melrose Abbey clustered thickly over its walls. It was and is a charming place. Sleepy Hollow itself was hard by, and Sunnyside, in its owner's lifetime at least, had an atmosphere of retirement and seclusion delightfully congenial to the world-weary traveler. Here, surrounded by a bevy of nieces whose youth and spirits made the old Dutch cottage bright with laughter, Irving felt himself finally at home. So general and widespread was his popularity, however, that many attempts were made to induce Irving's entrance upon a public career. He was urged to accept nominations for the office of Mayor of New York, and for a seat in Congress; he was even obliged to decline the portfolio of the Secretary of the Navy in President Van Buren's cabinet. The charms of Sunnyside and of his vivacious household held him fast.

Literary Product.

The literary work of these ten years is comparatively unimportant: *A Tour on the Prairies* (1835), *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey* (1835), *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* (1836), *Astoria* (1836), *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (1837), and sketches contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* complete the record. A life-long project — to write the history of the conquest of Mexico — was during this period generously abandoned by Irving, when he learned that Prescott was contemplating such a plan, — and this after long preparation, and while actually engaged upon the early chapters of the work.

In 1842, Washington Irving was named by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State under President Tyler, for the post of Minister to Spain. This honor Irving accepted; although with the regret of departure before him, he was overheard murmuring to himself — "It is hard, — very hard; yet I must try to bear it. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." **Minister to Spain, 1842–46.**

After four years' residence at Madrid, Irving returned, once more eager for the quiet retirement of Sunnyside. In the congenial environment of his home it was now his pleasant lot to pass in comfort and in quiet the thirteen years remaining to him. His *Life of Goldsmith* (1849), *Mahomet and his Successors* (1850), and his noteworthy *Life of Washington* (1855–59) occupied these last years. In 1855, the sketches contributed some years before to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* were published under the title of *Wolfert's Roost*. Irving's *Washington* represents the most serious labor of his entire career. Depreciated by many critics as without historical value, it has been praised by others; its power and charm as a literary work have never failed of appreciation. **Last Years, 1846–59.**

These last years of Irving's life were happy and serene. There is a picturesque sketch of his personal appearance in one of the *Easy Chair* papers in *Harper's Magazine*[1] which describes the author of *Knickerbocker* "on an autumnal afternoon tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with 'low-quartered' shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak — a short garment that hung from the shoulders like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably **A Portrait.**

[1] By George William Curtis, *Harper's Magazine*, vol. 63, p. 145 (June, 1881); also included in Curtis's *Literary and Social Essays*.

Dutch, and most harmonious with the associations of his writing. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism."

It is this simplicity, this cheeriness of spirit, this native humor and cordial grace of address which most distinguish the man in his literary work. He is always amiable — a truly lovable soul. For obvious reasons when we think of the *Sketch-Book* and of *Bracebridge Hall* we are reminded of the *Spectator* essays and *Sir Roger de Coverley;* [1] but the spirit of Irving was more closely akin to that of Goldsmith than to that of Addison.

"If, however, I can by lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; if I can, now and then, penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good-humor with his fellow-beings and himself — surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain."

Such was the literary aspiration of Washington Irving as expressed in connection with his works which are best remembered: an aspiration, perhaps, not the most lofty which can impel a writer in the practice of his art, — but one altogether worthy, and in its realization eminently deserving of the appreciation and gratitude of mankind.

Full of years and modestly happy in his fame, Washington Irving died at Sunnyside, November 28, 1859. He was buried on a little elevation overlooking Sleepy

[1] The works of Joseph Addison.

Hollow, and commanding a view of the Hudson — so intimately connected with his writings and associated with his name.

Suggestions for Reading.

The writings of Washington Irving are not, in the largest sense, great; but they have the literary qualities that always charm and are always valued. The student in his reading of this author will be impressed with the gentleness, the geniality, the wholesome enjoyment in life, the hearty sympathy with all things human, which distinguished the winning personality of the man. He will note that the sources of Irving's material are almost entirely in the past, in history, biography, and tradition; also that the subjects which attracted his attention are romantic. His whimsical humor it was that first claimed public recognition; but this was more and more tempered by the delicate sentiment which gives to his sketches and tales their finest flavor. The *mere* humorist is without sentiment and is never romantic. Irving was an idealist and a lover of romance.

One's reading of Irving will doubtless begin with the *Sketch-Book* — probably with the world-famous narrative *Rip Van Winkle*. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is a companion piece. *Westminster Abbey* should be compared with Addison's *Visit to Westminster Abbey*. Next take the sketches of English manners, *Christmas*, *The Stage Coach*, *Christmas Eve*, *Christmas Day*, and *The Christmas Dinner*. These papers will furnish a pleasant introduction to the volume entitled *Bracebridge Hall*, into which the reader may dip at will, by no means feeling it necessary to read every sketch. One — *The Stout Gentleman* — should be carefully studied; it is one of Irving's most brilliant essays, and should be appreciated by the student. The story of *Dolph Heyliger*, at the close of the volume, takes us back to the Dutch burghers of Manhattan and the legend-haunted shores of the Hudson. The sketch entitled *The Author*, at the opening of the volume, and *The Author's Farewell*, at its close, should be included for the insight they afford into the personality of Irving himself. The *Tales of a Traveller* exhibit the writer in his most

vivacious mood. Charmingly reminiscent of his visit with Scott, is Irving's delightful sketch of *Abbotsford*. *The Alhambra* contains some of Irving's most attractive work. The imaginative and poetical qualities of his prose are found preëminently in this volume. The wonderful charm of his style in both narrative and descriptive writing is nowhere more in evidence than here. His descriptions of the historic structure, its gardens, its spacious courtyards, the orange and lemon trees silvery in the radiance of moonlight, its pavilions and arcades, the notes of guitar and lovers' serenades, the lulling patter of its fountains — these descriptions are more than sketches; they are word-paintings which glow with color and fitly interpret the spirit of romance which abides in the locality and the theme.

As examples of Irving's more serious historical writing, the account of the discovery of land, Book III, chapter iv, in the *Life of Columbus*, and of the landing of the discoverer, Book IV, chapter i, are especially suggested.

For illustrations of this author's humor in its most rollicking vein, the student is referred to the *Knickerbocker History*, Book III, chapter i, which contains the description of Wouter Van Twiller, and Book V, chapters i and viii, wherein the character of Peter the Headstrong is introduced and the account given of the famous battle between the Dutch and the Swedes at the taking of Fort Christina.

In reading Irving, the student may feel assured that he is giving his time to a writer who is not only a prince among entertainers, but one who may well serve as a model of prose style. As a master of English, Irving is well-nigh incomparable among American authors; certainly, for ease, fluency, vivacity, grace, and elegance he is yet unsurpassed.

Biographical and Critical Authorities.

The authoritative biography of Washington Irving is the *Life*, by Pierre M. Irving. In the *American Men of Letters Series* the volume on Irving is by Charles Dudley Warner. A briefer life of the author is that by H.W. Boynton in the *Riverside Biographical Series*. A delightfully written sketch of Irving by George William Curtis may be found among the *Easy Chair* articles

in *Harper's Magazine* (June, 1881), vol. 63, p. 145, and another in the same magazine (April, 1883), vol. 66, p. 790. An elaboration of this same material is included in Curtis's *Literary and Social Essays* (Harper's), p. 239. An interesting English estimate is given in Thackeray's *Nil Nisi Bonum* (*Roundabout Papers*, or *Harper's Monthly*, March, 1860). *The Critic*, March 31, 1883, was published as an Irving Centenary number.

III. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER: 1789–1851.

While the genius of Irving was winning for a newly developed American literature the recognition and respect of our kinsmen in England, his contemporary, James Fenimore Cooper, suddenly appeared in the field of letters to share in the distinction and the honor of widely recognized literary success. Our first notable writer of fiction, Cooper was in no sense a follower of the first American romancer, Charles Brockden Brown, nor an imitator of his fantastic and abnormal types. He stands rather as the originator of the novel of adventure in our literature, and is frequently termed "the American Scott."

It is remarkable that many of the best English novelists have begun their careers as professional story-tellers almost by accident. This is true of Richardson and Fielding, the fathers of the modern novel, as it was of their great forerunner, Defoe. Walter Scott was driven to romancing in prose when Lord Byron invaded so successfully his chosen field of metrical romance. Dickens and Thackeray stumbled into fiction through the hedgerows of journalism. George Eliot had found a place for herself in letters before her talent for character creation was discovered. Cooper's experience was somewhat similar to that of Fielding; for the author of *Joseph Andrews* was provoked into novel writing by

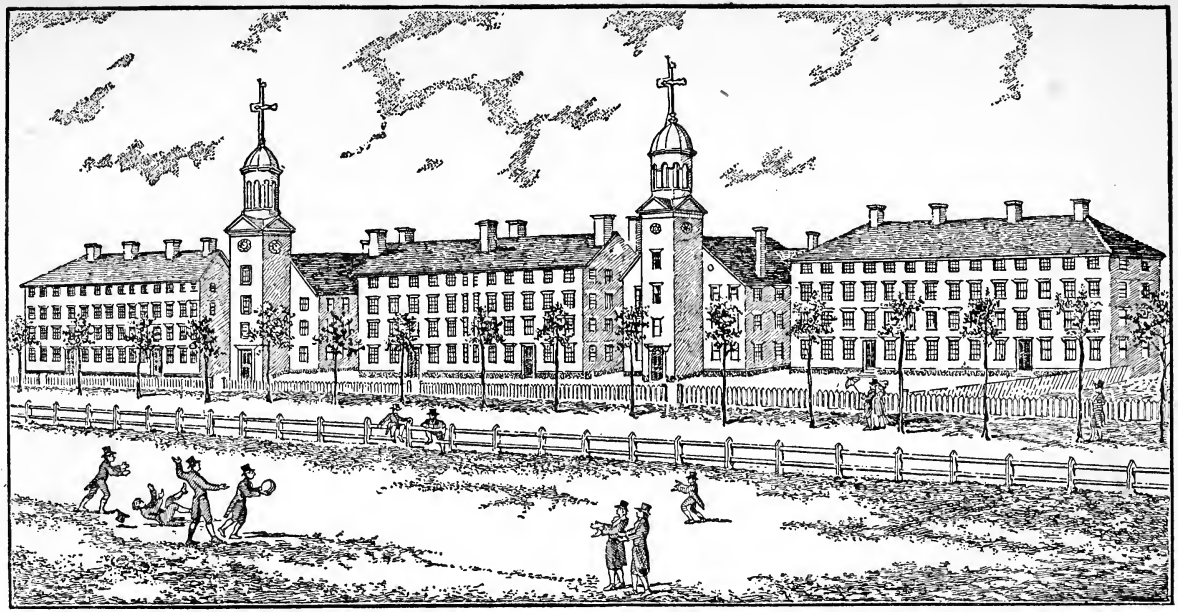
his impatience at the tediousness and unnaturalness of Richardson's *Pamela*, and our first American novelist of genius started upon his earliest venture to prove to his wife that he could write a better story than one that by chance he was trying to read. The secret of Cooper's success is the same as that of these others; given the innate talent for narration, and the born story-teller will — whatever and whenever the exciting cause of his activity — in the fullness of time come to his own.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789; but before he was quite one year old his father removed his family to a most romantic homestead on the shore of Otsego Lake in central New York. It was the frontier of civilization in that day, and on the very edge of the interminable forest that stretched out over the western wilderness. The deer, the wolf, the wildcat, and the bear were familiar denizens of the still savage woods. The tribes of the Six Nations still held their pow-wows and followed the warpath beneath its shade. The lonely cabins of more venturesome settlers were still exposed to the horrors of Indian attacks. The little village of Cooperstown itself exhibited all the various phases of pioneer life and character. Amid these scenes and in this vigorous atmosphere the childhood of Cooper was passed. It is no wonder that the impressions of these early years should remain vividly painted on his memory to give realistic coloring to the picturesque tales of pioneer life which were later to be written.

Cooperstown.

A second period of unconscious preparation came when, in 1806, having got himself expelled from Yale College through some outbreak of youthful folly in his junior year, he signed articles on board the merchant ship Sterling, and entered upon a

On Shipboard.



YALE COLLEGE IN 1807

regular apprenticeship before the mast. A year later, he secured a commission as midshipman in the United States Navy, and for three years followed the service on the Atlantic and the Lakes. In 1809, he was in command of the gunboats on Lake Champlain. Cooper resigned from the Navy in 1811, but his experiences on shipboard had made him master of material which he afterward used in two or three as admirable sea tales as ever were written.

James Fenimore Cooper was thirty years old when he began to write. He was then living in Westchester County, not far from the city of New York, on what was known as the Angevine Farm, a beautifully situated estate commanding an extended view of the Sound. His resignation from the Navy nine years before had been coincident with his marriage to a Miss De Lancey, whose father during the Revolutionary War had supported the cause of the Crown. Cooper himself had not settled down to any definite vocation — least of all had any thought of a literary career entered his head. The occasion which led to the writing of his first novel has been mentioned. "I believe I could write a better story myself," he said, laying down an English novel which had come into his hand. "Try," said his wife. In November, 1820, the novel, *Precaution*, was published. No one reads the book to-day; it is doubtful if many of Cooper's contemporaries read it, but some of his friends seemed to find evidence of promise amid its crudities and encouraged the author to go on. The next year he had something better to present them; this time it was *The Spy*, a tale of the Revolution.

The Experiment.

This famous novel had some foundation in historical fact. Cooper had heard from John Jay, years before, an account of a patriot spy who had been in his service

during the war; this was the germ of the narrative. The story was vivid and impressive; it was full of local color; it appealed to the patriotism of readers. In many ways it was the best piece of fiction that had been produced in this country, and even permitted comparison with Scott. Its success was immediate and unprecedented at home, while in England its success was relatively as great. It was translated into French and then into other European languages. It was dramatized and long remained popular on the stage. Numerous imitations were inspired; and the hero of the novel, Harvey Birch, found a place in the popular heart.

The Spy.

Between 1820 and 1830, Cooper produced eleven novels. *The Pioneers* (1823) was the first of the famous series by reason of which Cooper holds his rank among the novelists. It was a labor of love — this attempt to interpret the picturesque life of the frontier, and with the final completion of the Leather Stocking Tales he had fairly performed the task. This great series, however, was not produced consecutively or in regular order. Cooper's fourth narrative was *The Pilot*, the first of his sea tales; and this appeared in January, 1824.

The Pilot was, like *The Spy*, an experiment; for the real romance of the sea had not been attempted, although the coarsely realistic stories of Smollett had indeed introduced the theme into English fiction. Scott's novel *The Pirate* had been published near the close of 1821, and as the author's identity was still concealed, the apparent familiarity with nautical terms displayed in that narrative occasioned much conjecture. It was declared that it must be the work of a seafaring man. Cooper maintained otherwise and asserted that the author's ignorance of

The Pilot.

maritime affairs was betrayed by the book. He went further and determined to write a sea story to prove his argument. The success of *The Pilot* was almost as brilliant as that of *The Spy*. For the first time, a genuine sea novel had been written; and in spite of some obvious defects, *The Pilot* remains to this day one of the best novels of its class. The principal characters, Colonel Howard, the American with tory sympathies, Captain Borroughcliffe, the British officer, Captain Manual of the Marines, the midshipman, Merry, Boltrope, the quartermaster, and, above all, Long Tom Coffin, the typical American sailor, are most happily drawn. The "female" characters, as Cooper would have designated the heroine and her companion, are — as is always the case in his narratives — inane and unreal. On the other hand, the actual hero of the story, John Paul Jones, who appears in disguise and is known only as the Pilot, is presented with considerable success; the character certainly maintains the impressiveness of the traditional hero of romance and presents as commanding a figure as any produced in more recent attempts to portray this imposing personality of Revolutionary days.

Cooper's Novels.

Thus was James Fenimore Cooper fairly launched on his career as a novelist. He wrote prolifically, becoming the author of some thirty works of fiction, of which perhaps a dozen may be called great novels. Besides those already named, *Precaution* (1820), *The Spy* (1821), *The Pioneers* (1823), and *The Pilot* (1824), the following are included in the list: *Lionel Lincoln* (1825), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Prairie* (1827), *The Red Rover* (1828), *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish* (1829), *The Water-Witch* (1830), *The Bravo* (1831), *The Heidenmauer* (1832), *The Headsman* (1833), *The Moni-*

kins (1835), *Homeward Bound* (1838), *Home as Found* (1838), *The Pathfinder* (1840), *Mercedes of Castile* (1840), *The Deerslayer* (1841), *The Two Admirals* (1842), *Wing-and-Wing* (1842), *Wyandotte* (1843), *Afloat and Ashore* (1844), *Miles Wallingford* (1844), *Satanstoe* (1845), *The Chainbearer* (1846), *The Redskins* (1846), *The Crater* (1847), *Jack Tier* (1848), *The Oak Openings* (1848), *The Sea Lions* (1849), and *The Ways of the Hour* (1850). In addition to these narratives, Cooper was also the author of a *History of the United States Navy* (1839), of a biography of one of his shipmates, *Ned Myers* (1843), of tales contributed to *Graham's Magazine*, and of ten volumes of travels.

Cooper's literary work was interrupted variously. Seven years he spent in foreign residence. Owing to an abnormal sensitiveness to criticism and lack of self-control in the vigorous expression of his opinions, he established a reputation, not wholly merited, for unreasonableness, intolerance, and pugnacity. His unfortunate irascibility of temper precipitated quarrels. His belligerent patriotism was aroused by European criticism of American institutions, and the manner in which he expressed his protest aroused resentment abroad. No less irritating were his own criticisms passed upon some of our national defects and crudities which he noticed after his return to the United States. Several of his novels were written in the spirit of satire solely as expressions of his censure; these are, naturally, his poorest works.[1] He was bitterly criticised in the public press. To maintain his contentions, he involved himself in lawsuits and, indeed, won most of the

Personal Traits.

[1] This criticism applies especially to *The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer*, *The Headsman*, *The Monikins*, *The Redskins*, and *Home as Found*, this last, perhaps, the worst of Cooper's performances.

suits; but he also won a most unpleasant notoriety, becoming in the highest degree unpopular both in America and England. And yet, with it all, Cooper was at heart a sincere, earnest, pure-hearted, truth-loving man of honor, a fearless and devoted patriot.

The Leather Stocking Tales.

Of undisputed power are the novels which comprise the famous Leather Stocking group; and it is mainly upon the merits of this remarkable series that Cooper's claim to distinction rests both at home and abroad. The character of the hero, Natty Bumppo, or Leather Stocking, portrayed from youth to old age, is unique in literature. Professor Lounsbury, the biographer of Cooper, declares it to be "perhaps the only great original character that American fiction has added to the literature of the world." It is a fact worthy of note that these Indian tales have been translated into nearly all, if not all, the languages of the civilized globe. When *The Prairie* was completed in 1827, five editions were published at the same time: two appeared in Paris, one in French, and one in English; one in London; one in Berlin; and one in Philadelphia. But the most picturesque statement regarding the popularity of these novels abroad is found in a letter written in 1833 by Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. He says: —

"I have visited, in Europe, many countries, and what I have asserted of the fame of Mr. Cooper I assert from personal knowledge. In every city of Europe that I visited, the works of Cooper were conspicuously placed in the windows of every bookshop. They are published as soon as he produces them in thirty-four different places in Europe. They have been seen by American travellers in the languages of Turkey and Persia, in Constantinople, in Egypt, at Jerusalem, at Ispahan." [1]

[1] Lounsbury's *James Fenimore Cooper*, p. 76.

The later years of the novelist's life were passed mainly on his estate at Cooperstown. Here, with many uncompleted literary projects in mind, some of them already begun, death came upon him, September 14, 1851. The fifteenth of September would have been his sixty-second birthday; on the twenty-fifth, a public meeting was held in the City Hall, New York. Washington Irving presided, and a committee of prominent literary men was appointed to arrange for suitable memorial exercises. These exercises were held in Metropolitan Hall, February 25, 1852. The audience was representative of the culture of New York, Daniel Webster presided, and William Cullen Bryant delivered the memorial address, which was eloquent and just.

Death.

No master of style in the large sense, Cooper did possess the one essential gift of a great novelist. He had a story to tell and told it in such fashion as to make it real. In narrative and description, he was eminently successful. His word pictures of forest and prairie, of land fights and sea fights, of storm and wreck are superb. The account of the Pilot's working the frigate from her perilous position on a treacherous coast and the thrilling incident of the Ariel's wreck are unsurpassed. Cooper was prolix, he moralized to excess on commonplace themes. His characters are often described as conventional rather than living personalities. Nevertheless, in his best narratives interest rarely flags. He is fertile in incident, good in arousing suspense, and not too technical to be clear. The reader who to-day takes up the volumes of the *Leather Stocking Series* in their proper order — *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie* — will not be disposed to question the preëminence of these tales in

Merits as a Novelist.

the field of native historical romance. If he adds to these an equal number of the sea tales, including *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, *The Water-Witch*, *The Two Admirals*, *Wing-and-Wing*, he will find that the genius of Cooper does not suffer when brought in comparison with later story-tellers who — many of them his imitators — are cultivating the romance of nautical adventure to-day.

Suggestions for Reading.

The Last of the Mohicans is the volume usually prescribed for reading in school courses. It is a pity that the pupil should not first read *The Deerslayer*, its predecessor in the series. As representative of the sea tales, either *The Pilot* or *The Red Rover* may be taken. *The Spy* will prove an interesting narrative for those who enjoy historical romance. While it is impossible satisfactorily to represent any novel by selections from it, the first five chapters of *The Pilot* will serve well to illustrate Cooper's style in narrative; so will chapters 27, 28, 29, and 30 of *The Deerslayer*. The first includes the account of the escape of the Ariel; the second that of Natty Bumppo's brief captivity among the Hurons. Both are thrilling incidents admirably narrated. For a review of Cooper's life and work, select the *James Fenimore Cooper* by Thomas R. Lounsbury. It is an ideally written biography — one of the best in the series of the *American Men of Letters*. A short sketch of Cooper is the volume by Clymer in the *Beacon Biographies*. Bryant's memorial address, in the volume of his Orations and Addresses, will repay the reference. *The Atlantic Monthly*, for September, 1907, contains an interesting article on Cooper, by Brander Matthews.

IV. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: 1794–1878.

Birth and Parentage.

William Cullen Bryant, first of our American classic poets, was born November 3, 1794, at Cummington, in the beautiful hill-region of western Massachusetts. His father, Peter Bryant, of

Puritan descent, was a physician and surgeon — a country doctor of the old school, skilled by experience, self-forgetful and self-sacrificing. He was a man of literary tastes, and not alone encouraged his son in the development of his talent, but was himself an occasional writer of verse. For several terms he served in the state legislature as representative and as senator. He was revered for his high ideals, and was widely known as "the good and learned Doctor Bryant." Mrs. Bryant, a descendant of John Alden of the Plymouth Colony, was a woman of great energy and keen moral sense, thoroughly representative of the sturdy New England type. With remarkable persistency, she kept a diary for fifty-three solid years — in itself a moving testimony to her conscientious, practical character. Each year had its little volume, the paper being sometimes cut and bound by her own hands, and sewed with linen thread of her own spinning. One entry in the diary reads as follows:

"M[onday] 3. Stormy. Wind N.E. Churned — unwell. Seven at Night a Son Born."

And this brief note records the birth of William Cullen Bryant.

Childhood.

As an infant, the future poet was frail and sickly. Gathering strength as he grew he began early to take unusual delight in the beautiful environment of his country home. Surrounded by rugged hills, the Hoosack range not far distant, amid the narrow winding valleys with their rushing mountain streams, and great tracts of woodland solemn and grand, the boy became a lover of nature. As a child, he prayed that he might be a poet. He was precocious, knew his letters before he was two years old, and was placed in school at four. At nine, he was writing little poems, and paraphrased a part of the book of Job. In these

efforts, William Cullen was encouraged and criticised by his father —

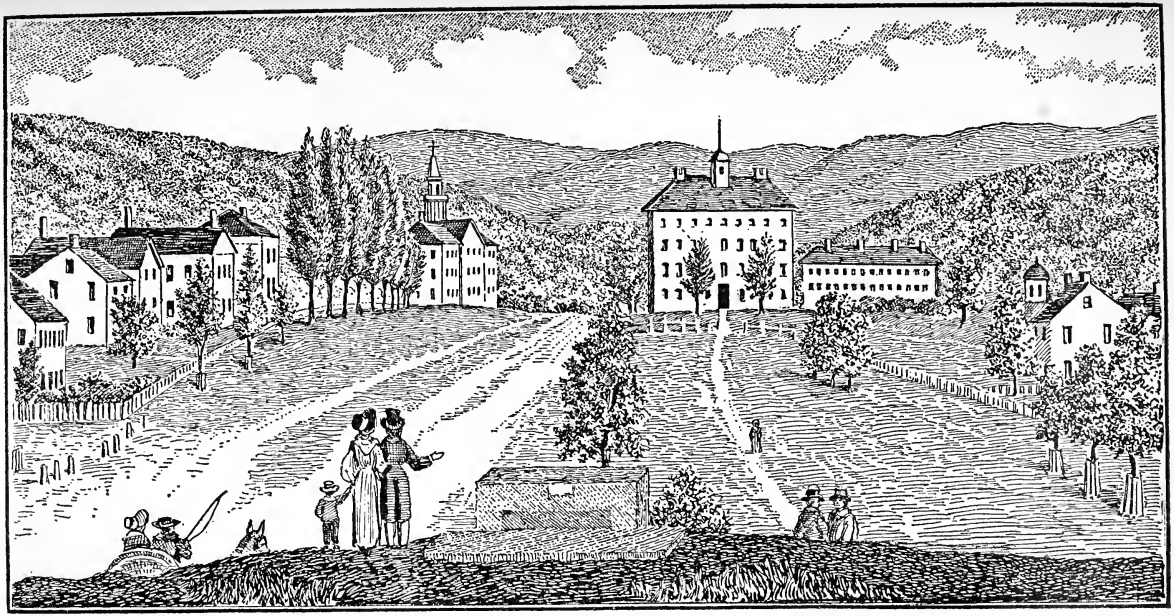
> "Who taught my youth
> The art of verse, and in the bud of life
> Offered me to the Muses."[1]

At thirteen, he composed a satire, *The Embargo*, which Dr. Bryant thought worthy of publication. This composition, aimed at the President, Thomas Jefferson, after one of the unpopular acts of his administration, appeared in print at Boston in 1808, but was afterward discarded by the poet.

School-days.

The family was now living with Mrs. Bryant's parents on the farm belonging to Ebenezer Snell, a stern, rigorous Puritan, who nevertheless was not without the grace of humor; and the influence of Grandfather Snell was strong in the development of the growing boy. The activities of farm life proving too laborious for William's strength, he welcomed the opportunity to secure a college education. In 1809, he was sent to the home of an uncle, a clergyman in North Brookfield, to begin the study of Latin. In eight months, he had mastered the grammar, had read the New Testament, all of Virgil, and the Orations of Cicero. The next year he attended a school in Plainfield to learn Greek — to which he gave himself, as he says, with his whole soul. In September, 1810, Bryant entered Williams College as a sophomore. The experience of college life was brief, however, for at the end of seven months the student, dissatisfied with the limited advantages then offered by the institution, withdrew from Williams, expecting to enter Yale College in the fall. But this anticipation was not realized, as Dr. Bryant found it impossible to furnish the means

[1] *Hymn to Death.* See also stanzas 11–14 in the autobiographical poem, *A Lifetime.*



AN EARLY VIEW OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE

In Bryant's time, the four-story building, with the cupola, was the only college hall

necessary to go on, and the period of Bryant's student life — to his own lasting regret — was thus abruptly terminated.

The Poet's Awakening.

Bryant's poetical talents were not, however, allowed to lie dormant. In his father's library, he found several volumes of the contemporary English poets, which stimulated his imagination and directly influenced his own expression. From an early age he had read Cowper with delight; he was familiar with Thomson's *Seasons;* he now read Southey and Kirke White; and it is worthy of note that Blair's morbid but remarkable poem, *The Grave*, which he discovered at this time, moved him with melancholy pleasure. It must have been during this period — in the autumn of 1811, as the poet recalled it — that *Thanatopsis* was composed.

Studying Law.

At the close of 1811, Bryant became a law student in an office at Worthington. While diligent in his legal studies, poetry still allured him and nature's hold upon his affections was strengthened by a new experience. Bryant now read Wordsworth for the first time. The *Lyrical Ballads* [1] fell into his hands and, as he said in later life to his friend, Richard Henry Dana, — "a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in my heart, and the face of nature of a sudden to change into a strange freshness of life." This influence of the English poet — the supreme interpreter of nature and chief apostle of simplicity and naturalness in verse — is to be recognized not as setting a new model for the western poet, but as confirming in his mind the truthfulness and value of conceptions already there. "Now he learned what nature herself might mean to a genuinely poetic spirit, and a new world lay open before him." [2] He knew that he, too, had re-

[1] The *Lyrical Ballads* were published in 1798.

[2] William A. Bradley's *Bryant* (*English Men of Letters Series*), p. 36.

ceived the gift of poetry. Yet he pursued his law studies to their natural close, and in 1815 was admitted to the bar.

Bryant's twenty-first birthday fell in November, 1815. On an afternoon in December, following, the newly fledged lawyer trudged across the hills seven miles to the village of Plainfield, where it was decided that he should begin the practice of his profession. His spirit was depressed, his ambition seemed thwarted. In the previous year he had written to a friend these lines: —

To a Waterfowl.

> "And I that loved to trace the woods before,
> And climb the hills a playmate of the breeze,
> Have vowed to tune the rural lay no more,
> Have bid my useless classics sleep at ease,
> And left the race of bards to scribble, starve and freeze."

We may well imagine that the dreariness of the wintry landscape on that December afternoon reflected the doubt and despondency of Bryant's mood. Then came a glorious sunset, and as the young man gazed at the rosy splendor of the clouds, a solitary bird appeared winging its flight along the horizon. Bryant watched it out of sight; and that evening in his new abiding-place he wrote his imperishable lines *To a Waterfowl*, with its tender close: —

> "He who from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright."

Three months later, Bryant removed to Great Barrington, settled down to his profession, and definitely abandoned all idea of being a poet.

Meanwhile there occurred an event which makes a very notable record in the history of American literature. Among his Boston acquaintance, Dr. Bryant

numbered Mr. Phillips, one of the editors of the new *North American Review*;[1] and by that gentleman he was asked to invite his son, William Cullen Bryant, to contribute to the magazine. To this invitation there came no immediate response from the law office in Great Barrington; but Dr. Bryant, looking through a drawer in an old desk at Cummington, came upon some of the verse which his son had left there at his departure. Among the manuscripts, he found the poems *Thanatopsis* and the *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*. It was a dramatic discovery. It is said that the poet's father was so affected by what he had found, that he ran with the poems to an appreciative neighbor, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, read that; it is Cullen's." Without consulting their author, Dr. Bryant immediately copied the poems, took them to Boston, and placed them in the editor's hands. When Phillips read *Thanatopsis* to Richard Henry Dana, associate editor of the *North American*, the latter remarked with a smile, "Ah, Phillips, you have been imposed upon; no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." However, the two poems appeared in the *Review* for September, 1817.

A Discovery.

As already stated, Bryant had written *Thanatopsis*, as nearly as he could recollect, in 1811. Through some impulse of self-distrust or of diffidence, he had refrained from submitting these unusual lines to his father, whose kindly criticism he had commonly invited, and they had lain thus hidden for six years. The poem was a marvelous production for a boy of seventeen — this solemn "view of death," so calm and self-controlled in its presentation, so universal and elemental in its stately setting. When published in the *Review*, the poem lacked its formal introduction — the exhorta-

Thanatopsis.

[1] *The North American Review* was established in 1815.

tion to "list to Nature's teachings," nor did it then possess the familiar lines of its present effective conclusion. The poem began with what is now line 17, "Yet a few days," and ended with line 66, "And make their bed with thee." But it did include those sonorous verses: —

> "Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
> Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
> Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
> With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
> The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
> Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
> All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
> Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods — rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
> Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
> Are but the solemn decorations all
> Of the great tomb of man."

Marvelous indeed it was that one so young could rise to such lofty thought and find such impressive phraseology for its expression; and no less wonderful that this youth, roaming the woods alone, should command such skill in the use of blank verse, the resonant voice of which has eluded many a clever versifier. In the face of this achievement, we can only recall the general precocity of Bryant's earlier youth and his enjoyment of the poet Cowper.[1]

Similar comment may be passed upon the second of these two poems, the *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*. Though expressive of a lighter, less solemn mood, it does not fall in excellence

The Inscription.

[1] "Cowper's poems had been in my hands from an early age and I now passed from his shorter poems . . . to his *Task*, the finer passages of which supplied a form of blank verse that captivated my admiration." — Autobiographic fragment.

below its companion piece. It speaks of calm, tranquillity, and deep contentment. The forest shades

> "Are still the abode of gladness; the thick roof
> Of green and stirring branches is alive
> And musical with birds. . . .
> . . . The Rivulet
> Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
> Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
> Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
> In its own being."

The Prose Essay.

A prompt request for further contributions brought forth in the following year an essay on *American Poetry*, which is entitled to rank at least as the first attempt by an American writer in the field of literary criticism. In it the writer emphasized the truth that for a literature to be national, it must be *natural;* and must originate, without imitation, in the sincere personal expression of individual genius.

Personal experiences which deeply concerned the poet occurred in quick succession. In 1820, Dr. Bryant died, and Bryant's *Hymn to Death* was completed by a noble tribute to his father's memory — infused with more of personal feeling than had characterized the poems just described. In June of the following year came the poet's marriage to Miss Fanny Fairchild, a farmer's daughter, whose virtues had inspired the lines *O Fairest of the Rural Maids*, in which Poe saw "the truest *poem* written by Bryant." Shortly after his marriage, the poet was honored with an invitation from the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College to read a poem at the coming Commencement.

The Visit to Boston.

Such was the occasion of Bryant's first visit to Boston and Cambridge, and his first presentation to the men who were at that time leaders in American scholarship, and in literary taste. The poem read was *The Ages*. Its theme is the progress of man

through the centuries and the triumph of virtue and liberty in the New World. It is composed in the Spenserian stanza; is, on that account perhaps, somewhat artificial in its effect, and falls below the standard of Bryant's best work; yet the poem was heartily received and, in the minds of many of his hearers, *The Ages* placed its author "at the very head of American poets."

Publication.

One result of this visit was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship between Bryant and Richard Henry Dana, a friendship which continued unbroken until death. A second result was the publication, through the influence of Dana and Phillips, of the first volume of Bryant's verse. This appeared in 1821. It was a small pamphlet of forty-four pages, bound in brown paper boards, and containing the following eight poems: *The Ages*, *To a Waterfowl*, *Translation of a Fragment of Simonides* (written apparently while Bryant was in college), the *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, *The Yellow Violet*, *Song* "The Hunter of the West," *Green River*, and *Thanatopsis*. While not all of Bryant's compositions to that time are included, these poems were representative of his best work, and five of them were never surpassed by any subsequent composition. *Thanatopsis* now appeared in its completed form — the conclusion having been added, possibly, to meet some criticism which had deplored the purely "pagan" sentiment of the poem in its earlier form. The poet continued to publish, his work appearing at intervals in the *Review*, and also in *The Idle Man*, a short-lived periodical established by Richard Henry Dana in New York. In 1823, he began regularly to send his verse to a new magazine in Boston, the *United States Literary Gazette*, which, under the editorship of Theophilus Parsons, had a distinguished although brief career. From this maga-

zine the poet received and accepted an offer of $200 a year for his verse, to average a hundred lines a month. In three years, Bryant published in its columns between twenty and thirty poems, among which were *The Massacre of Scio*, *Rizpah*, *The Rivulet*, *March*, *Summer Wind*, *Monument Mountain*, *Autumn Woods*, *To a Cloud*, and *A Forest Hymn*.

Removal to New York.

In 1825, Bryant withdrew from the practice of law, and in response to the urgency of friends removed to New York. Here he assumed editorial charge of a new literary publication somewhat heavily weighted by the title of *The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*. To its first issue the poet contributed *A Song of Pitcairn's Island;* the same number contained also a poem by Dana and Halleck's now familiar poem, *Marco Bozzaris*. Besides Halleck and Dana, the literary men of New York — among them Paulding, Willis, and James Fenimore Cooper — became his friends and associates. The city atmosphere was not altogether congenial, nor were the professional ideals of some in the group so high as Bryant's; they did not take the art of verse so seriously as he who deemed the poet's exercise anything but

> "The pastime of a drowsy summer day." [1]

His poems during this period still breathe the love of nature; and frequently he journeyed back to his Massachusetts hills for the freshening of the old environment.

The Evening Post.

The career of the *Magazine* was closed in 1827. But Bryant's editorial course was only beginning. He was offered a position on the staff of the New York *Evening Post*, founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton, and at this time the best estab-

[1] Read *The Poet*, written by Bryant in 1863, — especially the last three stanzas.

lished of the metropolitan newspapers. In 1829, he became editor in chief; thereafter, financially independent, with a political influence national in its scope and a growing reputation as the foremost American journalist, he lived his long and useful life, absorbed in the exacting duties of his profession, universally esteemed and honored by his countrymen, but finding little time for poetic utterance, and producing nothing that compares in beauty or power with the compositions of his earlier years.

In 1832, the poet published a volume of his collected pieces, eighty-nine in all. Here were gathered all of his early poems which he cared to preserve and those contributed to magazines, including a group of compositions which had appeared in *The Talisman*, a miscellany of prose and verse published under Bryant's supervision as an annual in 1828, 1829, and 1830. Of this group only two poems, *The Past* and *The Evening Wind*, are worthy of note; the first was considered by the poet one of his very best; Poe greatly admired the second — which has been said to be "less a description than the very thing itself which it describes." The *Song of Marion's Men* and the exquisite lines *To the Fringed Gentian* were first published in the volume of 1832. During the forty-five years which followed, Bryant's further compositions hardly equaled in amount the verse included in this collection.

Volume of 1832.

Bryant traveled much. Three times he visited the middle west, whither his brothers and their mother had removed after Dr. Bryant's death, in 1820. The family was established in central Illinois. The poet's first visit was in 1832. It was in the pioneer period and the country was still to a large extent picturesque and primitively wild.

Travels.

"The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,"

profoundly impressed his mind. The journey on horseback across the prairies was the inspiration of one of his finest descriptive poems.[1] Here he pictures the encircling vastness swept by the shadow of the clouds, aflame with tossing golden flowers, and still the haunt of wolf and deer. His imagination was stirred also with visions of the future; he saw the "advancing multitude" following fast upon those who had begun already to till and tame this rich garden soil of the waiting West. An interesting incident of the journey was his chance meeting with a company of Illinois volunteers led by a tall, uncouth lad, on their way to help put down an Indian uprising under the famous chief Black Hawk. The young captain whose homely awkwardness and breezy humor had aroused Bryant's interest was introduced to him as young Abe Lincoln; thirty years later Mr. Bryant himself had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Lincoln to a great audience in New York city, as a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

In later years, the editor of the *Evening Post* made several trips to Europe, one of which included a tour of Egypt and the Holy Land. The letters sent by him to his paper, descriptive of his travels, were published under the titles *Letters of a Traveller* (1850) and *Letters from the Far East* (1869).

Citizen and Orator.

For practically fifty years, William Cullen Bryant was a distinguished citizen of New York. His position as a leading representative of American letters became more and more conspicuous in spite of the infrequency of his verse. He was one of the most successful of public speakers; and on occasions demanding oratory of an exceptional excellence, he was the natural choice. His most notable addresses were those

[1] *The Prairies*, 1832.

delivered at the meetings commemorating the work of Cooper, Irving, and Halleck. In all his utterances, private as well as public, two qualities characterized Bryant — dignity and modesty. At a remarkable banquet given in honor of his seventieth birthday, in 1864, an occasion signalized by the presence and speech of Emerson and by poetical tributes from the distinguished contemporary poets of Cambridge and Boston, Bryant modestly described himself "as one who has carried a lantern in the night and who perceives that its beams are no longer visible in the glory which the morning pours around him."

At seventy-three, the poet began to translate the Iliad in blank verse; four years later, at the end of 1871, both the Iliad and the Odyssey were finished and Bryant's excellent translation of Homer was published. **Translation of Homer.**

The poet's old age was vigorous and hale. From youth he had been compelled to take unusual care of his health. He adopted strict rules regarding diet and exercise. He rose early and regularly spent between one and two hours in exercising with dumb-bells and bar. It was his invariable practice without regard to weather to walk to and from his office in the city, and he discarded the use of the elevator. Bryant was not tall, but erect and well proportioned. In old age his appearance was distinguished and everywhere commanded reverence. His leonine head, long silvery hair and beard made him a venerable figure. He was always courtly, always dignified; to those who did not know through intimacy his great kindness of spirit and his genial nature, Bryant seemed cold and austere. Readers of his poems do not need to be told that the religious feeling typical of the Puritan was strong and vital. **In Old Age.**

The Poet's Homes.

Besides his residence in the city, Mr. Bryant owned two fine country homes: one was the Snell homestead in Cummington, to which he returned for a short period every year; the other was an estate at Roslyn, Long Island, acquired in 1843, where in a spacious old-fashioned mansion dating almost from Revolutionary times, he made his principal residence. He took especial delight in farm and garden, personally superintending the care of both and experimenting with fruits and flowers. Here he delighted to receive his friends, and here he unostentatiously entertained many a distinguished visitor from abroad.

Death.

Mrs. Bryant died in 1866. The poet's death occurred twelve years later. The circumstances were peculiar. A statue to the Italian patriot, Mazzini, was unveiled in Central Park, on the twenty-ninth of May. Bryant delivered the address. He spoke bareheaded, the sun shining directly upon him; it was unusually warm for the season, and when he had finished he appeared exhausted. After the exercises the poet walked across the park with an old friend and ascended the steps of the latter's house; but as he entered the vestibule he fell suddenly backward through the open door, striking his head on the stone platform. The results were fatal; a fortnight later, he died at his own home, in his eighty-fourth year.[1] The funeral services were held in New York; then with simple exercises the poet was buried by the side of his wife at Roslyn.

[1] Read Bryant's poem, *June* (1825).

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'T were pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich green mountain-turf should break."

The love of nature is preëminently the theme of Bryant's verse, and his characteristic treatment of this theme is in connection with the elemental experiences — life and death. He is our recognized poet of the forest; no other American singer has interpreted so impressively as he the mystery and sanctity of the woods. To him the woodland solitude was eloquent of majesty and monition, of benevolence and sympathy: **Bryant as a Poet.**

> "The groves were God's first temples.
> . . . . . .
> Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
> Communion with his Maker." [1]

Bryant is both descriptive and reflective in his verse. He is often called the American Wordsworth, because he resembled the great English poet in these traits; but Bryant was never an imitator of Wordsworth or of any other poet. He was distinctly original in choice of themes and true to his own native personality in his expression. He was faithful to the scenes with which he was familiar and to the spirit of what he himself had observed. In *A Winter Piece*, for example, a poem which in its beginning contains many suggestions of Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, the atmosphere is unmistakably that of the Massachusetts woods in winter. The snow-bird twitters on the beechen bough, the partridge nestles beneath the hemlock, the rabbit, fox, and raccoon have left their tracks in the snow; smoke wreaths rise among the maples where the sap is being gathered in brimming pails, the woods ring with the stroke of the axe; and with the first breath of spring — **Descriptive Poems.**

> "Lodged in sunny cleft,
> Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
> The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
> Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at." [2]

[1] *A Forest Hymn.*

[2] Indeed it was this conscientious practice which made Bryant's work most valuable to those who followed him. We must not forget that he

The poet is wont to feel the serious and chastening aspect of these scenes, and the spirit of his brooding is often tinged with melancholy. He sings: —

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere." [1]

But this tender poem was intensely personal, and was inspired by the death of a dear sister. There are other poems in which an entirely different spirit is manifested, as *The Planting of the Apple Tree* and that rollicking bird-song, *Robert of Lincoln*. Nor could anything be cheerier than the musical lines of that beautiful descriptive poem, *Green River*.

The Descriptive Quality.

This descriptive quality in Bryant's compositions must not be overlooked; it is an important feature of his verse. We get exquisite illustration of it in the two flower-poems, *The Yellow Violet* and *To the Fringed Gentian*. Both these poems are like many of Wordsworth's in their simplicity and in the little moral lessons which they convey — a characteristic resented by some critics as an intrusion or a defect, although the imaginative insight of each descriptive touch is disputed by nobody.

The Reflective Poems.

It is, of course, the reflective poems which have given to Bryant his lasting fame. For various reasons the early composition, *Thanatopsis*, overshadows all the others. The universality of its theme, its passionless exaltation of spirit, its rugged

was a pioneer; and that subsequent American poets had the suggestion of his example in this regard at least—and followed it. How clearly this principle was recognized by Bryant is seen in a letter to his brother John, in 1832. "I saw some lines by you to the skylark. Did you ever see such a bird? Let me counsel you to draw your images, in describing nature, from what you observe around you." It was the genius of Bryant that discovered the poetry in the New England landscape, its hills, its forests, and its flowers.

[1] *The Death of the Flowers.*

and lofty eloquence, its diction so calm, so austere, and elemental, place it yet among the great poetical expressions of the race. The *Hymn to Death* is an amplification of the same theme in less impressive setting, although the utterance of a personal grief gives pathos to its close. In *A Forest Hymn*, which completes this remarkable trilogy of poems on the mortality of man, the poet's idea shapes itself more clearly: Death is indeed universal — Lo! all grow old and die; — but Life is ever reappearing. There is not lost one of earth's charms. After the flight of centuries —

> "The freshness of her far beginning lies
> And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
> Of his arch-enemy Death."

Technique.

The Saxon element predominates in Bryant's verse. His style is simple — sometimes severe; yet always fitting. What crispness of diction do we find, for instance, in the oft-quoted stanza: —

> "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
> Th' eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies among his worshippers." [1]

Bryant commonly used the so-called iambic ten-syllabled line. When he employed the stanza, it was usually the four lines of alternating rhymes, known as the quatrain; but Bryant was at his best in blank verse, which he used with a facility and power of expression unsurpassed by any other American poet.

The volume of Bryant's poetry is comparatively small, and its range of subjects is somewhat narrow. He is called stern and cold by many of the critics; and it is true, as they point out, that the poet lacked humor, and his poetry passion. And yet in spite of these and other limitations, a high estimate must be placed upon

[1] *The Battlefield* (1837).

the value of Bryant's work, and on its significance in the development of our national literature. He was original, natural, and sincere; he drew his inspiration not from the poets he read, but direct from Nature as he saw her in the mountains and the valleys, the trees, the brooks, and the flowers, of his New England home. He proved that native themes were as poetical in America as in England, and that the true poet finds his material at his hand. In his poems — as in his profession and his private life — he celebrated the virtues typical of the Puritan, truth, purity, moral earnestness, reverence, and faith. He wrote a few poems which must remain a permanent possession in our literature, and what is, after all, more notable yet, he laid a safe and substantial foundation for American verse.

Suggestions for Reading.

The poem *Thanatopsis* calls for careful study, not only that the student may accurately grasp its central thought, its "message," but also that he may really appreciate the superb quality of its diction as shown in the choice of words and moulding of phrases. *The Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood* should be compared with it. *To a Waterfowl*, *The Yellow Violet*, and *To the Fringed Gentian* may be read in connection, and the poet's manner of pointing a moral lesson noted. Wordsworth's poem *To the Small Celandine* might be read for comparison; also Freneau's stanzas on *The Wild Honeysuckle*. Other of Bryant's descriptive poems, like *Green River*, *The Prairies*, and *The Evening Wind*, should be read with especial reference to the spirit and truthfulness of the description. The *Song of Marion's Men*, *The Massacre at Scio*, *Not Yet*, and *Our Country's Call* exhibit another phase of Bryant's verse; *The Planting of the Apple Tree* and *Robert of Lincoln* illustrate still another. *A Lifetime* is of interest as a summary of the poet's experience, and *The Poet* as an expression of his own ideal. *A Forest Hymn*, *The Death of the Flowers*, and *The Flood of Years* (1876) are too important to be omitted

from the list; and it is hoped that the study of Bryant's life will have aroused a desire to read most if not all of the poems mentioned in the preceding pages.

The only complete edition of Bryant's Poems is that edited by Parke Godwin (his associate on the *Evening Post*, and his son-in-law), published by Appleton. Mr. Godwin is also the author of the authoritative biography of the poet (Appleton). A more compact biography is the interesting *William Cullen Bryant*, by John Bigelow, in the *American Men of Letters Series* (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The most recent *life* of Bryant is that by William A. Bradley, in the *English Men of Letters Series* (Macmillan). Critical comment will be found in E. P. Whipple's *Literature and Life*, Stedman's *Poets of America*, and Richardson's *American Literature*. There are poetical tributes to Bryant by Stedman, Stoddard, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell; with the stirring lines of Lowell's birthday offering, *On Board the '76*, read also his humorous characterization of Bryant in *A Fable for Critics* (1848).

A CHRONOLOGICAL REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE: 1800–1835

General Prose.	Verse.	Fiction.	Contemporary Literature in Great Britain.	
Salmagundi (1st Series), 1807.	Barlow's *Columbiad*, 1807.	Brown's *Edgar Huntley*, 1801.	Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent*, 1800.	Cowper died, 1800.
Knickerbocker History, 1809.	Paulding's Satires, 1813.	*Clara Howard*, *Jane Talbot*, 1801.	Porter's *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, 1803.	*Lay of Last Minstrel*, 1805.
Sketch-Book, 1819–20.	*The Star-Spangled Banner*, 1814.	Cooper's *Precaution*, 1820.	Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, 1807.	Moore's *Irish Melodies*, 1807.
Salmagundi (2d Series), 1819.	*Thanatopsis* (N. A. Rev.), 1817.	*The Spy*, 1821.	Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, 1810.	*Marmion*, 1808.
Bracebridge Hall, 1822.	Paulding's *The Backwoodsman*, 1818.	*The Pioneers*, 1823.	Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, 1811.	*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, 1809.
Tales of a Traveller, 1824.	*The Croaker Poems*, 1819.	Paulding's *Koningsmarke*, 1823.	*Pride and Prejudice*, 1812.	*Lady of the Lake*, 1810.
Life of Columbus, 1828.	Payne's *Brutus*, 1818.	*The Pilot*, 1824.	*Waverley*, 1814.	*Childe Harold*, 1812.
Webster's *Amer. Dictionary*, 1828.	Halleck's *Fanny*, 1819.	*Last of the Mohicans*, 1826.	*Guy Mannering*, 1815.	*Bride of Abydos*, 1813.
Conquest of Granada, 1829.	Percival's *Prometheus*, 1820.	Sedgwick's *Hope Leslie*, 1827.	*Emma*, 1816.	*Queen Mab*, 1813.
Speeches of Daniel Webster, 1830.	Bryant's *Poems* (1st vol.), 1821.	*The Prairie*, 1827.	*Old Mortality*, 1816.	Southey, Poet Laureate, 1813.
Worcester's *Dictionary*, 1830.	*Home, Sweet Home*, 1823.	*The Red Rover*, 1828.	*Persuasion*, 1818.	*The Excursion*, 1814.
Whittier's *Legends of New England*, 1831.	Halleck's *Marco Bozzaris*, 1825.	Hawthorne's *Fanshawe*, 1828.	*Rob Roy*, 1818.	*Christabel*, *Alastor*, 1816.
The Alhambra, 1832.	Dana's *The Buccaneer*, 1827.	*The Water-Witch*, 1830.	*Heart of Midlothian*, 1818.	*Prisoner of Chillon*, 1816.
Longfellow's *Outre-Mer*, 1833.	Halleck's *Alnwick Castle*, 1827.	Paulding's *The Dutchman's Fireside*, 1831.	*Ivanhoe*, 1820.	Keats's *Poems*, 1817.
The "Jack Downing" Letters, 1833.	Poe's *Tamerlane*, 1827.	*Westward Ho!* 1832.	*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, 1821.	*Lalla Rookh*, 1817.
Bancroft's *History of U. S.* (Vol. I), 1834.	Sigourney's *Poems*, 1827.	Simms's *Martin Faber*, 1833.	*Kenilworth*, *The Pirate*, 1821.	*Manfred*, 1817.
Paulding's *Washington*, 1834.	Poe's *Al Aaraaf*, 1829.	*Guy Rivers*, 1834.	*Essays of Elia*, 1822.	*Endymion*, 1818.
Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*, 1835.	Poe's *Poems*, 1831.	*The Yemassee*, *The Partisan*, 1835.	*The Talisman*, 1825.	*Don Juan*, 1819.
The Crayon Miscellany, 1835.	Bryant's *Poems*, 1832.	Kennedy's *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, 1835.	Scott died, 1832.	*Hyperion*, 1820.
Salmagundi (3d Series), 1835.	Drake's *The Culprit Fay* (1816), published, 1835.	Sedgwick's *The Linwoods*, 1835.	*Sartor Resartus*, 1833.	*Prometheus Unbound*, 1820.
			Last Days of Pompeii, 1834.	*Adonais*, 1821.
			Sketches by Boz, 1834.	Keats died, 1821.
			Coleridge died, 1834.	Shelley died, 1822.
			Lamb died, 1834.	Byron died, 1824.
				Tennyson's *Poems*, 1830.
				Browning's *Pauline*, 1833.
				Browning's *Paracelsus*, 1835.

CHAPTER IV

PHILOSOPHY AND ROMANCE

I. The Literary Development of New England.
II. Ralph Waldo Emerson: 1803-82.
III. Henry D. Thoreau: 1817-62.
IV. Nathaniel Hawthorne: 1804-64.
V. Edgar Allan Poe: 1809-49.

I. THE LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE literary achievements of the Knickerbocker group of writers were practically accomplished by 1850. During the larger part of that first half century, there had been no question of the literary predominance of New York; New England had played, comparatively, an inconspicuous part in the field of national literature. A few of Longfellow's earliest poems were published previous to 1830, and some of Whittier's also; but it was really nearer 1840 than 1830 that either obtained general recognition as a poet. Emerson's first series of *Essays* was published in 1841, and Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse* in 1846. *The Scarlet Letter* did not appear until 1850. It was, nevertheless, a period of intellectual activity. In Boston and Cambridge, new ideas were stirring the minds of the thinkers, and throughout the New England States, which were advancing rapidly in material prosperity by the establishment of manufacturing interests and the building up of a rich trade with the East Indies, the intellectual life of the people was feeling the stimulus of its own energy in rather remarkable degree.

The first phase of this new awakening is recognized

in the so-called Unitarian movement which spread over New England during the early years of the century. Opposition to the Calvinistic doctrines of the Presbyterian and other orthodox denominations had existed in the colonies even in Revolutionary times, but it was not till near the end of the eighteenth century that this opposition assumed the aspect of an important religious controversy. The arena in which John Cotton and his grandson, Cotton Mather, Roger Williams, and the many lesser controversialists of the colonial period had waged their theological battles was again the scene of an intellectual and religious agitation which in its immediate effects and subsequent influence was more far reaching even than that celebrated movement of the preceding century, — the Great Awakening of 1734–44. In 1805, Harvard College — the fountain-head of New England literature — elected a Unitarian as professor of Divinity. By the end of the first decade, nearly every prominent Congregational pulpit in eastern Massachusetts was held by a preacher of Unitarian doctrine. The theological seminary at Andover was founded in 1807 to combat the new teaching. Moses Stuart (1780–1852) and Leonard Woods (1774–1854) became famous as teachers in this institution and as defenders of the orthodox creed. Lyman Beecher (1775–1863), the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, was the ablest and best-known champion of orthodoxy in New England. In 1826, he was called from his church in Litchfield, Connecticut, to a prominent Boston pulpit, that he might have a position on the firing-line.

The Unitarian Movement.

The recognized leader of the Unitarians was William Ellery Channing, who was born at Newport, Rhode Island, and received his education at Harvard. He became the minister of a Boston parish in 1803. Cultured,

eloquent, and a persuasive writer, he became famed throughout New England for his oratorical gifts and as a theologian. In seriousness of purpose and in purity of character, Channing represented the strength and virtue of the old Puritan stock. His portrait, presenting him in the conventional black gown of the clergyman with the white bands at the neck, shows a face highly intellectual and refined, with features delicate, spiritual, almost ascetic in their type. The influence of Dr. Channing was strongly felt; a sermon preached by him at an ordination in Baltimore, in 1819, is especially famous as a rallying-cry of Unitarianism. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," was his text; the sacredness of the individual conscience and the freedom of individual thought was his theme. While his writings are largely controversial, he was also a graceful essayist, and his literary influence was felt by contemporary writers who were stirred by his thought and passion.

William Ellery Channing, 1780–1842.

A second phase of this quickening in the intellectual life of New England appears in the development of transcendentalism. Closely allied with the religious movement just described and including many prominent Unitarians within its circle, transcendentalism, nevertheless, was not Unitarianism. The latter was a religious movement; it grew into the liberal denominations of the present day. Transcendentalism designates a school of abstract thought, a philosophy general in its application to life and conduct. It was distinctly local in its development.

Transcendentalism.

This new school of abstract ideas arose among the intellectual leaders of Boston and Cambridge during the second and third decades of the century. The teaching of German and French philosophy, the influence of Goethe, of Coleridge, and

Origin and Significance.

Carlyle had a part in its origin. The transcendentalists were idealists. They opposed materialism in every form. They regarded matter as an appearance and thought as the reality. The old Platonic system, the doctrine of *ideas*, was practically the basis of their belief. They emphasized the necessity of the individual and the free expression of the individual mind. They chose to be led by the "inner light." "The highest revelation is that God is in every man," said Emerson; "I believe in this life. I believe it continues. As long as I am here, I plainly read my duties as writ with pencil of fire." [1] They thought and talked and wrote upon the truths which cannot be demonstrated, which lie beyond the sphere of the established, which *transcend* human experience and ordinary knowledge. They were deeply intent upon reform — social, civil, and religious. They were philanthropic in purpose, and members of the group were often associated in schemes for the betterment of society, which usually proved Utopian dreams.

The Dial.

In July, 1840, a monthly periodical was started by the transcendentalists, as the organ of their views. At first under the editorship of Margaret Fuller, a talented but visionary woman, whose name is prominently associated with the movement, and later under that of Emerson, *The Dial* ran its honorable course for about four years, when it was discontinued for lack of financial support. To this famous magazine, Emerson contributed essays and poems, while others of the coterie, Bronson Alcott, George Ripley, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, and Henry David Thoreau, were among its best-known writers. Carlyle's comment upon the early numbers of *The Dial* is probably suggestive of the general attitude of those outside the

[1] Emerson's Journal, 1833.

circle toward these enthusiastic idealists. "But it is all good and very good as a *soul;* wants only a body, which want means a great deal."[1] Many of the new views were far from clear and many hapless failures resulted from these Utopian experiments; at the same time some practical progress was made and through this campaign of debate, in more than one direction was built the road to reform.

Brook Farm.

In 1841, an ideal community (one of several such experiments) was established by some of these enthusiasts at Brook Farm in West Roxbury, nine miles from Boston. George Ripley was the promoter and leader of the movement. It attracted some whose names were to be well known in later days. The young George William Curtis was an interested member, and so was Charles A. Dana, afterward the distinguished editor of the New York *Sun*. For a time, also, Nathaniel Hawthorne was a member of the colony; and, ten years later, utilized some phases of his experience in the *Blithedale Romance*. Emerson was interested and an occasional visitor, although not an active Brook Farmer himself. The experiment was not altogether a failure. There were difficulties all along, but for five years the community flourished, demonstrating the possibilities of a simple, rational method of living, until, in 1846, there came a disastrous fire, and soon afterward the farm was sold.

Results of the Movement.

The general influence of the thought and labors of the transcendentalists was stimulating in high degree to the intellectual and moral growth of the period, in spite of the numerous "isms" which flourished among them. It stirred the minds of men, and in general wrought for culture and for philanthropic and progressive measures. It enlisted the eager

[1] See Holmes's *Emerson* (*American Men of Letters*), p. 162.

enthusiasm of young Lowell in temperance reform and, for a brief period, in the agitation for woman suffrage; it labored with Whittier and Garrison and Phillips in the cause of abolition. It reflected the intellectual activity of Emerson; and if Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell (in maturer life) were not personally identified with the cult, their ideas were indirectly colored by the influences which transcendentalism set afoot. It was an important current in New England culture and was significant of what Mr. Barrett Wendell has appropriately called "the Renaissance of New England."

Emerson.

Of this latter phase of the movement, Ralph Waldo Emerson is the distinguished representative. A leader among these students of ideas, a preacher of moral and intellectual truths, a poet, a philosopher, a teacher, his influence upon the intellectual life of New England was stimulating in the extreme, while the effect of his writings on American thought and letters can hardly be reckoned.

The Transcendental Writers.

Among the minor authors in this interesting group there are three or four that call for comment, although necessarily brief. George Ripley (1802–80) was a Harvard graduate, and in 1826 became minister of a Unitarian Society in Boston. He became conspicuous as a leader among the transcendentalists with the founding of the Brook Farm community, was active as a writer, and together with Charles A. Dana edited the *New American Cyclopædia* (1857–63). Like others of the Brook Farm colonists, Ripley enjoyed the helpful friendship of Horace Greeley, and wrote, under Greeley's patronage, scholarly reviews for the New York *Tribune*. He made, however, no permanent contribution to literature. Amos Bronson Alcott (1799–1888), famous for his eccentricities and for the

unintelligibility of his mystical utterances, set out at fifteen as a peddler. With the design of adding to the family income he traveled through a part of the South, but returned with an empty pack and four hundred dollars in debt. This experience was typical of later ones; he was nothing if not unpractical. At twenty-six, he tried school-teaching in Connecticut, but his peculiar ideas kept him moving from place to place. It is only fair to add that many of Alcott's original methods are established principles in the school systems of to-day. In 1834, he opened a school in Boston, which lasted for five years. Attracted by Emerson's presence in Concord, Mr. Alcott removed thither. The most extreme notions of the transcendental brotherhood were pushed by him beyond the extreme. With an idea of improving upon the Brook Farm experiment, he organized a new community at "Fruitlands." His idealism was so strong that he would not permit canker-worms to be disturbed, and forbade the planting of such vegetables and roots as grow downward instead of upward into the air. After the failure of this communistic experiment, he held "select conversations" which became a settled institution in Concord. Like Emerson, he traveled to some extent in the West, holding "conversations" and expounding the transcendental ideas. To *The Dial* he contributed his *Orphic Sayings*, which aroused much ridicule from those not of the elect. In 1879, the Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature was established, and of this Mr. Alcott was the recognized head. Alcott's essay on Emerson and his *Concord Days* (1872) are his most readable remains. A more practical member of the family was Louisa May Alcott (1832–88), who struggled hard to offset her father's deficiencies on the bread and butter side of existence. She possessed talent as well

The Alcotts.

as perseverance, and success came with the publication of her *Little Women*, in 1868. No more popular series of stories for young people has ever been produced than that which contains this book and its sequel, *Little Men*. Her later stories, *Jo's Boys*, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, *Eight Cousins*, and *Rose in Bloom*, have, with their naturalness, humor and humanness, well maintained the popularity of Miss Alcott's earlier work.

Margaret Fuller, 1810–50.

Margaret Fuller, perhaps, commands more of interest than any other figure in the transcendental group. A brilliant intellect marred by a somewhat morbid egotism characterized her literary work; she shared in the erratic tendencies of her associates, but surpassed most of them in critical ability and to a certain extent in literary expression. Like Alcott, Margaret Fuller conducted "conversations" — for the benefit of Boston ladies. She was prominent in the transcendental circle at Concord, and was warmly esteemed by Emerson. A frequent visitor at Brook Farm, Margaret Fuller is assumed to be the original of Zenobia in Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*. She, too, experienced the practical friendliness of Horace Greeley, and, in 1844, became the literary critic on the *Tribune*. Devoted to philanthropy and reform, she was the friend of the Italian patriot Mazzini. In 1847, she visited Italy, and during her residence there was secretly and romantically married to the Marquis Ossoli. In 1850, the pair determined to come to America, and, with their infant son, set sail from Leghorn. Within sight of the American coast their vessel encountered a severe storm and was wrecked. The entire family perished. It is undoubtedly to this tragic event that the general interest in the personality of Margaret Fuller is in part due; but her place in American literary history is deserved.

The most important of her works are *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1844) and *Papers on Literature and Art* (1846).[1]

II. RALPH WALDO EMERSON: 1803–82.

Ralph Waldo Emerson came of the academic class. His ancestors for five generations had been scholars and most of them had been ministers. His father, William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston, was a man of good sense, dignified after the manner of the old New England type, and emphatic in the expression of his views. The mother of Ralph Waldo was known for her patience, her gentle courtesy, her quiet dignity and serenity of spirit. Among the early companionships of the household, there was another which had a lasting influence in the development of Emerson's character, that of an aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, whose strong intellectuality was of the sort which distinguished Emerson himself.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born May 25, 1803, in the parsonage on Summer Street, in Boston, not far from the house in which Franklin was born almost a century before. His boyhood was passed in an atmosphere of intellectuality and of literary effort. In 1804, the Rev. William Emerson organized what was known as the Anthology Club, and edited a publication of the club, the *Monthly Anthology*, or *Magazine of Polite Literature*. The circle of contributors included John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and much schol-

Home Atmosphere.

[1] Ten of her "conversations," dealing with the mythology of the Greeks, are reported in Caroline H. Dall's *Margaret and her Friends*. The *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, by R. W. Emerson, W. H. Channing, and J. F. Clarke, the biography by Julia Ward Howe in the *Famous Women Series*, and that by Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the *American Men of Letters Series*, are the chief authorities on Margaret Fuller and her career.

arly talent. The famous Boston Athenæum library was an outgrowth of this club; and although with the death of Mr. Emerson in 1811, the *Anthology* ceased publication, the appearance of the *North American Review*, in 1815, is regarded as a revival of the earlier magazine.

Youth and Education.

Waldo was eight years old at his father's death; and the household was in serious financial straits. There were five boys to be clothed and fed — and educated as family tradition and innate talent required. By heroic exertion and a most rigid frugality, Mrs. Emerson succeeded in realizing her ambition for her sons. It is related that one winter when times were especially hard in the family, Ralph and his brother Edward had but one great-coat between them and had to take turns in going without and in bearing the taunts of their school-fellows, calling after them — "Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?" It is said, too, that Ralph Waldo was obliged on one occasion to forego the reading of the second volume of some work drawn from a circulating library because the pennies needed to secure it were not to be spared. Yet out of the enforced economy and the life bare of material comfort, the boys emerged sweet-tempered, nobly-mannered, and with the best academic training to be had. All but one were graduates of Harvard College.

There are not many records of Emerson's school-days. He studied at the Boston Latin School, and entered Harvard at fourteen. Through his appointment as President's messenger, he had his lodging free in the President's house, and his board was paid by waiting on table in the commons. He was not conspicuous as a student, yet was always the scholar; not talkative, his utterances were well weighed, deliberate, and "with a certain flash when he uttered anything that was more than usually

worthy to be remembered."[1] Gentle and amiable, his personality lacked a little, perhaps, in masculine vigor. For mathematics, Emerson had no faculty; but in all subjects of a literary sort, he took a good stand. Like most students who develop into geniuses, he read widely in authors not prescribed in his course. He won prizes in English composition, and at his graduation, in 1821, delivered the poem for the class.

After leaving Harvard, Emerson taught for several years, at first in a suburban school for girls, kept by his brother William, where the young instructor does not seem to have been altogether charmed with the teacher's lot. It was at this time that he composed one of his most widely known poems, *Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.* The latter half of this poem is descriptive of the sylvan retreat amid the rocks and pines at Canterbury, whither Mrs. Emerson had recently removed — a district now included within the limits of Franklin Park. The lines are significant of the spirit of this nature lover at the age of twenty.

School-teacher.

> "O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
> I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
> And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
> Where the evening star so holy shines,
> I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
> At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
> For what are they all, in their high conceit,
> When man in the bush with God may meet?"

Emerson was also employed in a characteristic New England "academy" in the country near Lowell. His manner in the school-room was impressive; his self-control was perfect, he never punished except with words. His last experience as a schoolmaster was in Cambridge. Here he is remembered as appearing "every

[1] Letter from a classmate of Emerson to Dr. Holmes.

inch a king in his dominion, or rather like a captive philosopher set to tending flocks; resigned to his destiny, but not amused with its incongruities."[1]

In 1823, Emerson began studying for the ministry. Descended from a long line of ministers, deeply spiritual in nature and equally a passionate seeker after truth, full of ideals of helpfulness and philanthropy, this was the natural course; but his activities in this profession were brief. He was ordained in 1829 as associate pastor of the Second Church in Boston, the historic Old North, which in the preceding century had flourished for sixty years under the ministry of the Mathers, father and son. It was now one of the important pulpits of Unitarianism. The young minister, who in a few months became the sole incumbent, took an active interest in public affairs; he was a member of the school board and was chosen chaplain of the State Senate. He invited anti-slavery lecturers into his pulpit and helped philanthropists of all denominations in their work. Three months after his ordination, however, Emerson found himself fettered even by the liberal doctrines of the Unitarians; and in 1832, disapproving the continuance of the Lord's Supper as a permanent rite, he presented his scruples in a sermon to his parishioners. His views not receiving their support, he quietly withdrew from the church.

Theology.

The young wife, Ellen, a delicate girl of seventeen when Emerson married her soon after his ordination, died in 1831. The strain of this bereavement, combined with that of his separation from his church, affected his own health, and on Christmas Day, 1832, Emerson, urged by his friends to take a sea voyage, sailed from Boston on a small

First European Visit.

[1] Recollections of Mr. John Holmes, quoted by his brother, Dr. Holmes, in his life of Emerson.

vessel bound for the Mediterranean. He visited Italy, France, and England; and apparently found his greatest satisfaction in the opportunity thus afforded to meet the noted men whom he had long wished to see.

Coleridge he visited just one year before that writer's death; he saw Wordsworth also, then sixty-three years old, and past the time of poetical power. And then he went to see Carlyle, who was living on his lonely farm at Craigenputtock. "Of course we could do no other than welcome him," wrote Carlyle to his mother, "the rather as he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard talk to his heart's content, and left us all really sad to part with him." With this congenial introduction began the life-long friendship of the two great moralists. The Scotch essayist was seven years the senior of his guest.

Acquaintances in England.

By his translations, his essays, and his *Life of Schiller*, Carlyle had already won recognition from many like Emerson, who were deeply interested in the newly discovered fields of German literature. This was also the year, 1833, in which Carlyle was putting forth his most characteristic work, the *Sartor Resartus;* and one result of this visit was the publication of that work during the following year, in America, under the direction of Emerson.

In 1834, Ralph Waldo Emerson became a resident of Concord. For a year he lived with his mother in the old-fashioned gambrel-roofed house, built as a parsonage for his grandfather, who in his time had served the Concord church. It was this house which subsequently came to be occupied by the novelist Hawthorne, and was given fame in the title of his *Mosses from an Old Manse.* In 1835, Emerson was

Concord.

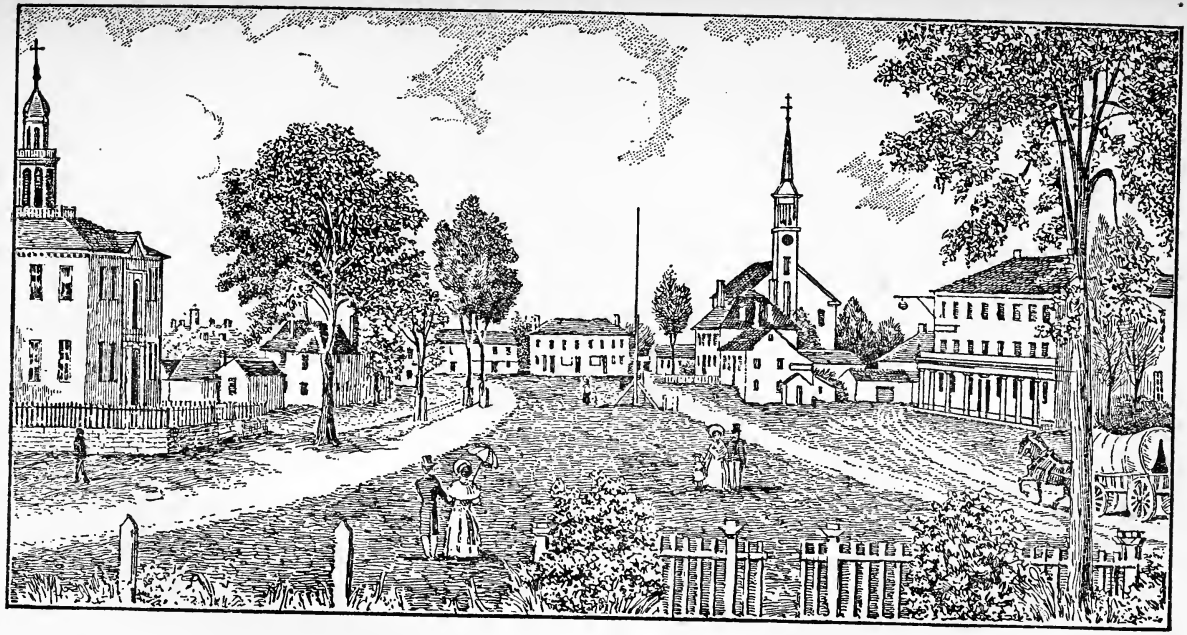
married to Miss Lidian Jackson, of Plymouth, and settled in the house, then on the edge of the town, where for almost fifty years he lived his serene and uneventful life.

The quiet village has been a famous place ever since the day when by the rude bridge the "embattled farmers" fought the British soldiers in that first conflict of the Revolutionary war; and its fame has grown more enduring because of the remarkable group of thinkers and writers who made the town their home. To Emerson, the surroundings were peculiarly attractive. From his home a path led through open fields to the shore of beautiful Walden Pond. There was plenty of space about him. Meandering through an expanse of green meadow land crept the sleepy Concord River, the Musketaquid of his poem, between its willow-bordered banks. More than all else he loved the woods; a forty-acre lot of woodland he bought by the shore of Walden that he might feel the sense of possession in it. In *My Garden* he sings its beauty and significance to him. In constant communion with Nature he wrote of her in prose and verse. To him, God was near in every form of natural life, and he loved to express in his writings the deep spiritual significance of what he saw and heard. He said: —

> "I go to the god of the wood
> To fetch his word to men.
> . . . . . .
> "There was never mystery
> But 't is figured in the flowers;
> Was never secret history
> But birds tell it in the bowers." [1]

Among his townsmen, Emerson moved a familiar and a welcome figure. His duties as a citizen and neighbor were never shirked. Everybody knew the tall, spare

[1] *The Apology*, 1834.



THE CENTRAL PART OF CONCORD IN 1837

man with the slight stoop of the shoulders, the shrewd, wise, tender face with its smile "like the mild radiance of a hidden sun." Whenever he spoke in the town hall or in Concord church, they turned out in large numbers to listen to his address with neighborly pride and due respect — if not with entire comprehension of his utterances.

Distinguished Neighbors.

There was, too, a circle of intimate friends about him, some, like Bronson Alcott and Margaret Fuller, attracted thither by the presence of one generally recognized as the ablest prophet of transcendentalism. The young and talented Thoreau, a disciple, although a very independent one, early engaged his interest. In 1842, Hawthorne came to Concord, and for five years dwelt in the Old Manse. Occasionally, too, there appeared fantastic dreamers with queer schemes of social reformation in their heads, who sought out Emerson in his retreat as if to consult the oracle at some sacred shrine. Altogether, the little New England town became closely identified with that strong intellectual movement which Emerson, more than any other American writer, had inspired.

Nature.

In 1836, there was published anonymously in Boston a little book of about a hundred pages, entitled *Nature*. This was Emerson's first characteristic utterance through the printed essay. "A reflective prose poem" is what Dr. Holmes calls it: beautiful in its exaltation of spirit, poetical, mystical, vague — incomprehensible, doubtless, to many an unsympathetic reader. It was the first public enunciation of the transcendental principles on which much of the subsequent teaching was based.

"The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we

have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs?"

This is the question which serves to start the discussion. Under the heads Commodity, Beauty, Language, and Discipline, the essayist speaks of the varied advantages which our senses owe to nature. A characteristic passage is the following: —

"In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life, — no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes), which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground, — my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, — all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God."

Nature attracted some attention, aroused some hostile criticism. Its ideas were pronounced pantheistic, and considerable ridicule was bestowed upon the transcendental notions of the Concord sage.

The American Scholar.

In the following year, 1837, Emerson delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College his famous address on *The American Scholar*, and with this notable utterance emerged clearly into the light of public recognition. This address is first of all a challenge of academic ideals in that day, and then a plea to the scholar for a larger vision of his relation to nature, a braver attitude toward the conventions inherited from the past, a stronger confidence in the sacred, the divine character of his own perception of truth, and a call to participate

in the life of his generation; — not only to think, but to live.

"The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted."

"First one, then another, we drain all cisterns, and, waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever."

"I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy, in Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low."

In sentences like these did the orator assail the authority of scholastic tradition. His words disturbed the grave dignity of many in his audience. But to the younger generation of Harvard graduates who sat under the spell of his eloquence, Emerson spoke a message of wonderful power.

"Fear always springs from ignorance."

"In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended."

"The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon."

Suggestive indeed are these words to-day; more impressive and inspiring were they then. "This grand oration was our intellectual Declaration of Independence," says Dr. Holmes. "The young men went out from it as if a prophet had been proclaiming to them, 'Thus saith the Lord!'" The oft-quoted comment of Lowell gives us a vivid impression of the effect produced by this address.

"It was an event without any parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breath-

less aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"

From this time on, Emerson was a familiar figure on the public platform. His occasional addresses were regarded as events of importance in the literary and intellectual world. The public lecture system, the "lyceum," as it was usually called, had grown into popular esteem. Throughout New England, Mr. Emerson was looked upon as the most eminent lecturer in the field. His tours were extended through the middle west as far as St. Louis; and to this day in thriving Illinois and Indiana towns, one may hear it mentioned with complacent local pride that in such or such a year Emerson spoke there. **The Lyceum.**

The unmethodical manner in which these lectures were prepared is perhaps exaggerated by those who have dwelt on this feature of Emerson's work. From his commonplace book, or journal, Emerson culled the ideas, epigrammatically recorded, which touched his theme; and thus he built the discourse — almost haphazard, it would seem to a formal writer, without the usual regard to logic or coherence in composition. Yet these sharp, short, often paradoxical sentences, weighty with truth, yet brilliant with their illuminating thought, keenly witty and delicately fanciful, made a most effective appeal to the audiences prepared to appreciate them. They stirred the minds and kindled the souls of many. It was a new voice in the land, a challenge and a prophecy, which came to have vital force in the intellectual and moral growth of thoughtful Americans in that generation. **The Lectures.**

There was no vociferousness in Emerson's lecturing. Calm, simple, almost monotonous in delivery, without gestures, he read from his notes with deliberation and

with frequent pauses; but his voice was melodious and resonant, and all agree in the charm felt by his auditors. He did not prolong his discourse to weariness; at the end of the sixty minutes, without peroration, without climax, he stopped. Lecturing he found laborious; he followed it from necessity. And yet in spite of the discomforts of long journeys and of unhomelike inns, he enjoyed, too, the freedom of expression on the platform. It more than supplied the opportunities of his old Boston pulpit, and immeasurably amplified the congregation of his hearers, for to the last Mr. Emerson remained a preacher.

The Essays.

The First Series of Emerson's *Essays* appeared in 1841. It included these now familiar discourses: *History*, *Self-Reliance*, *Compensation*, *Spiritual Laws*, *Love*, *Friendship*, *Prudence*, *Heroism*, *The Over-Soul*, *Circles*, *Intellect*, and *Art*. These were for the most part transcripts from his lectures. The favorite doctrines appear felicitously expressed.

"Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string."
"Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist."
"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."
"To be great is to be misunderstood."
"Insist on yourself; never imitate." [1]

In such compact, oracular utterances, Emerson loved to crowd his thought. Taken from their immediate setting, they appear yet more paradoxical than when read in their connection. These brief and startling epigrams illustrate both the strength and the weakness of this author's style. Many of these statements are debatable; extreme application of every precept to the general conduct could hardly result in anything but confusion and turmoil. Nevertheless, these ideas were intensely

[1] These quotations are from the essay *Self-Reliance*.

stimulating, and if they made readers think, so much the better. Agreement with the writer's thought was by no means essential. Trust thyself! was the burden of his teaching. Even to our generation these *Essays* of Emerson are illuminating and quickening epistles which have their greatest value, perhaps, in arousing and confirming a wholesome independence of mind.

The Second Series of *Essays*, published in 1844, included *The Poet*, *Experience*, *Character*, *Manners*, *Gifts*, *Nature* (a second handling of this theme), *Politics*, *Nominalist and Realist*, and *The New England Reformers*.

In 1847, a cordial invitation to address lyceum audiences in England and Scotland led to a second trip across the Atlantic. The visit was a success. Emerson delivered many lectures, was warmly received, renewed the acquaintance with Carlyle, and made many new friends. The material of these lectures appeared in 1850 under the title *Representative Men*. The opening chapter is on the uses of great men — their most efficient and enduring service being that of introducing moral truths into the general mind. The characters selected for study and interpretation are: Plato, or the Philosopher; Swedenborg, or the Mystic; Montaigne, or the Sceptic; Shakespeare, or the Poet; Napoleon, or the Man of the World, and Goethe, or the Writer. While the volume suggests a comparison with Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, it will be seen that the plan and idea of Emerson's work are entirely different from his.

Representative Men and English Traits.

In *English Traits* (1856), Emerson produced a thoughtful, appreciative, and not uncritical study of British personality and the significance of the national character. These two volumes stand by themselves as the only works of the essayist having a formal structure and definite plan.

The first collection of Emerson's poems appeared in 1846. He had been writing verse for many years, and some of his best-known compositions, *The Problem*, *Woodnotes*, *The Sphinx*, and others, had appeared in *The Dial*. Some, like the famous *Concord Hymn*, had been heard upon notable occasions. In 1867, a second collection appeared under the title *May-Day and Other Pieces*.

The Poet.

The poetry of Emerson is, as one would expect to find it, intellectual, subjective, abstract. It is unemotional and often austere. "I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature, the reporters, suburban men," Emerson had declared, writing to Carlyle. Again he had said with more of justice to his gift, "I am born a poet, of a low class, without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and my vocation." While criticism has often joined in the poet's own depreciation of his power, there are also many who find the fire of genuine poetic genius in his verse. Stedman calls him "our most typical and inspiring poet." The thought, the substance of his verse has the originality and vital strength of all his discourse; the poetical form is uneven.

Thus does Emerson write of the poet: —

"Great is the art,
Great be the manners, of the bard.
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number;
But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme.
'Pass in, pass in,' the angels say,
'In to the upper doors,
Nor count compartments of the floors,
But mount to paradise
By the stairway of surprise.'" [1]

[1] *Merlin*, 1846.

There are numerous passages of wonderful simplicity and beauty in the poetry of Emerson: lines like the familiar quatrain in *Voluntaries*,

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*";

— and the perfect lines in *Woodnotes*: —

> "Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there
> And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

In poems like *The Humble-Bee*, *The Snow-Storm*, *The Rhodora*, *Woodnotes*, *Monadnoc*, *Musketaquid*, Emerson is at his best, and ranks next to Bryant, if not as his equal, among American nature poets. He describes the northward flow of Spring with its radiant life: —

> "As poured the flood of the ancient sea
> Spilling over mountain chains,
> Bending forests as bends the sedge,
> Faster flowing o'er the plains, —
> A world-wide wave with a foaming edge
> That rims the running silver sheet." [1]

Of the dawn he writes: —

> "O tenderly the haughty day
> Fills his blue urn with fire." [2]

These are the phrases and figures of a true poet; but a large part of Emerson's verse is oracular, like the paradoxes in his prose. Hence it is that much is said derisively of such orphic breathings as we find in *The Sphinx*, and *Brahma* — with its disconcerting

[1] *May-Day.* [2] *Ode*, Concord, July 4, 1857.

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again." [1]

Subtly symbolic as this group of poems is, it appeals to the intellect, and appeals strongly when once the reader finds the key.

While Emerson never strikes the chord of passion, there is one poem — and that one of his best — wherein we feel the human heart-beat of a human grief. In 1842, the poet lost his little son, "a perfect little boy of five years and three months," he wrote Carlyle; "a few weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all." In *Threnody* we have the calm, philosophic, yet very feeling expression of the father's experience. It is not disconsolate. To him who so often interpreted to others the mystic whisperings of the great mother teacher, there comes a response from Nature's heart: —

"Saying, *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
. . . . . .
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

In War-time.

Emerson's attitude on public matters during the period of agitation preceding the Civil War is interesting. His friends in the transcendental coterie were vigorous abolitionists. With characteristic self-restraint, Emerson refrained from violent utterance. He spoke against slavery, but not aggressively

[1] It is said that a little school-girl, bidden by her teacher to learn some of Emerson's verses, recited *Brahma*. The astonished teacher inquired why she chose that poem. The child answered that she tried several, but could n't understand them at all, so learned this one, "for it was so easy. *It just means 'God everywhere.'*"

against the South. He proposed a plan to purchase the slaves from the planters, because "it is the only practical course, and is innocent." As the struggle developed, however, his position on the issue of the hour was perfectly clear. He stood with Wendell Phillips when the speakers were mobbed at a public meeting in Boston; and when the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect, January 1, 1863, he read the vigorous stanzas of his *Boston Hymn*. He paid an eloquent tribute to Lincoln in an address at Concord in April, 1865, and was the orator at the services held by Harvard College in memory of her sons fallen in the war — when Lowell read his *Commemoration Ode*.

Emerson's literary activity continued throughout a period of forty years. In 1868, 1869, and 1870, he delivered courses of lectures at Harvard which furnished the material for the volume entitled *Natural History of Intellect*. *Society and Solitude* was published in 1870. Among the twelve essays included under this title is the one on *Books*, in which occur the oft-quoted but somewhat dubious rules: "Never read any book that is not a year old. Never read any but famed books. Never read any but what you like." It is in the essay on *Civilization* of this series that we find the famous precept, "Hitch your wagon to a star!"

Later Life and Work.

The volume, *Letters and Social Aims*, appeared in 1874. *Parnassus*, a collection of poems by British and American authors, a selection made by Mr. Emerson for his own pleasure, was published in the same year. The last public address written by Emerson was that delivered at Concord, in April, 1875, on the centennial of the fight at the bridge.

In 1871, the poet visited California. Soon after his return to Concord, his house was partially destroyed by

fire. A European tour followed for relief and recreation — a tour which extended as far as Egypt. During Mr. Emerson's absence a spontaneous movement among his friends resulted in the subscription of some twelve thousand dollars — a gift which Mr. Emerson was with some difficulty prevailed upon to accept. It provided for the expense of the journey and for the restoration of the house. At the home-coming in May, 1873, the entire town of Concord assembled at the station to greet its famous and well-loved citizen. The church-bells announced his arrival, and the appearance of the train was received with the cheers of the assemblage. "Emerson appeared, surprised and touched, on the platform, and was escorted with music between two rows of smiling school-children to his house, where a triumphal arch of leaves and flowers had been erected." [1]

Last Journeys.

Already, before the events just mentioned, there had been indications of a weakening of the splendid intellectual power which had so long led the thought of that generation on the higher levels of the spirit. Memory failed, and now and then there was the pathetic spectacle of one, whose mastery of the written and spoken word had been preëminent, groping vainly for some familiar term. "I can't tell its name," he said once when he wanted an umbrella; then, with a flash of his old humor, — "but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away."

The Twilight.

But the shadows fell gently on these days of declining strength. In the spring of 1882, Mr. Emerson suffered from a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia; and after a brief illness the end came April 27, the poet recognizing his friends with a smile of greeting to the last. Upon Sunday, the thirtieth, simple and im-

[1] *Memoirs of R. W. Emerson*, J. E. Cabot.

pressive services were held in the church at Concord. The homes of the townspeople and the public buildings were draped. Emerson was buried in the village cemetery, Sleepy Hollow, at the dedication of which as a burial-place he had delivered an address. His body was laid at the foot of a tall pine, not far from the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau.

Emerson's Work.

The writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whether prose or poetry, are philosophical; but they make no attempt to set forth a comprehensive system of thought. Emerson is rather a spiritual teacher than a philosopher. Truth came to him not through an argument nor in logical progression, but in intuitions, as it does to a poet; and these keen, condensed, authoritative utterances so picturesquely expressed are self-convincing by their very form. His real philosophy was the purest idealism — an idealism which to materialistic readers appeared merely vague and mystical. He maintained that its application to conduct was the only worthy, the only practical course. This ideal he supported with an independence and a self-possession that were marvelous. We hardly appreciate now how radical he was, nor how indifferent to the views and opinions of others. To many who disputed his opinions, Emerson's attitude seemed one of insolence. This was a misinterpretation of the spirit of one who was as gentle and amiable as he was courageous. "What we admire in Emerson is not only the intellectual elevation but the moral purity and simple childlike goodness and sweetness of the man" — says a noted English essayist.[1] In his search for truth, he felt only one responsibility — the responsibility to himself. Assured of his own integrity, he stood serene and happy in absolute freedom.

This freedom of individual opinion and expression

[1] Joseph Forster, in *Four Great Teachers.*

which he claimed for himself, Emerson urged upon all; it was a cardinal point in his teaching. He taught also the simple life and practiced it. Above everything else, he believed and taught the immanence of God, the presence of divinity in all of nature and in man. He liberalized thought in America. His crisp sayings are everywhere quoted. Whatever of substantial value is discoverable in the various schemes of the "new thought" of to-day is pretty sure to go back to Emerson as its proper source. His ideas are current wherever men think seriously of life. Perhaps his greatest service to literature was the stimulus and encouragement which he gave to the youth of his own generation who followed so closely in his steps. Hawthorne came under his influence; he was the direct inspiration of Whitman; Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell felt the immediate power of his message; and, together with Emerson, these were the men who largely determined the character of American literature in the nineteenth century, and gave it such distinction as it has.

Suggestions for Reading.

Of Emerson's prose, the following essays are especially recommended: *Self-Reliance*, *Compensation*, *Books* (in *Society and Solitude*); the address, *The American Scholar*, should certainly be read and the ideas characteristic of the writer be noted. In the same way parts of the first *Nature* should be considered. The student will find in *English Traits* an interesting account of Emerson's visits with Wordsworth and Carlyle. Among the poems, some should be compared with those of Bryant's which have been read. These are particularly such nature poems as *The River*, *The Rhodora*, *The Humble-Bee*, *The Snow-Storm*, *Musketaquid*, *My Garden*, *The Titmouse*, and *Woodnotes* I and II. More directly suggestive of the poet's transcendental utterances are: *The Apology*, *Each and All*, *The Problem*, *The Sphinx*, *The Informing Spirit*, *Experience*, *Hamatreya*, *Nature* (two versions, 1844, 1849), *Days*, and

Brahma. The *Concord Hymn*, *Boston Hymn*, and *Voluntaries* are in a group by themselves, inspired by events. *Threnody* and *Terminus* are poems of experience.

The authoritative editions of Emerson's *Works* are those published by Houghton Mifflin Company. The authorized biography is the *Memoir* of Ralph Waldo Emerson, by J. B. Cabot (2 vols.). The volume on *Emerson* in the *American Men of Letters Series* is by Oliver Wendell Holmes; that in the *English Men of Letters Series* (the most recent biography) is by George E. Woodberry. Sketches and criticisms are almost numberless; it is best to mention few. The student, therefore, is referred only to the following titles: *Emerson in Concord*, by E. W. Emerson (son of R. W.); *Concord Days*, by A. Bronson Alcott, and the same author's *Ralph Waldo Emerson: An Estimate of his Character and Genius;* G. B. Bartlett's *Concord;* H. E. Scudder's *Men and Letters*, and E. P. Whipple's *Recollections of Eminent Men.* Both Lowell and George W. Curtis have delightful essays upon *Emerson Lecturing*, the former in *Literary Essays*, the latter in *The Easy Chair.* There is also a light sketch of *Emerson* (principally of Concord) in Curtis's *Literary and Social Essays.* An English estimate, most appreciative, is to be found in *Four Great Teachers*, by Joseph Forster. An excellent account of the communistic experiment in Roxbury is *Brook Farm*, by Lindsay Swift (in *National Studies in American Letters*).

III. HENRY D. THOREAU: 1817-1862.

While several of those who composed this group of transcendental thinkers in the Concord circle became more or less noted either for eccentricity or utterance, the most remarkable among them all, after Emerson, was Henry David Thoreau. A genuine lover of nature — a naturalist first of all — he was also a philosopher and a poet, too, although a crude one. He was misunderstood by most of those who knew or heard of him while he

lived, — and these were not many, — but by the inner circle of the transcendentalists he was comprehended and beloved. It is characteristic of his career that but two of his books were published in his lifetime while his published writings now number twenty volumes.

Life. Thoreau's ancestry was of mingled French and Scotch; his grandfather, John Thoreau, emigrated to New England from the island of Jersey about 1773, and settled in Concord in 1800. Henry Thoreau's father was a maker of lead pencils, and was in rather poor circumstances. Nevertheless Henry received a classical education and was graduated from Harvard in 1837, at the age of twenty. If he won distinction in any of his studies it was in Greek, in which he was especially proficient. He taught for a while, but for the most part he made his living by surveying and by making pencils. He also lectured from time to time, and on his father's death he continued the little business of pencil-manufacturing, which included a small trade in plumbago. He was thoroughly original and independent. Strongly American, he was yet more strongly idealistic in his conceptions of conduct and citizenship. He refused to pay the old parish tax which was then still exacted, and spent one night in jail because he would not pay his poll-tax on account of the government's permission of slavery. When Emerson came to the cell with the inquiry, "Henry, why are you here?" Thoreau received him with the question, "Why are you *not* here?" He was a friend of John Brown; and declared that "any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already." He regarded only what was necessary as desirable. "A man is rich," he said, "in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." His acquaintance with Emerson began early. He was for a time a member of his household, and during Emerson's visit to England

in 1847, Thoreau occupied his house and took charge of affairs during his absence.

Concerning Thoreau's qualifications as a naturalist, Emerson has this to say: —

"He knew the country like a fox or a bird and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. . . . Under his arm he carried an old music-book to press plants; in his pocket his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife and twine. He wore straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers, to brave shrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. . . . His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. . . . Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole. His intimacy with animals suggested . . . that 'either he had told the bees things, or the bees had told him.' Snakes coiled round his leg, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters." [1]

The Naturalist.

In 1845, Thoreau built for himself a cabin on the shore of Walden Pond, and here for two years he lived, cultivating potatoes, corn, and beans sufficient for his subsistence, recording his observations of all natural phenomena, and transcribing from his journal the narrative of an excursion taken with his brother in 1839. It is this experience in his life with its subsequent record which has more than anything else aroused interest in the personality of Thoreau. "My purpose in going to Walden Pond," he says, "was not to live cheaply nor to live dearly there, but to transact

The Hermitage.

[1] From the *Biographical Sketch*, by R. W. Emerson, pp. 18–21.

some private business with the fewest obstacles." He did not by any means discard human society; he made frequent trips through the woods to his home in Concord and received many visitors at his hut. The simplicity and freedom of this unconventional life and its nearness to the heart of nature were his delight. He was handy with the axe and with all tools. He philosophized as he hoed his beans in the early morning.

"When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios."

Walden, or Life in the Woods, contains the story and the thought of these two years; it reveals Thoreau at his best and has long since become an American classic. The book was published in 1854.

The Week.

An earlier volume had appeared in 1849, the preparation of which had formed no small part of that "private business" which had induced Thoreau's retirement to the hut on Walden Pond. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* is the title of the volume, and the voyage which is the basis of its chapters had occurred ten years previous, when its author, two years out of college, together with his brother, in a boat built by their own hands, had explored the courses of these beautiful streams. Richly descriptive, the *Week* is also full of the philosophy of Thoreau, sometimes expanded into essay-like proportions, sometimes expressed in queer, crude lines of verse which somehow suggest the rhyming of an ancient bard; for example: —

"Conscience is instinct bred in the house;
Feeling and Thinking propagate the sin
By an unnatural breeding in and in.
I say, Turn it outdoors,
Into the moors.
I love a life whose plot is simple,
And does not thicken with every pimple,
A soul so sound no sickly conscience binds it,
That makes the universe no worse than 't finds it."[1]

It is in his prose that the essayist oftenest shows himself a poet.

"It required some rudeness to disturb with our boat the mirror-like surface of the water, in which every twig and blade of grass was so faithfully reflected; too faithfully indeed for art to imitate, for only Nature may exaggerate herself. The shallowest still water is unfathomable. Wherever the trees and skies are reflected, there is more than Atlantic depth, and no danger of fancy running aground. We notice that it required a separate intention of the eye, a more free and abstracted vision, to see the reflected trees and the sky, than to see the river bottom merely; and so are there manifold visions in the direction of every object, and even the most opaque reflect the heavens from their surface. Some men have their eyes naturally intended to the one and some to the other object."[2]

Less than three hundred copies of the thousand comprising this first edition were sold; the remainder were thrown on the author's hands after four years' mute appeal in the bookstores. "I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes," Thoreau wrote in his diary; "over 700 of which I wrote myself. Is it not well that the author should behold the fruit of his labor?"

Yet Thoreau continued to write. Shortly after leaving college he had begun to keep a journal which was both diary and commonplace book; and this journal he continued throughout his life. From this source he

[1] Riverside Edition, p. 94. [2] Riverside Edition, p. 59.

drew the material of the *Week* and of *Walden* as well as of his posthumous books and his lectures, essays, and addresses. The journal was also drawn upon by others after his death to make books and magazine articles, and in 1906 was published in its entirety in fourteen volumes.

Essays and Excursions.

Various articles by Thoreau were published in *The Dial* and, through the friendship and assistance of Horace Greeley, in the New York magazines as well as in the *Tribune* itself. Thoreau made other excursions to the Maine woods, to Canada, to Cape Cod; and these furnished fresh material for observation and comment in his journal. He never married, he lived simply and unconventionally in his own independent way. Probably because of exposure — for he gave little heed to the elements — he developed consumption, and died in his forty-fifth year, at his home in Concord.

The ground of Thoreau's more recent popularity has been well summarized by Professor Trent: —

Present Place in Literature.

"The years have favored him more than they have any of his friends in *The Dial* group. Mankind has returned more and more to nature, and at the same time has shown a preference for the minute, semi-scientific, semipoetic treatment of her which Thoreau was supereminently qualified to give, over the rhapsodical, pantheistic treatment illustrated in the writings of Emerson and other transcendentalists, American and British."[1]

Authorities.

The life of Thoreau in the *American Men of Letters Series* is by F. B. Sanborn; a more serviceable biography is that by Henry S. Salt, in the *Great Writers Series*. *Thoreau: His Home, Friends, and Books*, by Annie Russell Marble, is a more intimate relation. A *Biographical Sketch* by Emerson is prefixed to Thoreau's *Miscellanies*.

[1] Trent's *American Literature*, p. 337.

IV. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: 1804–1864.

In the historic town of Salem, well remembered for its sad delusion concerning witchcraft in colonial times, and better famed in New England tradition for many brighter and happier events, Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, July 4, 1804. William Hathorne,[1] first of the line to appear in the colony, was an associate of Governor Winthrop, and was known as a persecutor of the Quakers; John, his son, was a judge, and left an unenviable reputation as a bitter searcher out of "witches," relentless in the treatment of his victims. Many of the Hawthornes were seafaring men — for during those years Salem was a thriving seaport and practically controlled the rich East Indian trade. Nathaniel's grandfather commanded a privateer in Revolutionary times and figures as the hero of the ballad on *Bold Hathorne.* The novelist's own father, also Nathaniel, was captain of a ship at an early age; he died at Surinam only four years after his son was born. From the shock of this event Mrs. Hawthorne never recovered. To the end of her life, forty years afterward, she lived in seclusion, rarely emerging from her room, even taking her meals apart from her children.

Hawthorne's Childhood.

Under these peculiar conditions the child who was destined to take his place as the foremost writer of fiction in America, and one of the world's great romancers, passed into boyhood. It is not surprising that peculiarities of temperament were developed, or that even as a child he was lonely, sensitive, and shy. When Nathaniel was nine years old, the family lived for a time in Maine. Their home was on the shore of Sebago Lake, in a region that was then almost wild,

[1] The name was spelled Hathorne or Hawthorne, according to fancy, down to the time of the author's own generation.

where the boy enjoyed a freedom like that of the birds, but where the inclination for solitude was intensified.

At College.

When Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College, in 1821, his habits of seclusion were in a measure broken. He was a healthy, hearty youth, slender, but finely built, handsome and athletic. His comrades called him "Oberon." Here were begun two intimate and lifelong friendships that had no slight influence in his later career: the friendships with Horatio Bridge and Franklin Pierce, later President of the United States. With Longfellow, also a classmate, Hawthorne seems to have had rather a slight acquaintance; but this was cordially renewed in later years. The future story-teller was already meditating the possibility of a literary career; in the dedication of one of his volumes to his friend Bridge, he speaks of the fact. The passage gives us such a pleasing glimpse of these college days and intimacies that it deserves quoting: —

"If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but, while we were lads together at a country college, — gathering blueberries, in study-hours, under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs, as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trouts in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering river-ward through the forest, — though you and I will never cast a line in it again, — two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us, — still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny, that he was to be a writer of fiction." [1]

[1] Dedication of *The Snow-Image and Other Tales*, published in 1851.

A VIEW IN SALEM ABOUT 1840

Hawthorne was graduated in the class of 1825. It is matter of record that while in college his superiority in English composition was recognized by his instructors; it is also clear from the passage quoted that at least one of his classmates already discerned the promise of the future in the gifts of imagination, insight, and budding genius.

Salem.

The ensuing ten years were spent by Hawthorne in his native city. His mother and sisters had again established themselves in their former home, and the peculiar habits of seclusion that had so colored Nathaniel's childhood were now resumed. The young man became a recluse. His meals were left before the locked door of his room, from which he issued chiefly at night. However there were days when he paced, solitary, the breezy pastures of Salem Neck, which juts forth a mile or two out upon the island-strewn bay; sometimes he turned toward the western suburbs, where he might stray for miles, uninterrupted and alone, over pasture roads bordered with sumach and barberry, or follow the upland ridge to the spot associated with gloomy memories of the fanatical severity of old Judge Hathorne and his associates in the witchcraft period, — the low eminence of Gallows Hill. We must not think, however, that it was Hawthorne's desire to shun all human society. He trod the narrow winding streets of the ancient town with no slight stirrings of affection for the associations of the present and the past. He joined the groups of fishermen loafing around their drying nets or sun-bleached lobster traps; he mingled with sailor-men in their lounging-places, listening with an appreciative ear to their salty conversation. Of course Hawthorne had his acquaintance in the city; but he was strangely diffident, reserved, and silent; many thought him morose.

It was a dreary ten years in his existence. "We do not even live at our house," he once exclaimed pathetically.

Yet Hawthorne was not idle. Shut in his chamber, he studied regularly if not systematically, and read widely. It was a period of reflection and experiment. In his lonely chamber he pondered and brooded. "Here my mind and character were formed," he wrote in 1840. "And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, — at least till I were in my grave. . . . By and by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth."[1]

He wrote — wrote much; and burned much of what he wrote. His first venture in print was a novel, crude and not especially suggestive of the works that followed. This was *Fanshawe*, published anonymously in 1828. It is a product of the first graduate years; its scene is laid at "Harley College" and its characters are reminiscent of academic days. The book was suppressed by its author afterward, but, in 1879, was republished.

The Tales.

With his sketches and short stories, the young author had better success. In these the note of originality was clearly struck, and their style, wonderfully delicate and refined, speedily commanded attention and praise, although their audience was limited. They were published in the annuals (several appeared in the *Boston Token*, edited by S. G. Goodrich, far-famed in that day under the pen name of "Peter Parley," as the author and compiler of books for children), in the *Salem Gazette*, and in the *New England Magazine*. In 1837, by the kindly interest, unknown to Hawthorne, of his classmate, Horatio Bridge, the first collection was published under the title *Twice-*

[1] *American Note-Books*, October 4, 1840.

Told Tales. Here were gathered the historical sketches, *The Gray Champion* and *The May-Pole of Merry-mount;* the strange study of *Wakefield*, the man who could not enter his own home; the delightful and now familiar *Rill from the Town Pump;* the allegories, *Fancy's Show Box*, *The Great Carbuncle*, and *The Prophetic Pictures*, — so suggestive of Hawthorne's fondness for symbolism; as a boy he had counted *The Faerie Queene* and *Pilgrim's Progress* among his favorite books. Here also was the pathetic story of *The Gentle Boy*, and, with others, the characteristic tale, *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.* The future work of the romancer was fairly foreshadowed in this representative collection.

Correspondence with Longfellow.

The *Twice-Told Tales* attracted favorable notice and sold to the extent of six or seven hundred copies. Longfellow made the volume the basis of an appreciative article in the *North American Review;* and a friendly correspondence followed. Writing to Longfellow in June, 1837, Hawthorne speaks with strong feeling of his hermit-like existence during the past ten years.

"I have secluded myself from society; and yet I never meant any such thing, nor dreamed what sort of life I was going to lead. I have made a captive of myself, and put me into a dungeon and now I cannot find the key to let myself out, — and if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out. . . . For the last ten years, I have not lived, but only dreamed of living." [1]

But the dreamer was already beginning to participate in the joy of life. Under romantic circumstances, Hawthorne had made acquaintance with Miss Sophia Peabody — an acquaintance that soon ripened into love;

[1] The entire letter is worthy of quotation; it is given in Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne*, p. 175.

and in the glow of this experience, the ice of diffidence and reserve was melted.

The Boston Custom-House.

As we have already seen, the administration of President Van Buren, in its appointments to official positions, was noticeably helpful to men of literary talents. George Bancroft, the historian, was at this time collector of the port at Boston; in 1839, Nathaniel Hawthorne was made a weigher and gauger in the Boston custom-house. It is pathetic to think of genius thus compelled to labor for existence in uncongenial employment while his pen remains idle, but this was the experience of Robert Burns, and many others. So for two years the author of the *Twice-Told Tales* discharged his duties faithfully, weighing cargoes of salt or measuring coal — as he once described — "on board a black little British schooner." Narrow though it was, the experience may have been not unhelpful in its opportunity for practical contact with men.

Brook Farm.

Then came the year spent in the idealistic community at Brook Farm. Hawthorne was not a transcendentalist in the strict sense of the term, but this experiment in simple living, conjoined with high thinking, appealed to him; association with those who formed the colony would be profitable, and possibly here he might find a congenial location for a permanent home after his marriage, which was to occur in the following year. With hearty zeal, he entered into the life of the community. He performed his share in all the labor of the farm — and it was strenuous enough.

"At the first glimpse of fair weather," he writes to his sister, soon after arriving, "Mr. Ripley summoned us into the cow-yard, and introduced me to an instrument with four prongs, commonly entitled a dung-fork. With this tool I have already assisted to load twenty or thirty carts. . . . Besides I have

planted potatoes and pease, cut straw and hay for the cattle, and done various other mighty works."

His sister, sympathetic and practical, wrote, in reply to another letter of similar tenor, — "What is the use of burning your brains out in the sun, if you can do something better with them?" Possibly Hawthorne himself became somewhat doubtful of the desirability of prolonging the experience; at all events, before the twelvemonth was quite up he withdrew from this interesting circle of enthusiasts, whose characteristics and plans have been described in a former chapter.[1] In the *American Note-Books*, we find many picturesque details of this experience, and in his *Blithedale Romance*, written ten years later, the community life is presented as the background of the fiction.

The Old Manse.

In 1842, — when Hawthorne was thirty-eight, — occurred his marriage to Miss Peabody, and their settlement in the "Old Manse" at Concord. Here for four years they lived happy and hopeful, in spite of the really straitened circumstances, due to slender income from literary work. But Hawthorne wrote busily, encouraged by evidences that his work was recognized and appreciated more and more widely as its volume increased. The second collection of the *Twice-Told Tales* appeared in 1842. *The Journal of an African Cruiser* (1845) was edited for his friend Horatio Bridge, who had entered the American Navy and whose log-books supplied the material of this narrative. The stories and sketches produced during this period were published collectively in 1846, under the happily chosen title *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Although he never wholly lost his habit of reserve, — the tendency to aloofness which was in his nature, — Hawthorne was no longer a recluse. He met Emerson more or less frequently, al-

[1] See page 152.

though he "sought nothing from him as a philosopher." He listened courteously to the conversation of Margaret Fuller and the other members of that distinguished coterie; but he writes in his *Note-Books* most enthusiastically of excursions with Ellery Channing and Thoreau, "when we cast aside all irksome forms and straight-laced habitudes, and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the Indians or any less conventional race, during one bright semicircle of the sun."

In the Custom-House at Salem.

This pleasant period of our author's life was terminated in 1846 by an appointment to the surveyorship at the custom-house in Salem. Once more the Hawthornes were domiciled in the city of their birth. There were two children in the household, a daughter, Una, born in Concord, and Julian, well known as a writer in our own day, whose birth occurred in Boston just before the removal to Salem. It is in his companionship with these children, gayly, even boisterously participating in their sports and pastimes, that we catch our pleasantest glimpses of Hawthorne in this period. In 1849, following his enforced retirement from office, — the result of political schemes, — Hawthorne wrote *The Scarlet Letter*.

The Scarlet Letter.

Although Hawthorne's reputation as a writer of tales was already well established, it was through this remarkable novel that his mastery in the field of romantic fiction was really revealed. In this narrative the inheritance of ancestral tradition is easily perceived; so, too, the influence of the old New England religious atmosphere. The fact of sin and its effects on the soul, the workings of conscience, the problems of repentance and atonement, — these are the themes with which Hawthorne works in the strong and impressive narrative of Hester Prynne, the young minister, Arthur Dimmesdale, and the elfish child, little Pearl. The

sombre background of Puritan bigotry and persecution affords a setting as effective as it is appropriate. In construction and form it is beautifully developed, while its verbal style is exceptional in its delicacy and beauty. "The finest piece of imaginative writing yet put forth in this country;" so Henry James describes it.[1] The essay on *The Custom-House*, prefatory to the novel, is one of the most charming of Hawthorne's sketches. The picture of his associates at the seat of custom, humorous and ironical in tone, was, perhaps, too true to life to be relished; at all events (when this essay was read by his fellow citizens) irritation followed, and there was a general expression of hostility toward the novelist. He soon removed from Salem.

At Lenox.

For a year and a half the Hawthornes lived in Lenox, among the Berkshire Hills, — the beautiful region in western Massachusetts where William Cullen Bryant had passed his early years. Here Hawthorne wrote *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), the only one of his romances the scene of which is actually laid in Salem. This novel, thought by its author to be a greater work than *The Scarlet Letter*, is recognized as one of his best productions, although not placed above its predecessor. The working out of an ancient curse invoked upon the head of a family line is the theme of the romance.

The Children's Stories.

It must not be forgotten that this writer of weird tales and of sombre romance was also a successful story-teller for children, and that his essays in this field are still favorites among the children's classics. Here belong the earlier collections, like *Grandfather's Chair* (1841) and *Biographical Stories* (1842), which have not been previously mentioned. From the grim pages of *The House of the Seven Gables*,

[1] *Life of Hawthorne* (*English Men of Letters Series*).

Hawthorne now turned to the preparation of the delightful *Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys* (1852); and here, with a fascinating freshness of style, simply, yet beautifully, he recounts the Greek myths of Midas, Pandora, of Hercules in Quest of the Golden Apples, Bellerophon and the Chimera, of Baucis and Philemon, of Perseus and Medusa. A second series of classical myths presented in the same entertaining manner appeared in *Tanglewood Tales* (1853).

The Blithedale Romance.

During a brief temporary residence in West Newton, Hawthorne wrote *The Blithedale Romance*, not one of his most attractive works. It is a sombre tale, but commands a peculiar interest because reminiscent of the sojourn at Brook Farm and some of its associations. The romance was not published until the following year (1852), when the Hawthornes were once more living in Concord, where the novelist had bought a cottage, — it was the home of the Alcotts, — to which the name of "The Wayside" was now given. Unhappily this house is not associated with the creation of any noteworthy work.

Consulship at Liverpool.

In 1852, the writer of romances took time to prepare a campaign biography — a life of his old classmate and ever loyal friend, Franklin Pierce. Following Pierce's election as President, Hawthorne was formally appointed United States Consul at Liverpool, and in July, 1853, sailed with his family for England. There he remained until he resigned his office in 1857. No literary work marks this period of four years' English residence, except the usual minute record of observation and experience comprised in Hawthorne's interesting note-books.

The next two years were passed in Italy, mainly in Rome. It was for the most part a pleasing and illuminating sojourn. The associations with American resi-

dents, notably with Story, the sculptor, were stimulating. The serious illness of the daughter, Una, cast a cloud upon the last few months of the stay in Rome, yet here Hawthorne collected the material for what was to prove his last and most popular romance. During a summer in Florence, the family occupied a romantic villa "with a moss-grown tower" which had the reputation of being haunted. "I mean to take it away bodily and clap it into a romance which I have in my head," Hawthorne wrote in his notebooks; and thus was Hilda's airy nest in *The Marble Faun* projected. In the spring of 1859, the Hawthornes returned to England, where the new romance was completed. It was published in England in the early part of 1860, under the title *Transformation*, and simultaneously in America as *The Marble Faun*. The Hawthornes then came home.

Italy and The Marble Faun.

The story of *The Marble Faun*, again, is psychological; it deals with the development of a soul under the influence of a committed sin. The central figure is that of Donatello, a youth whose resemblance to the sculptured faun of Praxiteles is so marked as to suggest that he himself is but half human, his free and apparently irresponsible nature confirming the suspicion. Through participation in a crime, the soul of Donatello appears to be awakened, and we infer that his humanity begins in the self-revelation which follows his sin. The effects of this act upon characters of contrasted types is subtly worked out: upon Miriam, the chief actor in the crime; upon Hilda, who is only a witness, but whose intensely moral soul — puritan of the puritans that she is — suffers most keenly of all. The pure-minded, sweet-souled Hilda, feeding the doves as they flock daily about her ancient tower, and in her hour of self-torture groping for relief from the sense of

contamination which comes only from her knowledge of another's crime, — this is, for most readers, the most attractive character in the book. There is much concerning Italian art in *The Marble Faun*, at least much concerning sculpture; this fact and also the circumstance that historic spots are picturesquely described, have made something of a glorified guide-book of the romance, and have enhanced its value in the eyes of many. But Hawthorne is not a sound critic of art. *The Marble Faun* should be read for its story and its characters, and the problems they present.

Closing Years.

Once more the romancer and his family occupied "The Wayside." Full recognition of Hawthorne's peculiar genius had been won; among American writers he was regarded essentially the foremost. Yet the four years of life remaining were not very happy ones. Various circumstances and events conspired to create depression and to recall the old spirit of aloofness and reserve. His daughter, Rose,[1] at this period ten or twelve years old, gives this description of her father: —

"I always felt a great awe of him, — a tremendous sense of his power. His large eyes, liquid with blue and white light and deep with dark shadows, told me, even when I was very young, that he was in some respects different from other people. . . . We were usually a silent couple when off for a walk together, or when we met by chance in the household. . . . I longed myself to hear the splendidly grotesque fairy tales . . . which Una and Julian had reveled in when our father had been at leisure in Lenox and Concord."

Hawthorne was greatly agitated by the breaking out of civil war. His politics identified him with the un-

[1] Rose Hawthorne became the wife of George P. Lathrop, biographer of Hawthorne.

popular party in the North, and his stanch loyalty to his friend Pierce, then in disfavor, seemed to arouse in a degree public sentiment against himself. From his English note-books he had culled material which was published under the title *Our Old Home*, in 1863; this volume, in spite of some protests from his friends, he insisted upon dedicating to Franklin Pierce. The appropriateness of the dedication is easily seen; and probably it was appreciated by most of Hawthorne's readers then; still the novelist felt somewhat the stigma of personal unpopularity. He became despondent and his splendid health rapidly declined. He could not advance with the literary work in hand. He made a journey to Washington with his intimate friend, Ticknor, the publisher, in the endeavor to shake off his weariness and depression. Ticknor died suddenly in Philadelphia, and Hawthorne returned, very ill. Early in May, 1864, Mr. Pierce proposed that his former classmate should accompany him on a tour through the White Mountains, and the novelist left his home in Concord with a last farewell. At a hotel in Plymouth, New Hampshire, after his journey, Hawthorne retired to rest — and fell asleep.

On the 23d of May, the body of our great romance-writer was laid in the village burial-place at Concord, a most distinguished company following to the grave. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes were in the group. They were all his friends and admirers of his genius. The manuscript of the unfinished work, *The Dolliver Romance*, was laid on the coffin. It was this funeral which inspired Longfellow's tender tribute to Hawthorne: —

> "Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
> Dimly my thought defines;
> I only see — a dream within a dream —
> The hill-top hearsed with pines.

"I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told." [1]

After Publications.

The appearance of Hawthorne's writings did not cease with his death. The note-books, so continuously and so carefully kept, have been drawn upon, and much of their material published. *Passages from the American Note-Books* (1868), *English Note-Books* (1870), and *French and Italian Note-Books* (1871) have thus appeared. In 1872, the romance, *Septimius Felton*, unrevised and therefore unfinished, was published. A few fragmentary scenes from *The Dolliver Romance* were included in a volume with other hitherto unpublished pieces in 1876. The youthful production, *Fanshawe*, was reprinted. Another unfinished romance, *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, was issued in 1883, together with more sketches, tales, and studies. In the same year there appeared an edition of the *Complete Works*.

Place in Literature.

Hawthorne's place in our literature is established: he is the most commanding figure that America has produced in the field of romance. The universal superiority of his genius has been challenged by more than one critic; yet others have granted him the highest distinction even in this broader field. Henry James describes him as "the most beautiful and most eminent representative of a literature; . . . in the field of letters . . . the most valuable example of the American genius." [2] Some points in comparison may be help-

[1] *Hawthorne*, H. W. Longfellow.

[2] *Life of Hawthorne* (*English Men of Letters Series*).

ful. It is obvious that he is altogether original; Irving, in his sketches, was as obviously working after earlier English models. Hawthorne's peculiar choice of theme — the study of influences, supernatural in the noblest sense, acting on the human soul in its development — lifts his effort to a much higher plane than was reached by Cooper, admirable story-teller that he was. Hawthorne's one contemporary rival in the domain of the short story was Edgar Allan Poe; while Hawthorne lacks the intensity and passion of Poe, he also escapes the morbidness which mars the beauty of Poe's art. In spite of occasional vagueness in outline and in details, together with an inclination to allegory which is perhaps too mechanical to be accepted as one of the best methods of literary art, Nathaniel Hawthorne is emphatically our greatest master in romantic fiction; and in that peculiar field in which he worked he remains unique.

The volume of his production is by no means small. We count but four successful romances completed; one of these, however, *The Scarlet Letter*, is acknowledged by all critics to be the strongest work of fiction yet produced in America, and two of the other three, *The House of Seven Gables* and *The Marble Faun*, are admirable examples of narrative art. But Hawthorne's numerous tales and sketches must also be taken into account. Many of them stand forth with marks of high distinction. *The Gentle Boy*, *The Snow-Image*, *The Great Stone Face*, *The Ambitious Guest*, — these are fine examples of the short story, as then conceived, in quiet tone; *Wakefield*, *Ethan Brand*, *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, *Roger Malvin's Burial*, *Young Goodman Brown*, *The White Old Maid*, and *Rappaccini's Daughter* have the weirdness and the fantasy of more pronounced romance. The historical sketches like *The Gray Champion*, *The May-*

Pole of Merrymount, and the *Legends of the Province House* are unsurpassed in their kind. The allegories like *Fancy's Show Box*, *The Birthmark*, and *Earth's Holocaust* perhaps do not call for especial praise, but the sketches based on realities, of which we should note particularly *A Rill from the Town Pump*, *Main Street*, *The Old Manse*, and the essay on *The Custom-House*, are well worthy of admiration.

It is a wonderful collection — the product of a wonderful imagination, fantastic, sometimes grotesque, always subtle, always expressing itself in a style of the utmost delicacy and charm. Hawthorne was ever an idealist. Whether it was a result of his "tendency to aloofness," his early years of solitude and contemplation, or not, he had somehow received the gift of insight which showed him the human heart. Certainly he achieved in unusual degree the story-teller's art.

Suggestions for Reading.

The reader may make his own selection from the various groups of Hawthorne's tales mentioned in preceding paragraphs; but on no account should he miss the introductory essays which accompany *Mosses from an Old Manse* and *The Scarlet Letter;* he will also find it interesting and worth while to dip here and there in the *American Note-Books*.

Authorities.

While Julian Hawthorne's *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife* will rank as chief authority, *A Study of Hawthorne*, by George Parsons Lathrop, will prove more generally useful, and the admirable brief sketch of Hawthorne (in the *Beacon Biographies*) by Mrs. Fields may be used to good advantage. Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's *Memories of Hawthorne*, and the *Recollections of Hawthorne*, by Horatio Bridge, are especially recommended. Henry James is the author of the *Hawthorne* in the *English Men of Letters Series* and Moncure D. Conway of that in the *Great Writers Series*. In *Yesterdays with Authors*, by James T. Fields, and the essays *Hawthorne* and *The Works of Nathaniel Haw-*

thorne, by George W. Curtis (*Literary and Social Essays*), will be found picturesque and suggestive glimpses of this strange personality. Professor Trent's *American Literature* contains a most comprehensive study of Hawthorne's literary work. The only editions of Hawthorne's complete works are published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

V. EDGAR ALLAN POE: 1809–1849.

Four and a half years after the date of Hawthorne's birth, there was born in Boston another child of eccentric genius, — like the lonely orphaned boy in Salem destined to literary fame as a dreamer of romance, — and, alas, destined also to a career unique in the history of American letters for its brevity, its pathos, and its tragedy.

Parentage.

Edgar Allan Poe was born January 19, 1809. That his birth occurred in Boston was due to the fact that his parents, members of a theatrical company, were filling an engagement in that city when the event occurred. David Poe, the father of the child, was a Southerner, a native of Baltimore, where the Poes were people of character and standing. Connection with the parental home had ceased, however, when the young man had recklessly pushed his law-books aside for an uncertain career upon the stage. He was never a brilliant actor; the lady whom he married was by far his superior in their profession, and possessed the more vigorous personality of the two. It was from his mother that Edgar inherited his artistic temperament; while the prevailing weaknesses of the boy's later life, it is safe to assert, were a natural inheritance from his father. Within a year of Edgar's birth, his father died, and a year or two later Mrs. Poe also died, at Richmond, Virginia, in poverty, leaving three young children to the charity of friends. A Mrs. Allan, wife

of a tobacco merchant of Richmond, had become interested in the suffering family, and took Edgar into her home.

The black-eyed, curly-haired boy, handsome and precocious, soon won his way into the affections of Mr. and Mrs. Allan. He was given the name of his foster parents, was made the pet of the household, and treated with a degree of indulgence far from wise. One of his accomplishments was the ability to declaim childish speeches before the dinner guests, when the table was cleared for dessert, and to pledge the health of the company in wine — "with roguish grace." **The Adopted Child.**

In 1815, Mr. Allan went to England, taking his family with him. Edgar, then six years old, was placed in the Manor House School, in a suburb of London, and there he remained five years. The associations of this period left a strong and not unpleasant impression on the boy's memory; they are recalled with some detail in the story *William Wilson.* At this old and typical English school, the youth was brought in contact with much that was ancient, with many reminders of great historic characters and events. He studied Latin and French, participated in all outdoor sports, and, before the close of his residence, had begun to write occasional verse. The principal of the school had "remarked nothing in Edgar Allan, as he was called, except that he was clever, but spoilt by 'an extravagant amount of pocket money.'" [1] **School-Days.**

Upon the return of the family to America in 1820, the boy continued his studies at a private school in Richmond, where he appeared to be a quick and brilliant pupil, although not always steady or accurate in scholarship. He excelled in athletics, was a skillful

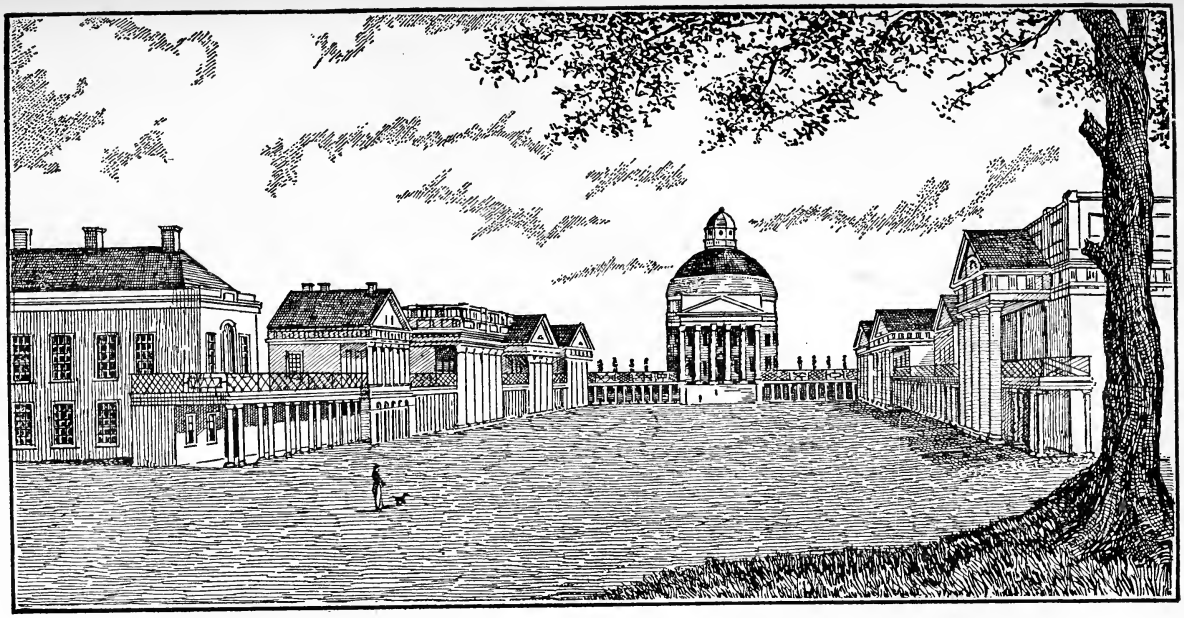
[1] Woodberry's *Edgar Allan Poe*, p. 19.

boxer and a daring swimmer; having, it is said, one hot June day, swum six miles in the James River, against a strong tide. Like Byron, he was very proud of this accomplishment.

The University of Virginia had been opened under the patronage of Thomas Jefferson in 1825. At the beginning of 1826, Poe, then seventeen, placed his name upon the register of students. In the convivial atmosphere of undergraduate fellowship, habits of irresponsibility and reckless indulgence were easily acquired. To such habits this proud, impulsive, and highly strung youth was especially susceptible. At the same time there was a reserve and a self-absorption that checked intimacy. His classmates hardly knew him except as a person of high spirit. His favorite diversion was to wander off for a long, solitary ramble among the outlying hills of the Ragged Mountains, giving rein to his fancy and returning to his associates with some wild romance, — story or poem, — which he would recite for their pleasure. He was fairly regular in attendance on the exercises, and at the end of the year secured honors in French and Latin. He had also, unfortunately, accumulated gambling debts to a large amount, and when the year closed, Mr. Allan withdrew Poe from the University, refused to pay the debts thus incurred, and set the young man at work in his counting-room. Smarting under a sense of injustice in the severity of his foster father's treatment, Poe ran away to Boston and enlisted in the army under the name of E. A. Perry. But he first secured the publication of his earliest volume, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, which appeared in the spring of 1827.

The University.

Poe's record in the service was an honorable one. In two years' time he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, for merit. Then occurred the death



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA ABOUT 1830

of Mrs. Allan, and this brought a reconciliation. Mr. Allan secured Edgar's release from the service in January, 1829, and not long thereafter obtained his appointment as a cadet in the military academy at West Point. Poe entered the academy in July, and for a time performed his duties with credit. Then he became discontented and despondent, neglected all obligations, was court-martialed and dismissed, in January, 1831. This made the breach with Mr. Allan complete and final.

The Army and West Point.

A second edition of his poems had been published by Poe at Richmond, while waiting for his appointment to the academy in 1829. There had been additions to the volume issued at Boston, two years before. *Al Aaraaf*, a vague and mystical poem, the longest of Poe's compositions, was added to the first collection. It reflects the influence of Shelley, as the earlier poem, *Tamerlane*, suggests the influence of Byron. After the dismissal from West Point, a third edition, entitled simply *Poems* (1831), was brought out by Poe in New York. Here were included some of his finest compositions: *To Helen*, *Israfel*, *The City in the Sea*, *Lenore*, and *The Valley of Unrest*.[1] Already his verse had acquired its haunting music — already found its note of melancholy.

Poetry.

Now began Poe's struggle with fate. The panorama of his "most stormy life"[2] is a lurid one. A hurried glimpse will be sufficient. For two or three years he made his home in Baltimore with his father's sister, Mrs. Clemm. He wrote for magazines and did all kinds of literary hackwork. The romantic tales were now begun, and one of these, *MS. found in a Bottle*, secured, in 1833, a prize of one hundred dollars offered by a weekly

[1] Several of these poems were subsequently altered and improved.

[2] See Poe's poem *Alone*.

literary paper in Baltimore. This success brought Poe some timely friends who helped him to an editorial position on the *Southern Literary Messenger* at a salary of $500. This magazine was published at Richmond, whither Poe now returned.

Editorial Work.

To the *Messenger* Poe contributed a few tales and poems, none of which is now recognized as of more than minor importance. But it was as a critic that Poe now startled the readers — and the writers — of that day. There had been some attempts at literary criticism by American writers before this; an article by Bryant in the *North American Review*, in 1818, has already been mentioned,[1] and there were some literary studies written about the same time by Richard Henry Dana, which are properly termed critical; but there had been no such outspoken and vigorous reviews as were now produced by Poe. The noteworthy fact concerning them is not that they were trenchant, but that they were based upon certain definite principles of criticism, formulated by Poe, and consistently followed by him in his own literary work. It is an evidence of the intellectual versatility of the poet that he appears conspicuously in this field also — and as a pioneer. The *Literary Messenger* now came to be recognized as one of the leading magazines of the country, if not the foremost; and Poe's prospects appeared very bright. In 1836 he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, the beautiful and talented child-wife — then not quite fourteen years of age — whom with passionate devotion the poet loved and cherished until her pathetic and miserable death in 1847. But the journalistic career which had begun so promisingly was interrupted by the habits of indulgence which were to prove the ruin of Poe. In January, 1837, he lost his position on the *Messenger*

[1] See page 136.

and removed to New York. In 1838, he published his longest story, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym.*

In Philadelphia.

Philadelphia now seemed to offer Poe a better opportunity for success; and, in the summer of 1838, he proceeded thither. Here the poet seems to have made a successful effort to recover his self-control. For a long period he appears to have refrained altogether from the use of wine.

This is the period of Poe's strongest work. The *Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque* were published in two volumes at the end of 1839 — two years after the appearance of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales.* In his critical reviews of this period, Poe is even more independent and emphatic than in the *Messenger* articles. He made a notorious attack upon Longfellow, repeated at various times, charging the New England poet with gross plagiarism. While Longfellow bore Poe's attacks with unfailing equanimity, this was not the case with all who suffered; not a few of his victims became bitter personal enemies of the imperious reviewer.

The Analytical Tales.

Poe now enters a new field of fiction, of which he may be regarded as the discoverer; this is the story in which a mystery is apparently solved by analysis and reason. The modern detective story is our present popular example of the type. Poe's analytical powers were remarkable. When the opening chapters of Dickens's novel *Barnaby Rudge* appeared, Poe forecast from them the entire plot of the novel. The solution of papers written in cipher (cryptographs) was a favorite pastime with him. He declared that no one could invent a cipher that he could not solve; and at one period he was kept busy deciphering specimens of enigmatic productions of this sort. It was in 1841 that Poe's masterpiece in this kind of fiction, *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, appeared. This was followed by another nar-

rative, *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, in which the author applied his method in the study of an actual murder mystery which occurred in New York. In 1843 was published *The Gold Bug*, the third in this group of realistic narratives, the most popular of all his tales. This, also, was a competitive story and brought its writer a second one-hundred-dollar prize.

Again Poe enjoyed unusual advantages. In 1839, he became associate editor of *Burton's Magazine*, one of the most successful periodicals of the time. But he quarreled with his principal and lost his position before the close of 1840. Within a month or two, however, he had been made the editor of *Graham's Magazine*, as important a publication as *Burton's;* and then, for some irregularity the nature of which is unknown, again he was discharged. Although all evidence indicates that Poe had fairly conquered his old vice of intemperance during these years, there is unhappily other evidence that he was using opium. The main cause of his journalistic failures, however, probably lay in the temperament of the man himself. Eccentric, irritable, self-willed, as audacious in his treatment of others as he was sensitive to their treatment of him, it is not strange that this singular man, who did not lack admirers or friends, was unable to retain business associations with them. In society, when he chose to enter it, both in Philadelphia and later in New York, he was a marked figure. He was often serious and silent; but his broad and pallid brow, large piercing eyes, his gracious manner when he did converse, and his remarkably melodious voice gave a peculiar charm to his presence. In his home, to both wife and mother, he was the embodiment of kindness and tenderness.

Again an Editor.

From Philadelphia, the Poes removed to New York

in 1844, and the struggle for existence became acute.

In New York. In the course of the first year of residence in New York, Poe made the acquaintance of Willis, the most popular and most influential member of the Knickerbocker group. Willis at once made a place for Poe on his paper, the *Evening Mirror*. Thus it was that in this paper, in January, 1845, Poe published *The Raven*. The appearance of this poem — perhaps the most widely known of all American poems — gave Poe a national reputation. It was copied in well-nigh every newspaper in the land. Again the future looked bright for one whom people now hailed as the foremost among American poets. The *Tales* were re-published. All of his poetical compositions that he wished to preserve were collected and published under the title of *The Raven, and Other Poems*. Moreover he had become in this year, 1845, editor and proprietor of the *Broadway Journal*. But with the close of the year the *Journal* was abandoned, and Poe was left with a substantial debt.

Disaster. In 1846, the family was established in a little cottage of the humblest description at Fordham, now in the borough of the Bronx, then not within the limits of the city. Mrs. Clemm had become — and not for the first time — the mainstay of the household. Virginia was dying with consumption. Poe himself was broken in health. Half insane with anxiety and grief, he had lapsed into the old excesses. Before the year closed they were in absolute destitution. The death of Virginia occurred in January, 1847, under conditions too painful to be described.

The End. The two years which followed were pitiable enough. After the poet had in a measure recovered his shattered health, he employed himself in various efforts without much success. He wrote a long

and elaborate essay, which he called *Eureka;* it was an attempt to explain the existence of the universe. He thought that he had solved the mystery of creation. But these conceptions of his erratic imagination have no scientific value. Of more worth are the poems, written during this period, *Ulalume*, *The Bells*, *For Annie*, and *Annabel Lee*, — this last-named ballad a poignant memory of the child-wife, Virginia. In 1849, Poe was again in Richmond, hoping to get aid to establish a new magazine. On the last day of September he departed on his return to New York, and stopped over in Baltimore to see some friends. He was drinking heavily. On the 3d of October — it being an election day — Poe was found, unconscious and in wretched plight, in a rear room of a rum-shop, used as a polling-place. Friends were summoned and the unfortunate man was conveyed to a hospital. On the 7th of October, without regaining his senses, he died — dismally. His last words were: "Lord help my poor soul!" The next morning, five friends of the poet followed his body to its cheerless burial in the old cemetery of Westminster Church.

Such in outline is the tragic story of Edgar Allan Poe. To add to these details would be to emphasize its sordid aspects rather than to brighten it. The blighted career, the disastrous climax of his misfortune can excite but one feeling — a profound pity for this unhappy soul,

Personality.

"whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore."

Yet over this strange personality critics have contended more fiercely than over any other in our literary annals.[1] At the same time we may say that no Amer-

[1] With respect to Poe's principal failing we can do no better than

ican poet lives more vividly in the memory of his countrymen than Edgar Allan Poe; nor is there any other that in the eye of Europe ranks as high as he. Already before his death, French writers had detected in Poe's works a quality that appealed strongly to their artistic sense; his poems and tales were translated into their language, later into Spanish and German also. To the present time, Germany, Spain, and France regard the author of *The Raven* as the supreme representative of the West in literary art.

Let us look briefly at Poe's actual achievement, remembering — if in volume his imaginative work appears disappointing — that he died at forty; and that during the too brief years of his working life he was beset with weaknesses and embarrassed by failures such as occurred in the experience of no other American writer of first rank. His productions fall into three groups: the critical articles, the tales, and the poems.

Poe as a Critic.

Poe was, as has been said, a pioneer in this country in the field of serious criticism. As matter of fact, nearly half of his literary work is of this nature. Besides the pungent reviews of contemporary writers, the critical essays on *The Rationale of English Verse* and *The Poetic Principle* must not be for-

refer to his own statement in a letter to one of his intimate friends, dated Philadelphia, April 1, 1841.

"At no period of my life was I ever what men call intemperate. I never was in the *habit* of intoxication. . . . But for a brief period, while I resided in Richmond, and edited the *Messenger* I certainly did give way, at long intervals, to the temptation held out on all sides by the spirit of Southern conviviality. My sensitive temperament could not stand an excitement which was an everyday matter to my companions. In short, it sometimes happened that I was completely intoxicated. For some days after each excess I was invariably confined to bed. But it is now quite four years since I have abandoned every kind of alcoholic drink — four years, with the exception of a single deviation."

This letter is quoted in full in Woodberry's *Edgar Allan Poe*, pp. 130–133.

gotten. He was not always a sound critic; he was not infallible in his judgments, and in some of his attacks he was inspired by jealousy or prejudice. But it is remembered that he was one of the earliest to recognize the genius of Mrs. Browning and of Tennyson; that he applauded Dickens from the start; that he was one of the first to discover Hawthorne, and wrote warmly of his work — although he later denied his originality and, characteristically, declared that Hawthorne had stolen some material from his own tale of *William Wilson.* For Lowell's verse Poe had nothing but praise; and Longfellow — in spite of his own ill-tempered attack — he placed at the head of American poets. He also noted the limitations of Irving, Cooper, and Bryant; and in much of his criticism he has been justified by time. The general effect of his critical work was apparently helpful in the development of American literature.

As a Romancer.

Poe wrote some seventy tales of greatly varying merit. These can be considered but briefly and in groups. We find, first, narratives of romantic adventure, typified by *MS. found in a Bottle*, intense in its suggestions of the mysterious and unearthly. His longest piece of fiction, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, inspired, perhaps, by the popular success of Cooper's romances of the sea, is as realistic in its employment of commonplace and minute details as any of the narratives of Defoe, the first great master of realism in fiction. Poe's imaginative power is exhibited in vivid pictures of murder, mutiny, shipwreck, and starvation, which are gruesome enough, and sometimes become so morbid as to be offensive to sound taste; but in the conclusion of the tale his poetic imagination asserts itself in wonderful descriptions of an unknown land and of the mysterious white sea of the Antarctic. In *A Descent into the Maelstrom*, we

have the finest example of this group, realistic, poetical, and thoroughly impressive. *The Adventures of one Hans Pfaal*, like the subsequent story, *The Balloon Hoax*, is based upon the possibilities, real and romantic, of aerial navigation, and is a prototype of such pseudo-scientific fiction as the romances of Jules Verne. Poe makes a brave display of scientific knowledge in all these tales — a knowledge which is superficial in fact, although effective in the machinery of his realism.

Another group contains the analytical tales, which Poe himself called "tales of ratiocination," because their appeal is to the reasoning faculty rather than to the emotions. The presentation of a mystery the solution of which is to follow is always fascinating, and Poe's dominion over his reader is nowhere more complete than in these tales. That the romancer, having first built up his mystery, is obviously only retracing his own steps in the working out of its solution, does not at all affect the interest of his story; for here his art is strong enough to produce the illusion that the reader is watching the first unraveling of the plot. *The Gold Bug*, *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, and *The Purloined Letter* still remain our best examples, at least in the short-story form, of this class of fiction.

Working more closely in the field cultivated by Hawthorne, Poe produced also a group of romantic tales in which conscience is the theme. *William Wilson*, the narrative of a man with a double, is the best; it might have been the suggestion of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Here are to be included, also, the horrible story of *The Black Cat*, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, and *Thou art the Man*. But Poe's most effective tales are those which are carefully, elaborately designed to produce a vivid effect on the reader's mind. Foremost

among these is the remarkable fantasy *The Fall of the House of Usher*, a masterpiece of literary art, wherein every sentence is significant and almost every word a contribution to the dismal effect. Here belongs, also, *The Masque of the Red Death*, with its weird use of colors, its atmosphere of revelry invaded by the horror of the plague. *Ligeia*, a fantasy of transmigration, *The Cask of Amontillado*, a study in revenge, and *Hop-Frog*, in which the same theme again appears, grotesquely treated, fall in the same group. The morbid element is conspicuous in all. Death, horrible and ghastly, — pestilence, — dissolution, — the awakening of the dead, — the awakening of those prematurely buried: these are the instruments of horrible suggestiveness which are here employed. It is no wonder that one's flesh creeps as he reads — that was in the design.

Poe had little of the sense of humor. He wrote, however, a number of extravaganzas with intent to make them humorous. In one, *The Devil in the Belfry*, he succeeded fairly. Another phase of his fancy is discovered in two beautiful landscape pictures, masterpieces of natural description, *The Domain of Arnheim* and *Landor's Cottage*, pure idealizations of romantic scenery worthy of a poet's dream.

As a Poet.

If the volume of Poe's verse is small, there is an unusual proportion of compositions that attain the perfection of form. The best of them are exquisite embodiments of Poe's own theories regarding his art. Poetry and music were allied in his mind, the aim in both to produce an impression. The poetical effect, he said, could be prolonged only to a certain limit; and that he placed at about one hundred lines. He had no sympathy with the idea that poetry should inculcate a moral; this idea he termed "the heresy of the Didactic," and soundly rated the New England

poets for their inclination so to write. Poetry he defined as "the rhythmical creation of beauty." The poetic principle manifests itself "in an elevating excitement of the soul." In the service of beauty, Poe employed his art. We can easily name the titles of his most effective poems; they are the *Song to Ligeia* (in *Al Aaraaf*), the first *To Helen*, *Israfel*, *The City in the Sea*, *The Coliseum*, *The Haunted Palace*, *The Conqueror Worm*, *Ulalume*, *For Annie*, *The Raven*, *The Bells*, and *Annabel Lee*.

Poe's melodies are haunting ones. Sonorous words play an important part in the mechanics of his composition. Repetition, sometimes in the form of assonance, as in the line, —

"From a *wild* weird *clime* that *lieth, sublime;*" [1]

sometimes in the refrain, so effectively employed in *The Raven;* sometimes in the recurrence of the identical word, as in *Dream-Land* and in *Ulalume*, is used with marked musical effect. Poe makes artful use of melodious names, like Auber, Eldorado, Israfel, Ulalume, Lenore. There is wonderful charm in the rhythmic movement of Poe's verse, and there is also, for most readers, a charm in that omnipresent melancholy which pervades his poems. So characteristic is this last quality that Poe has been described — "not as a single-poem poet, but the poet of a single mood." [2]

Weird, mystical, unearthly,

"Out of Space — out of Time,"

these compositions succeed in fulfilling the purpose of their author; they impress the mind with ideas of supernal beauty. They speak no message of hope or inspiration, they teach no lesson. In Poe's conception of his art, the poet as prophet had no place.

[1] *Dream-Land.* [2] Stedman.

If Poe had a literary master, it was the author of *Christabel* and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Coleridge, more than any other poet, taught the author of *Israfel* and *The Raven* the secret of melodious verse and the fascination of the weird.

Of Poe's tales, selections should be made so as to include the several types. The following will serve for the purpose: *A Descent into the Maelstrom*, *The Gold Bug*, *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, *William Wilson*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *Ligeia*, *Landor's Cottage*, *The Devil in the Belfry*. These eight tales are fairly representative of Poe's best work in romance; having read these, the average reader will not need urging to increase the list. The student should make a study of the very impressive tale *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Let him examine, *word by word*, the careful composition of the introductory paragraph, heedfully noting the cumulative effect of the descriptive phrases, like: "dull, dark and soundless day"; "in the autumn of the year"; "when the clouds hung oppressively low"; "singularly dreary tract," etc., and also the iteration of the *feeling* evoked in the narrator, as expressed in terms like "insufferable gloom"; "utter depression of soul"; "unredeemed dreariness of thought." Then let him apply the same method to the study of the piece as a structure; and he will perceive something of the mechanics of Poe's masterpiece, as he clearly recognizes its marvelous effect. **Suggestions for Reading.**

Of the poems, *The Raven*, of course, calls for our first attention. Poe's article on *The Philosophy of Composition* will be found helpfully suggestive in studying the poem, although no one accepts seriously all that the author says regarding its composition. At least all of the twelve poems named in this text should be read, and the uniformity of tone and theme be noted.

The standard edition of Poe's *Complete Works* is the Virginia Edition, 17 vols., edited by James A. Harrison (Crowell, 1902). The *Works*, in 10 vols., edited by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry, is also authoritative. The

latest full biography is J. A. Harrison's *Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe* (1903). G. E. Woodberry's *Edgar Allan Poe* (*American Men of Letters Series*) is the best critical biography. A briefer life of Poe by W. P. Trent, in the *English Men of Letters Series*, is announced. The sections upon Poe in Trent's *American Literature*, Richardson's *American Literature*, Wendell's *Literary History of America*, and Stedman's *Poets of America* are valuable for reference.

CHAPTER V

THE NEW ENGLAND POETS

I. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: 1807–1882.
II. John Greenleaf Whittier: 1807–1892.
III. James Russell Lowell: 1819–1891.
IV. Oliver Wendell Holmes: 1809–1894.

I. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: 1807–1882.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most widely read of all the American poets and the one that has the closest hold upon the hearts of the American people, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father, a graduate of Harvard College, was a leading lawyer in the city. Both parents were of the best English stock and descendants of the early settlers in New England. On his mother's side, the poet traced his ancestry to John Alden, whose peculiar courtship of the Plymouth maid, Priscilla, he was to celebrate in one of his happiest poems. It was from his mother, a lover of nature and of poetry, that Longfellow inherited his romantic taste and his literary ambition.

Parentage.

School life commenced early for this boy. He began to study at three, and was placed in an academy at six; at seven he was well on his way through the Latin grammar; and was reported by his master "one of the best boys we have in school. . . . His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable." There were eight children in the home, four brothers and four sisters; Henry was the second child. Books were at hand; and out of doors there was not a little to stir the

Youth.

imagination of a boy in the brisk seaport town which has always been noted for both enterprise and beauty. Its picturesque features were never forgotten. In the descriptive poem, *My Lost Youth*, written in 1855, they are vividly recalled, — the pleasant streets of the seaside town, the gleam of the sunlight on the bay, the harbor islands, the garrison in the little fort, the sea-fight between the Enterprise and the Boxer, which was watched by the citizens, from the shore. Like Irving, Longfellow was fascinated by the sight of the wharves and the shipping; and thus he writes: —

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

. . . . . .

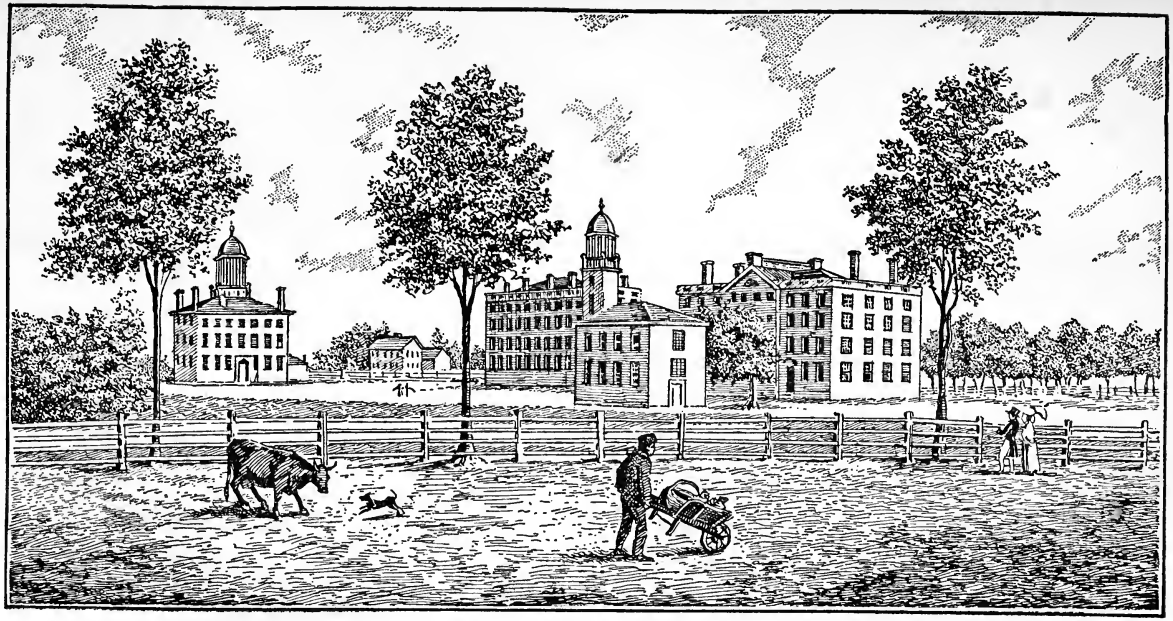
"I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"[1]

Longfellow was twelve years old when Irving's *Sketch-Book* appeared; the young reader was immediately captivated by its charm. At thirteen, he began to write verse, some of which was printed in the newspapers. He was fourteen when he passed his entrance examinations for college.

Bowdoin.

In 1822, Longfellow became a student at Bowdoin College, and was admitted to the Sophomore Class. In college, he was a general favorite, social in disposition, but above everything else, the in-

[1] *My Lost Youth.* Read the entire poem.



BOWDOIN COLLEGE IN 1820

dustrious student and voluminous reader. We have already seen that his acquaintance with Hawthorne, his classmate, was comparatively slight.[1] Although Longfellow wrote considerable prose and verse, some of which was published in the *United States Literary Gazette*, of Boston, there is little in the work of this period which calls for comment. We note the recurrence of nature themes, and the influence of Bryant's poems — an influence so strong that these early compositions appear hardly more than imitations. Before the end of his college course, Longfellow had recognized his true vocation, and had formulated his desires in a letter to his father, written in his senior year.

Literary Ambitions.

"I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it."

Again he writes: "Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul, — for I *will be eminent* in something."

At the commencement exercises of his class in 1825, Longfellow spoke on the theme *Our Native Writers*.

Travel and Study.

The opportunity for further equipment came speedily. A professorship of modern languages had just been established at Bowdoin, and to the young graduate, already marked as a youth of talent, this position was offered with permission to spend three years in Europe for study. The call was accepted with eagerness and delight. This first European sojourn extended from the spring of 1826 to the summer of 1829; and Longfellow returned with a practical knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian. The study of these languages was then altogether new in American colleges, and much of the professor's time was employed in pre-

[1] See page 184.

paring texts for the use of his students. There was little opportunity for literary composition; nevertheless, during 1833 and 1834, Longfellow began the publication of some travel sketches, which in 1835 appeared in book form under the title of *Outre-Mer:*[1] *A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea.* This volume is a lesser *Sketch-Book*, in the manner of Irving, without his skill.

The Call to Harvard, and the Second Tour.

In 1834, Longfellow received a call from Harvard College, to follow the distinguished scholar George Ticknor in the professorship of Belles-Lettres, which he was about to resign. A second trip abroad followed the acceptance of this call. Longfellow was now accompanied by his wife, — he had married, in 1831, Miss Mary Potter, of Portland, — and in the autumn, while they were in Holland, Mrs. Longfellow died. The loneliness and desolation of that experience are suggested in the opening pages of *Hyperion:* —

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection, — itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy."

The poet hastened on to Heidelberg, and, like Paul Flemming, the hero of his romance, buried himself in books.

Professor and Poet.

For eighteen years, from 1836 to 1854, Longfellow retained his active connection with Harvard College. However exacting his duties, and there were times when they became irksome, he never slighted them. His students found him patient and gentle; his presence, equally with his instruction, was

[1] *Outre-Mer* — "Beyond Sea."

an inspiration. The poet's life is inseparably associated with the history of Harvard and of Cambridge. In the midst of a distinguished society, he became, as time went on, its most distinguished member. Soon after his arrival in Cambridge, Longfellow had taken rooms in the stately and historic mansion known as Craigie House, celebrated as having been the headquarters of General Washington, but now more famous as the poet's home.[1] It remained his residence until his death.

The Real Beginning.

In 1839, Longfellow published two volumes which commanded immediate recognition. The one, a prose romance, *Hyperion*, is more or less a record of the moods and thoughts associated with its author's sojourn in Germany and Switzerland, warmly colored by the sentiment of youth and by the imagination of a poet who is stirred by romantic regions and legend-haunted scenes. The other, a thin volume of verse, entitled *Voices of the Night*, contained a number of his earlier compositions, together with eight new poems of genuine worth. These were the impressive *Hymn to Night*, beginning with its finely imaginative stanza: —

> "I heard the trailing garments of the Night
> Sweep through her marble halls!
> I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
> From the celestial walls!" —

the *Psalm of Life*, now so time-worn and so hackneyed that we treat it slightingly instead of submitting our imagination to the stirring appeal of its verse, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *The Light of Stars*, *Footsteps of Angels*, *Flowers*, *The Beleaguered City*, and *Midnight Mass for the Dying Year*. Simple and melodious, these poems quickly found their way into the

[1] The house became Mr. Longfellow's property after his second marriage (1843).

homes and hearts of the people. Two years later a volume of *Ballads and Other Poems* appeared; and to the songs in the earlier group were added the now familiar *Skeleton in Armor*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Rainy Day*, *Maidenhood*, and *Excelsior* — this last, like the *Psalm of Life*, a favorite mark for the arrow of the critic. It is worth while, in passing, to note how many of these compositions have held their place in popularity and justified the first impression of their merit.

Longfellow took little part in the political discussions of his day. He was neither abolitionist nor transcendentalist, nor did he, like Whittier or Lowell, employ his verse in the furtherance of any specific cause. He did, however, on his return voyage, after a six months' stay in Europe, in 1842, compose seven poems dealing with the subject of slavery; and these were published at the close of the year. They lack intensity of feeling and possess little artistic merit, but are interesting as the only utterance on this theme to which the poet gave public expression.

Poems on Slavery.

In 1843, occurred the poet's marriage to Miss Frances Appleton, whom he had first met in Switzerland, seven years before. In the character of Mary Ashburton, she had figured in the romance *Hyperion*. In this year of his marriage was published the first of Longfellow's dramas, *The Spanish Student*.

Second Marriage.

The next ten years were richly productive. Two collections were edited by Longfellow in 1845, one of which, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, contained numerous translations made by the poet. Then followed, in 1846, the volume entitled *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems;* and in 1847, the first long narrative poem, *Evangeline*. *Kavanagh, a Tale*, was completed in 1849, and a fresh

Succession of the Works.

volume of verse, *The Seaside and the Fireside*, appeared in 1850. Another dramatic work, *The Golden Legend*, was finished in 1851. In 1854, Longfellow began working upon *Hiawatha*. The work was completed and published in 1855.

Evangeline.

Of the two narrative poems it is necessary to speak in some detail. The pathetic incident on which the story of *Evangeline* is based was related first to Hawthorne, as a subject well suited to romance; the novelist, however, made no use of the material thus obtained, but willingly resigned the theme to Longfellow, who had shown a lively interest in the tale.[1]

There was no question of the poet's success. This beautiful idyll of the Acadian exiles, with its plaintive romance of Evangeline's weary, heart-breaking search for the lover so ruthlessly separated from his bride, was immediately accepted as the crown of the poet's work. And it is worthy of note that the poem was finished upon his fortieth birthday.

Hexameters.

Longfellow had chosen a peculiar metre for *Evangeline*. The use of hexameter verse had not been deemed consistent with the principles of English versification, and had not been employed with marked success. It had, however, been used by the German poet Goethe with very pleasing effect in his pastoral poem *Hermann und Dorothea;* and Longfellow, who had experimented slightly with the measure, determined to use it here. The poet was invariably happy in his choice of metrical forms; the reader of his poems

[1] When *Evangeline* appeared, Hawthorne wrote to Longfellow that he had read it "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express." The poet, replying, after thanking Hawthorne for a friendly notice of the poem in a Salem paper, said: "Still more do I thank you for resigning to me that legend of Acady. This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose."

is inevitably struck with the appropriateness of the measure to the theme. As Dr. Holmes says in respect to the metre of *Evangeline* : —

"The hexameter has been often criticised, but I do not believe any other measure could have told that lovely story with such effect, as we feel when carried along the tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines. . . . The poet knows better than his critics the length of step which best befits his muse." [1]

Hiawatha.

The second of these great compositions makes use of a distinctively native theme. Longfellow had for some time been attracted to the American Indian as a subject, and finally hit upon a plan for weaving together a number of the Indian traditions in narrative form. The Finnish epic *Kalevala* suggested an appropriate measure and in other ways served as a model for the poem, which he wrote with intense enjoyment. As in the case of *Evangeline*, the form selected proved remarkably apt to the treatment of this primitive theme. The trochaic tetrameter, — using classic terminology, — and the employment of parallelism and repetition, gave an elemental effect to the narrative that was both appropriate and rhythmically pleasing. *Hiawatha* is the epic of the red man, and the romantic, the heroic phase of Indian nature has never been better presented. Considerable criticism greeted its appearance, and there were many charges of plagiarism; nevertheless, the poem was immensely popular, and is now generally regarded as the poet's most original and most satisfactory achievement.

The demands of the class-room had increased with the years and college duties became more and more

[1] Introduction to the poem, in the Cambridge Edition of Longfellow's poems. See also the *Life of Longfellow*, by Samuel Longfellow, vol. ii, p. 72.

irksome to the poet. "This college work is like a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre, stopping their vibrations," he writes in his journal in 1850. In 1854, Longfellow resigned the professorship and gave himself wholly to his vocation as a poet. Following *Hiawatha*, his next important work was the delightful Puritan pastoral, *The Courtship of Miles Standish* — a bit of refreshing human comedy drawn from the sober annals of Plymouth. The poem was published in 1858. Three years later, in 1861, the happiness and serenity of Longfellow's life were suddenly broken by the shocking accident which caused the death of his wife. Sitting in the library of their home, sealing some packages of their little daughter's curls, Mrs. Longfellow's dress caught fire. She died the following day. The deep grief of his loss the poet bore in silence. After his death, there was found in his portfolio the sonnet entitled *The Cross of Snow*, written in 1879, the single utterance of his grief in verse.

In Middle Life.

> "There is a mountain in the distant West
> That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
> Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
> Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
> These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
> And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

To occupy his mind and alleviate his sorrow, the poet began a translation of Dante. Upon this he worked at intervals for several years. *The Divine Comedy* was completed in 1867; it holds a place among the best versions of Dante's work in English. Meanwhile the first part of *Tales of a Wayside Inn* had appeared in 1863; in 1872 and 1873, the remaining parts were published.

In the spring of 1868, Mr. Longfellow went again to Europe, accompanied by his children. The poet was everywhere accorded a royal welcome. The Universities

of Oxford and Cambridge honored him with their degrees, and Queen Victoria received him as her guest at Windsor. The winter was spent in Florence and Rome and (after again visiting England) the party returned home in the fall. **Honors in England.**

Longfellow's most ambitious, but not most successful, dramatic work, *Christus: a Mystery* (which includes *The Divine Tragedy*, *The Golden Legend*, and *The New England Tragedies*), was published, complete, in 1872; *The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems*, in 1875; *Kéramos and Other Poems*, in 1878; *Ultima Thule*, in 1880, and *In the Harbor*, in 1882. *Michael Angelo, a Fragment*, did not appear until 1884. The most notable among these later compositions was the *Morituri Salutamus* [1] written for the fiftieth anniversary of the famous class at Bowdoin. **The Later Volumes.**

Longfellow's last years can hardly be termed declining years. His health continued vigorous, his spirit was cheerful, his house remained a centre of sociability. His children married and established their homes around him. Outside the circle of distinguished men in Cambridge and Boston who cherished his friendship, he might well have called all his countrymen his friends, for no American man of letters was ever so widely beloved. His popularity, indeed, had its drawbacks. It was sometimes amusing and often annoying to the poet, — this insistent pressure of friendly feeling. His time and strength were absorbed by well-meaning but inconsiderate visitors whose only errand was to express their admiration. Requests for autographs were numberless; in one day Longfellow wrote, sealed, and directed seventy replies. One ingenious lady in Ohio sent him a hundred cards, with the request that he would write his name on each, that she might distribute **Closing Days.**

[1] "We who are about to die salute you."

them among her guests at a party which she was to give upon the poet's birthday!

The Poet and the Children.

No account of Longfellow's personality would be complete without reference to his love for children. His relation to them was singularly intimate and tender. Among his sweetest poems are those which treat of childhood. It was no perfunctory greeting that he uttered: —

> "Come to me, O ye children!
> And whisper in my ear
> What the birds and the winds are singing
> In your sunny atmosphere.
>
> "For what are all our contrivings,
> And the wisdom of our books,
> When compared with your caresses,
> And the gladness of your looks?
>
> "Ye are better than all the ballads
> That ever were sung or said;
> For ye are living poems,
> And all the rest are dead."[1]

And the children came to him. On his seventy-second birthday they brought him the famous chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree" which had shaded the doorway of the village smith. They continued to come collectively and individually; for the warm-hearted poet gave orders that no child who wished to see the chair should be excluded; and the muddy print of many a little shoe was left on the floor of the hall in Craigie house. Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated in the public schools throughout the land. His last visitors were four Boston schoolboys who had asked permission to call, whom the poet received with accustomed kindliness. That night he had a sudden attack of illness, and six days later, March 24, 1882, he died. His last poem, *The Bells of*

The End.

[1] *The Children.*

San Blas, was written a few days before his death. One finds a touch of prophecy in the closing lines — the last verses that he wrote: —

> "Out of the shadows of night
> The world rolls into light;
> It is daybreak everywhere."

Among the many tributes to the memory of the poet there was none quite so touching, none more apt, than the comment made by Emerson at Longfellow's funeral. He was then within a month of his own departure, his memory was shattered, and he showed all the weakness of his pathetic decline. Gazing intently upon the face of the dead poet, he turned to a friend and said: "That gentleman was a sweet, beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name." [1]

Longfellow's name is safe; and the many thousands who still read and love his poems continue to recognize therein the "sweet, beautiful soul" of the poet. His body lies in Mount Auburn, the resting-place of many famous contemporaries.

Poetic Gifts.

The qualities which especially mark the poetry of Longfellow are simplicity of style, beautiful imagery, moral earnestness, and narrative power.

Simplicity.

So simple is this poet that many critics pronounce him commonplace. Unquestionably he possessed what may be termed the common mind. He was not a profound thinker, not one of "the bards sublime"; he spoke out of the common experience of life, and it was this in large degree which gave him the comprehension and affection of the common people.[2]

[1] *Emerson at Home and Abroad*, by M. D. Conway.

[2] "The poet has nothing to tell, except from what is actually or potentially common to the race." "Courage in frankly trusting the personal as the universal, is what made Longfellow . . . sovereign of

We must remember, also, that when we dwell upon the commonplaceness or the triteness of Longfellow's sentiment, we are often emphasizing the fact that the verse of our criticism has become worn by our own use.

Beauty of Imagery.

Longfellow shared generously in the gift bestowed on all poets, the sense of beauty and the power of figurative expression. Not at all like the magical art of Poe, Longfellow's art, impassionate, quiet, restrained, often pensive, sometimes melancholy, — never morbid, — is equally distinctive and equally true. He, too, had a rare felicity of phrase which gave artistic setting to his figures. The following passages are characteristic illustrations of his simple but effective imagery: —

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air my spirit drank repose." [1]

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they goared her side
Like the horns of an angry bull." [2]

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." [3]

"Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning." [4]

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day." [5]

The Moral Element.

Like Bryant, Longfellow is usually impressed by the "lesson" in the thing he sees, and often tags his poem with a moral that is obvious enough to be left unformulated. Yet the happy expression of

more hearts than any other poet of his generation and more than any other poet who has lived." — W. D. Howells, *North American Review*, 1907.

[1] *Hymn to Night.* [2] *The Wreck of the Hesperus.*
[3] *Evangeline.* [4] *Evangeline.* [5] *Morituri Salutamus.*

these wise observations is far from unattractive to the average American reader; and through them he won his way to the hearts of many. Of this didactic tendency we may take as familiar examples *A Psalm of Life* and *The Rainy Day*, in which the moral lesson is the main purpose of each. In *The Village Blacksmith* we are reminded of Wordsworth's manner: —

> "Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
> For the lesson thou hast taught!"

Skill in Narrative.

It is as a writer of narrative poems that Longfellow attains his chief distinction. No other American poet compares with him in this field. Not only the three long poems which deal with themes of national interest, but also the twenty-two tales of the *Wayside Inn* series and the numerous ballads like *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn*, and *The Discoverer of the North Cape* must be taken in account. Not all are of equal merit; *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*[1] attain a varying degree of success, but this body of narrative poems as a whole proves the poet to have been a master of the story-telling art.

Lyric and Dramatic Poems.

As a lyric poet, Longfellow ranks with the best. Many of his poems are songs. We think at once of *The Rainy Day*, *The Bridge*, *The Day is Done*, *Curfew*, *Stars of the Summer Night*, *Resignation*, *Sandalphon*, *The Children*, *The*

[1] The best of these *Tales* are included in Part I of the series. *Paul Revere's Ride*, *King Robert of Sicily*, and *The Saga of King Olaf* have always been the most popular. The Wayside Inn was the old Red Horse Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts. Of the personages who are made to tell the tales, the poet was T. W. Parsons, a minor poet, and translator of Dante; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti, a friend of Mr. Longfellow, an instructor at Harvard; the theologian, Professor Daniel Treadwell of Harvard; the student, Henry Ware Wales; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi; and the musician, the famous violinist, Ole Bull.

Children's Hour, and many more. With the sonnet, too, Longfellow was eminently successful; those addressed to *Chaucer*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, and *Keats* are among his best. The poetical dramas are inferior as a group to the lyric and narrative poems. In *The Spanish Student* and *The Golden Legend* his imagination is freer and stronger than in the other dramas, and the dramatic poem, *Michael Angelo*, shows the poet's creative power in its highest development.

Translations. Longfellow's intimate acquaintance with the literatures of Europe and the influence of professional study are shown in the large number of facile translations from Scandinavian, German, French, Italian, and Spanish poets. They are marked by insight, sympathy, and felicity of interpretation; and form no unimportant portion of his work. It is unfair and ill-considered to cite these productions as proof of the poet's lack of originality — as is sometimes done; the translator of *The Castle by the Sea* and *The Song of the Silent Land* is a poetical benefactor indeed.

Personality. It is not altogether to his varied and rich accomplishment in verse that Longfellow's place in the affection of all Americans is due; it was the charm of his personality that confirmed it. He appeared to be one among his countrymen, not above them. Calm in spirit, gentle in utterance, benignant, modest, the people saw in him the embodiment of the beautiful ideal he taught. They admired him as a poet, they trusted and revered him as a man; they accepted him as a teacher; they crowned him poet laureate of the home.

To English readers, also, he became endeared. In 1884, a bust of Longfellow was placed with appropriate honors in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. It

was the first time that an American man of letters had been commemorated in this place of high memorial. We have seen that the poetry of Poe found great favor among the Latin peoples of Europe; Longfellow's poems have enjoyed as wide if not wider popularity abroad. There is an anecdote which gives a remarkable illustration of this fact. It is said that on a French steamer sailing from Constantinople to Marseilles, a Russian, an Englishman, a Scotchman, a Frenchman, a Greek, and an American vied with one another in quotations from our poet.[1] In America, certainly, Longfellow is still the poet of the people. It is an interesting fact that in the great printing establishment of Longfellow's publishers at Cambridge, there is always some edition of the poet in the press. His poems are printing continuously every working day in the year.

Suggestions for Reading.

Of the prose works of Longfellow, *Hyperion* will be found most interesting. Selections from the poems should include representative compositions in the various groups described in the text. The poetry of Longfellow is so familiar that particular directions are unnecessary. Houghton Mifflin Company publish the only complete editions of Longfellow's *Works*. The Cambridge Edition of the poems, in one volume, is complete, and its bibliographical notes are admirable. In the *Riverside Literature Series*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, are printed in separate numbers.

The *Life of Longfellow* (3 vols.), by his brother, Samuel Longfellow, is the standard biography. The *Longfellow* in the *American Men of Letters Series* is by T. W. Higginson; that in the *Great Writers Series* is by E. S. Robertson. The best brief biography is that by G. R. Carpenter, in the *Beacon Biographies*. Mrs. Annie Fields, in *Authors and Friends*, Edward Everett Hale, in *Fireside Travels: Cam-*

[1] See Higginson's *Longfellow* (*American Men of Letters Series*).

bridge Thirty Years Ago, and W. D. Howells, in *My Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, have written interesting reminiscences of the poet. Valuable studies of Longfellow are to be found in Richardson's *American Literature* (vol. ii), Stedman's *Poets of America*, Trent's *History of American Literature*, Wendell's *Literary History of America*, and Vincent's *American Literary Masters*. An interesting book of reference is *The Wayside Inn, its History and Literature*, by S. A. Bent. A delightful essay upon Longfellow is found in the *Literary and Social Essays*, by G. W. Curtis.

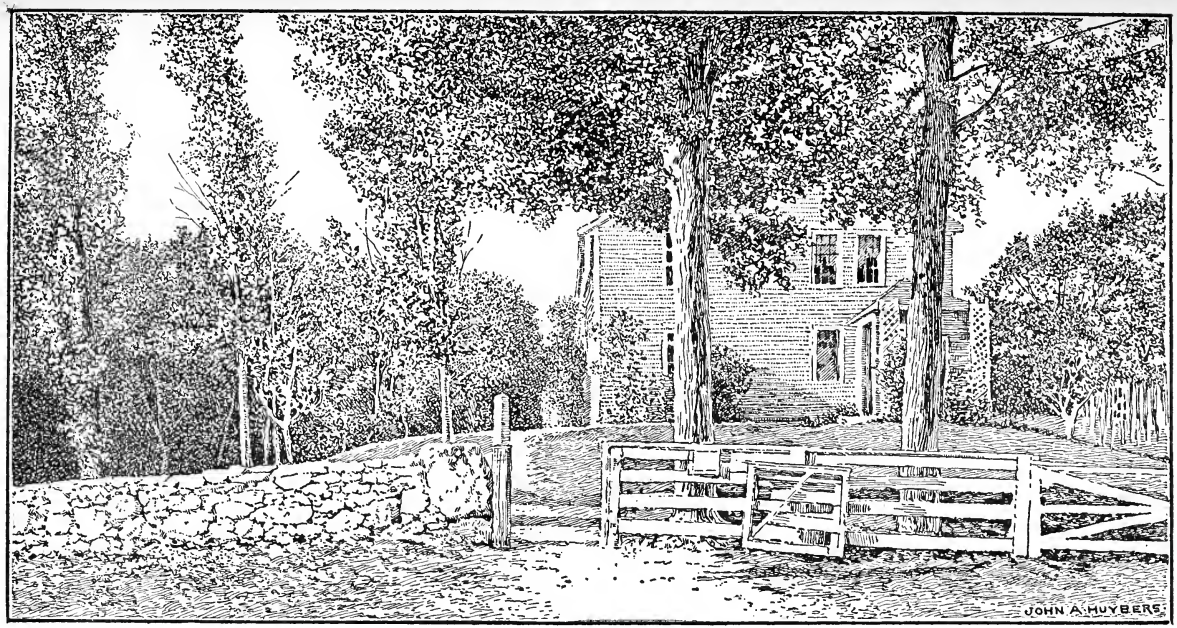
Most noteworthy among the publications inspired by the one hundredth anniversary of Longfellow's birth are the *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, by Charles Eliot Norton (Houghton Mifflin Company), *The Centenary of Longfellow* (*Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1907), by Bliss Perry, and the critical article in the *North American Review*, March, 1907, by W. D. Howells.

II. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER: 1807-1892.

December 17, 1807, — the year in which Longfellow was born, — occurred the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier, second in this group of New England poets and one whose memory stands next to that of Longfellow in the affection and reverence of the American people. Unlike Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Emerson, Whittier was neither city-born nor college-bred. In his preparation for life the academic element was entirely lacking. He was a country boy of the genuine New England stock; for one hundred and sixty years his stalwart ancestors had cultivated the Whittier farm, and the very house in which he was born had been built by the great-great-grandfather of the poet in 1688.

The Birthplace.

The birthplace of Whittier lies a few miles from the busy little city of Haverhill, in the northeast corner of Massachusetts. It was and is a pleasant region, rather lonely, not so ruggedly romantic



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, EAST HAVERHILL, MASS.

as that in which young Bryant learned to commune with nature, yet full of pastoral beauty. "Our old homestead nestled under a long range of hills," says Whittier; "it was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden side, wound, silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook. This brook in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took up and bore it down to the great sea." [1]

The "great river" was the Merrimac, down which Thoreau made his interesting expedition. It was not far to the beaches of Salisbury, Rye, and Hampton, where the poet pitched his imaginary tent, with the great stretch of salt marsh to the westward, the limitless reach of the ocean in the foreground, the high bluff of Great Boar's Head to the north, and to the south the broad mouth of the Merrimac, with the ancient town of Newburyport just beyond. With these localities, Whittier has made his readers familiar.

The Country Boy.

If one would catch a glimpse of Whittier's boyhood, he will find it sketched in *The Barefoot Boy;* if he would know the spirit of the household, he may find it in *Snow-Bound.* The farm itself was not a very profitable one; it was encumbered with debt, and strict economy was the law; yet it was a comfortable home, and the picture it left in the poet's

[1] *The Fish I Did n't Catch*, Prose Works, vol. i. See also *My Summer with Dr. Singletary* and *Yankee Gypsies* in the same volume.

memory is an inviting one. The "old rude-furnished room" with its "whitewashed wall and sagging beam," its "motley braided mat" upon the floor, and its ample fireplace ruddy with the flame of crackling logs, was a scene of contentment and homely cheer.

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat.
. . . . . .

"And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

"What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow."

Here the winter evenings were passed with story-telling, or talk of guest, or poring over one of the scanty volumes — perhaps the almanac, or the poems of the Quaker Ellwood, or the *Journal* of John Woolman,[1] or

"The one harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes"[2] —

a volume of Scott, read privily.

But one bright day the district schoolmaster brought a copy of Robert Burns into this country home and read aloud the songs of Scotland's peasant poet. The New England farmer's son, then fourteen, listened with delight, and felt his own soul kindled with poetic fire. He began to write rhymes of his own, and the verses were passed about and admired. He borrowed all the books

[1] See page 71.

[2] *Snow-Bound.*

that were available, especially poems; one of his first purchases was a copy of Shakespeare's plays. His parents were devout Quakers, and it was natural enough that oftener than any other volume, the Bible was in his hands. Meanwhile the youth was working hard at plow and scythe, steadily employed in the severe manual labor of the farm. District school he attended during the twelve weeks' session every winter.

In Print.

Whittier's father was a subscriber to the *Free Press*, a weekly paper which young William Lloyd Garrison was then editing at Newburyport; and to this publication Mary Whittier, a sister two years older than the youthful poet, sent anonymously one of his early compositions. It was printed by the editor; and one day when the eighteen-year-old lad was mending fences the postman tossed him the weekly paper with his verses in the "Poet's Corner." Whittier could hardly believe his eyes. He stood dazed, reading the lines, scarcely comprehending the fact that one of his poems was actually in print. It was not long thereafter that Garrison himself drove over to have a look at his new contributor; and the lifelong friendship of these two men was begun. The visitor urged Mr. Whittier not to discourage the literary ambitions of his son, and advised that the youth be given an education. While not indifferent to his son's desires, Mr. Whittier was a hard-headed, hard-working practical man, upon whom the necessity of a livelihood pressed heavily. True to the poet's characterization of him in *Snow-Bound*,—

> "A prompt, decisive man, no breath
> Our father wasted:" —

his terse response to this appeal was, "Sir, poetry will not give him bread!"

But Whittier yearned for an education. His health was delicate; indeed, it had already suffered from the

hard labor of the farm, and it was evident that his physique could not endure the heavy demands of the agricultural life. It was not long after Garrison's visit, therefore, that young Whittier obtained his father's consent to his attendance at the academy in Haverhill, provided that he could earn the means. So the farm-boy learned how to make slippers and labored at the shoemaker's bench. Thus he paid his tuition for a six months' term in the Haverhill school. The next winter he taught in the country district and earned sufficient funds to secure another term at the academy. This was the extent of Whittier's scholastic training. A college course he was compelled to renounce for lack of funds, and a disinclination to accept assistance unearned. He had read a surprising number of books, — sometimes walking miles to secure a coveted volume, — had written a great deal of verse, and was locally known as a poet. He even planned to publish an edition of his poems, but the project failed.

The Academy.

Under the circumstances, Whittier was fortunate in the opportunities which now offered for a career. In 1829, he became editor of a journal published in Boston called the *American Manufacturer*, which supported the idea of a protective tariff, and also contained literary matter. The position carried no particular distinction with it, and the salary was only nine dollars a week; but it served as a good school for a young writer. Whittier wrote regularly for his paper, both prose and verse, yet had considerable leisure for reading, and making acquaintance with the world. In August, his father's illness called him home, and he was kept busy in the management of the farm until his father's death. Early in 1830, he became editor of the Haverhill *Gazette*. This engagement con-

The Journalist.

tinued for six months, when he assumed editorial charge of the *New England Review*, published in Hartford. That the young Quaker of Haverhill had already made some impression by his personality as well as by his pen is evident from the introduction now given him by George D. Prentice, the retiring editor of the *Review*.

"I cannot do less than congratulate my readers," said Prentice, "on the prospect of their more familiar acquaintance with a gentleman of such powerful energies and such exalted purity and sweetness of character. I have made some enemies among those whose good opinion I value, but no rational man can ever be the enemy of Mr. Whittier." [1]

In Hartford.

For a year and a half, Whittier retained this position, developing rapidly in power and in professional reputation. He gave his support to Henry Clay and upheld the principle of the tariff. Whittier also enjoyed the society of the literary people more or less noted, who made their home in Hartford. Among the members of this interesting group were the poets James G. Percival and Mrs. Lydia Sigourney, whose writings were at this time widely read and admired. It was in Hartford that Whittier, in 1831, published his first book, *Legends of New England*, a volume of rather crude sketches, including some verse; they had already appeared in the *New England Magazine*. These *Legends* were not thought by Whittier worthy of permanent place in his *Prose Works;* and the same judgment was placed by him on most of his early experiments in fictitious narrative. Of his poems written previous to 1833, there are few which have survived. The spirited *Song of the Vermonters*, a product of his school-days, *The Vaudois Teacher*, and *The*

[1] Pickard's *Life of Whittier*, vol. i.

Star of Bethlehem are selected by Professor Carpenter as the only ones of poetic value.[1]

The Crisis.

From 1832 to 1836, Whittier was again upon the farm struggling to make a living for his mother, his sister, his aunt who lived with them, and himself. We may recall the situation at this period of the other writers whose lives have been already noted. It was in 1832 that Emerson resigned his pastorate in Boston and retired to Concord; Poe, recently discharged from West Point, was in Baltimore trying to support himself by hack-work for the magazines; Hawthorne was dreaming in the seclusion of his hermit-like existence in Salem; Longfellow was now settled in his professorship at Bowdoin. Bryant, of course, representative of the earlier generation, had emerged from his period of struggle, and had been for three years editor of the *Post*. For Whittier, now in his twenty-fifth year, the future was full of uncertainty. Politics seemed to offer the only field of promise, but this field he hesitated to enter; — as he wrote to Mrs. Sigourney, "There is something inconsistent in the character of a poet and a modern politician."[2] A year later he wrote to the same correspondent: —

"Of poetry I have nearly taken my leave, and a pen is getting to be something of a stranger to me. I have been compelled again to plunge into the political whirlpool, for I have found that my political reputation is more influential than my poetical."[3]

But in 1833, Whittier's vocation was made clear. It was the turning-point in his life. The poet found inspiration in an unexpected theme.

[1] See Carpenter's *John Greenleaf Whittier*, p. 100.

[2] Letter, February 2, 1832.

[3] January, 1833. Both letters are quoted by Pickard and by Carpenter.

The anti-slavery movement, which five years earlier had enlisted the extreme energies of the radical and lion-hearted Garrison, had already appealed to the humanitarian spirit of Whittier. He was as strong an idealist as any transcendentalist of Boston or Concord, and could not be otherwise than strongly sympathetic with the ultimate purpose of the movement. At twenty-six, therefore, the poet allied himself for better or for worse with the abolitionists. For twenty-seven years Whittier was one of the foremost among those identified with this cause. He was a delegate to the first National Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia in 1833, and signed its Declaration. Two years later he was mobbed in Concord, New Hampshire, while traveling with an anti-slavery agitator. He was threatened in Boston. In 1838, he took charge of the organ of the Society, the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, published in Philadelphia, and again encountered a mob, which sacked and burned his office. Throughout this turbulent experience, his courage and zeal knew no limit. The shy and gentle Quaker had become the fearless advocate of an unpopular crusade. In 1833, he published at his own expense a pamphlet, *Justice and Expediency*, which exerted a wide influence. The verses which he wrote rang like the voice of a trumpet through the land. *Randolph of Roanoke*, *Massachusetts to Virginia*, *To Faneuil Hall*, *The Slave-Ships*, *The Hunter of Men*, *Clerical Oppressors*, *The Pastoral Letter:* these poems illustrate various phases of the poet's utterance during these momentous years. When we compare Whittier's *Voices of Freedom* (1846) with Longfellow's *Poems on Slavery* (1842), we feel at once the difference in the spirit of the two men in this matter. Longfellow's verses are "literary"; Whittier's are the vehement utterances of emotion and conviction.

The Abolitionist.

"They were written," said the poet, "with no expectation that they would survive the occasions which called them forth: they were protests, alarm signals, trumpet-calls to action, words wrung from the writer's heart, forged at white heat, and of course lacking the finish and careful word-selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might have given. Such as they are, they belong to the history of the Anti-Slavery movement, and may serve as way-marks of its progress." [1]

It is interesting to see how loyal Whittier remained to the ideals and inspirations of this period, the distinctive epoch in his life. "The simple fact is," he wrote to E. L. Godkin, "that I cannot be sufficiently grateful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation." [2] The poet himself never regretted the fact that this alliance had placed these limitations upon his verse; he rather saw in it the real inspiration of his life, the true birth of poetical power. "My lad, if thee would win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause," said he in after years to a youth who came to him for counsel.

Politics and Journalism.

In 1835, Mr. Whittier was elected as representative in the Massachusetts legislature, and at the close of the term was reëlected; but ill health prevented further service. In 1836, the homestead at East Haverhill was sold and the adjoining town of Amesbury became the poet's residence, his mother and his younger sister, Elizabeth, making his home. For a time he was again associated with one or another local newspaper; and from 1847 to 1860, he was corresponding

[1] From the Introduction to *Whittier's Poetical Works*, vol. i (Houghton Mifflin Company).

[2] See *John Greenleaf Whittier*, by Bliss Perry.

editor of the *New Era*,[1] published in Washington, the mouthpiece of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. It was in this paper that a number of Whittier's poems were first printed, including *Ichabod* (1850), that most effective utterance of scorn and grief, inspired by the Seventh of March speech of Daniel Webster.

Literary Work.

But meanwhile Whittier's pen had not been employed exclusively on writings for the cause. In 1836, his narrative poem *Mogg Megone* had been published — afterward a thorn in the poet's flesh, for to his mature taste it did not appear deserving of a permanent place in his works. He said that it reminded him of "a big Indian in his war paint, strutting about in Sir Walter Scott's plaid." In 1843, Whittier published *Lays of My Home. The Songs of Labor* appeared in 1850; *The Chapel of the Hermits, and Other Poems*, in 1853; *The Panorama, and Other Poems*, in 1856; and *Home Ballads*, in 1860. In these collections Whittier was taking his position as distinctively the poet of New England. Here are nature poems: *Hampton Beach*, *Lakeside*, and *Summer by the Lakeside*, *April*, and *The Last Walk in Autumn;* narrative poems embodying old New England legends: *Cassandra Southwick*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, and *The Garrison of Cape Ann;* idylls of the farm: *Maud Muller*, *The Barefoot Boy;* and in deeper vein, the exquisite ballad, *Telling the Bees*, quaintly reminiscent of the New England setting, like the rest. Here, too, we find the strongly personal poems, *My Psalm*, *Memories*, and *My Playmate*. While Whittier's prose works have never attracted much attention, we may note the publication during this period of the following volumes: *The Stranger in Lowell* (1845), a series of sketches written while the writer was editing for a brief

[1] Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published first in the *Era* in 1851.

period a newspaper in the city named; *The Supernaturalism of New England* (1847); *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal* (1849), an attractive study of life in the Massachusetts Bay Province, realistically presented and worthy of a wider reading; *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches* (1850), and *Literary Recreations and Miscellanies* (1854), both volumes made up of essays and studies which had appeared in the *Era*.

During the years of civil war, Whittier published two volumes, *In War Time* (1864) and *National Lyrics* (1865), which included the poems inspired by the events of this exciting period. Like the earlier songs born of the movement against slavery, these compositions lack art and finish; they were written in the ardor of conflict and sent immediately into print without the opportunity to meditate and correct. *Waiting* and *The Watchers* are among the best of these war lyrics; while in *Barbara Frietchie* the poet produced what is often described as the finest ballad of the struggle, although the story told in the poem is now discredited. *Laus Deo*, the most stirring of these lyrics, has an interesting history. It was composed while the poet was sitting in the Friends' Meeting-House in Amesbury, at the regular Fifth Day meeting, listening to the bells of jubilation which announced the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, January 31, 1865.

In War Time.

> "It is done!
> Clang of bell and roar of gun
> Send the tidings up and down."

"All sat in silence, but on his return to his home, he recited a portion of the poem, not yet committed to paper, to his housemates in the garden room. 'It wrote itself, rather sang itself, while the bells rang,' he wrote to Lucy Larcom." [1]

[1] The Cambridge Edition of Whittier's *Poems*.

Snow-Bound.

In 1866, Whittier published his masterpiece, *Snow-Bound, a Winter Idyl.* This beautiful poem is a thoroughly realistic picture of the farm in the grasp of a New England winter. The family circle grouped in homely comfort about the roaring fireplace is that of the poet's own frugal home, but it is typical of rural life in the New England of the sixties; and the portraits are representative of the sturdy class to which the poet's family belonged. *Snow-Bound* takes its legitimate place beside Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and Burns's *The Cotter's Saturday Night.* In Whittier's poem, the personal element is strong. The devoted sister, Elizabeth, "our youngest and our dearest," had died in 1864; perhaps it was this event which had stirred the poet's memories of childhood — certainly it was the inspiration of the tenderest passage in the poem. *Snow-Bound* brought its author his first substantial pecuniary returns. The sales were very large; from the first edition he received $10,000, and the financial burden of many years was permanently removed.

The Tent on the Beach.

The large success of *Snow-Bound* was repeated a twelvemonth later, when the collection of narrative poems entitled *The Tent on the Beach* appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly.* When the latter poems were published in book form they began to sell at the rate of a thousand copies a day. "This will never do," wrote the poet in humorous self-depreciation to his publisher, James T. Fields; "the swindle is awful; Barnum is a saint to us." The comrades of the Beach were the poet himself, Mr. James T. Fields, and the noted traveler as well as all-around man of letters, Bayard Taylor. The poems thus grouped in the manner of Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863), are sombre in tone, sad stories of ill-fated ships and legends

of the days of delusion; no one of them has gained a strong hold on popular favor. The descriptions of the sea, and the familiar portrait of the poet —

> "And one there was, a dreamer born,
> Who, with a mission to fulfil,
> Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
> The crank of an opinion-mill" [1] —

these are the happiest touches in the work.

Successive volumes of his verse continued to appear at frequent intervals during the remainder of Whittier's life. He was an old man in his eighty-fifth year, universally venerated, when the final volume was published.

At Sundown.

During these latter years the poet lived a retired and peaceful life, impelled thereto by delicate health and the natural shyness of his disposition. Yet he never lost interest in public affairs or his active sympathy with the ultimate results of that cause which had enlisted his energies in youth. The education of the freedmen in the South, the assistance of individuals who had made their way to the North, were matters of vital interest to him. He continued to make his home in Amesbury, but visited with friends in Hampton Falls, or with relatives at Oak Knoll in Danvers. There was a quiet corner in the White Mountains where he loved to sojourn for a few weeks in the heat of summer; and the artistic home of Celia Thaxter at the Isles of Shoals was also a favorite retreat.

Personal Traits.

Whittier was the only one of this group of New England writers who never went abroad. Indeed, after the poet settled in the home at Amesbury, he seldom ventured far from his own fireside. The society of his kindred and of a few intimate friends he

[1] Read the entire description in the first poem of the collection.

dearly loved; but he was too diffident to enjoy large companies, and he shrank from all publicity. The farmer of East Haverhill was most at home with common folks, understanding them perfectly and talking with them in a language they could understand. He used the pronoun "thee," the Quaker form of address, and always remained heartily loyal to the simple manners of the Friends. The militant spirit of his anti-slavery poems wholly disappeared with the war, and only gentleness, universal good-will, and a beautiful simplicity of religious faith characterized his later verse.

The popularity of Whittier increased among all classes of readers. His birthday, like that of Longfellow, was observed with noteworthy tributes of esteem. Upon his eightieth anniversary, the Governor of Massachusetts with other distinguished citizens visited the poet at Oak Knoll to present the congratulations of his native state. Upon one of these anniversary occasions, Whittier was deeply touched by a telegram sent by the Southern Forestry Congress assembled in Florida: —

"In remembrance of your birthday, we have planted a live-oak tree to your memory, which, like the leaves of the tree, will be forever green."

Together with his gentle dignity of bearing and his modest shyness of manner, Whittier possessed a keen sense of humor and had a homely wit that flashed out in conversation with his friends. Among these there were a number of distinguished women: Mrs. Stowe, Lucy Larcom, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Sarah Orne Jewett, Celia Thaxter, and Mrs. James T. Fields. With Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes, Whittier had a pleasant but not an intimate acquaintance. In personal appearance the poet was tall and spare; his eyes were unusually brilliant, large, and dark; his smile was

wonderfully benignant. Although he suffered much from ill health, he was patient, cheerful, and sweet-tempered. His final illness was brief. He died at Hampton, September 7, 1892. Almost his last words were, "Love — love to all the world." The funeral services were held in the little garden of the home at Amesbury, and the poet was buried in the village cemetery in the family lot.

Whittier's Place in Literature.

In comparison with our other American poets, Whittier must be recognized as essentially provincial. Aside from the fact that a large body of his verse, the anti-slavery poems, was necessarily of temporary value, we must remember also that the best portion of his work belongs wholly to New England. It is nevertheless true that while this circumstance places a limitation upon its scope, it does not detract from the strength and value of his poetry. While the poet has never received, like Longfellow and Poe, the recognition of other peoples than our own, this restriction of his field, with the fidelity and vividness of his interpretation, is precisely what gives to Whittier his chief distinction here at home. Nor was he in the larger sense a great poet. No one recognized the technical faults of his verse more frankly than Whittier himself. "I should be hung for my bad rhymes anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line," he wrote to Mr. Fields. That he did not hold a place with the men of profound insight, the "seers," he knew equally well. His own modest estimate of his poetic gifts he has expressed in stanzas of unusual beauty, which to some extent are themselves a contradiction of the statement:

> "The rigor of a frozen clime,
> The harshness of an untaught ear,
> The jarring words of one whose rhyme
> Beat often Labor's hurried time,
> Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

"Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

"Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find." [1]

The fine artistic taste of Longfellow Whittier lacked, as he lacked the culture of broad reading and of travel; but he possessed the genuine love of nature and humanity; he had the virility of a strong character, free from all artificiality, the ardor of the truest patriotism, and, at the outset of his career, the inestimable advantage of consecration to an uplifting cause.

Suggestions for Reading.

The student will read, of course, the more noted of the *Anti-Slavery Poems*, including those mentioned in the preceding paragraphs. *The Shoemakers* and *The Huskers* will serve as good examples of *The Songs of Labor*. The group of *Personal Poems* contains *Ichabod* and *The Lost Occasion*, the two impressive compositions based upon the career of Daniel Webster, and also noteworthy tributes to his friends and associates, Garrison and Sumner. Here, likewise, are interesting verses inscribed to fellow poets: Bryant, Halleck, Bayard Taylor, Longfellow (*The Poet and the Children*), Lowell, and Holmes; most happy of all, the poem entitled *Burns*. Among the *Narrative and Legendary Poems* are some of the most familiar of Whittier's compositions: *The Vaudois Teacher*, *Barclay of Ury* (one of several which deal with Quaker themes), *The Angels of Buena Vista*, *Maud Muller*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, *Telling the Bees*, *My Playmate*, and *Among the Hills*. *The Poems of Nature* deserve some study in detail, and should be compared with those of Longfellow and Bryant. Here we find descrip-

[1] *Proem*, prefixed to the edition of 1848.

tive passages of simple yet compelling beauty. Such is this stanza from *Sunset on the Bearcamp*: —

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world."

The following afford good illustrations of the poet's descriptive power: *April*, *Summer by the Lakeside*, *The Last Walk in Autumn*, *The River Path*, and *The Trailing Arbutus*. It will be quickly noted that Whittier is always the subjective, the reflective poet; that, like Bryant, he reads a lesson in the scene. Thus, when wandering in the dusk of twilight along the river path, he comes upon a sudden opening in the hills through whose green gates streams the "long, slant splendor" of the setting sun, bridging "the shaded stream with gold," he thinks of the river of death — "the river dark"; and prays: —

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!" [1]

And when, under dead boughs, amid dry leaves and moss, he finds the perfumed arbutus, he says: —

"As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom." [2]

Of the *Religious Poems*, one stands forth preëminent; no other American poem has ever touched with its message of

[1] *The River Path.* [2] *The Trailing Arbutus.*

trustfulness the hearts of devout Christians more universally than *The Eternal Goodness*, —

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

The poem *Our Master* is also full of the deep religious feeling so characteristic of the Quaker poet, and from its stanzas have been arranged five of Whittier's best-known hymns.

Special attention should be given to a few of the poems classified as *Subjective and Reminiscent*. Here we find *The Barefoot Boy*, *In School-Days*, and *Memories*, poems which, besides affording intimate glimpses of the poet's child-life, are to be recognized as among his best compositions. To these must finally be added *Snow-Bound*, most intimately personal of all his works, and yet artistically his masterpiece. The more this little "classic" is read, the more its reader is impressed with its simple strength and beauty. The apt phrasing, the vivid portraiture, the happy touch of "local coloring," the easy movement of its simple measure, its idyllic atmosphere of domestic affection, of serene and untroubled faith — these are the qualities which give the poem its place with the best in our literature.

Authorities. The *Complete Works* of Whittier are published in seven volumes by Houghton Mifflin Company, also the Cambridge Edition of the *Poems*, in one volume. *Snow-Bound* and *The Tent on the Beach*, together with other poems, are published in two numbers of the *Riverside Literature Series*. *The Life and Letters of John G. Whittier* (2 vols.), by Samuel T. Pickard, is the standard biography. The best brief biography is the *Whittier* in the *American Men of Letters Series*, by G. R. Carpenter. The little book *Whittier: Notes of his Life and of his Friendships*, by Mrs. Annie Fields, is a charming study of the man. *Whittier-Land*, by S. T. Pickard, is also valuable. In criticism, consult Stedman's *Poets of America*, Vincent's *American Literary Masters*, and the histories of American litera-

ture by Richardson and Trent. *John Greenleaf Whittier*, by Bliss Perry (a brief study of the poet), and *Whittier for To-day*, by the same writer, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1907, are appreciative memorials of the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth.

III. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: 1819–1891.

James Russell Lowell, the youngest of the New England group and the most versatile, was born in Cambridge, February 22, 1819.

Ancestry.

His American ancestry dated from colonial times, and, like Emerson's, was throughout representative of the academic class; his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were graduates of Harvard College. It was Lowell's grandfather who, in 1780, introduced into the Bill of Rights of the state the clause abolishing slavery in Massachusetts. An uncle was the founder of the Lowell Institute in Boston. The poet's father was pastor of the West Church in that city. Mrs. Lowell, a woman of intensely imaginative mind, a lover of poetry and music, was of Scotch parentage, her father having been a native of the Orkney Islands.

Elmwood.

The home of the Lowells, appropriately known as Elmwood, was situated not far beyond the Craigie house, somewhat off the main avenue of travel, a large mansion, surrounded by trees — a "bowery loneliness" which drew the bluebirds, orioles, and robins; beyond — the meadows, a stretch of marsh, and the Charles River, —

> "a stripe of nether sky,
> Now hid by rounded apple-trees between,
> Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
> Now flickering golden through a woodland screen."[1]

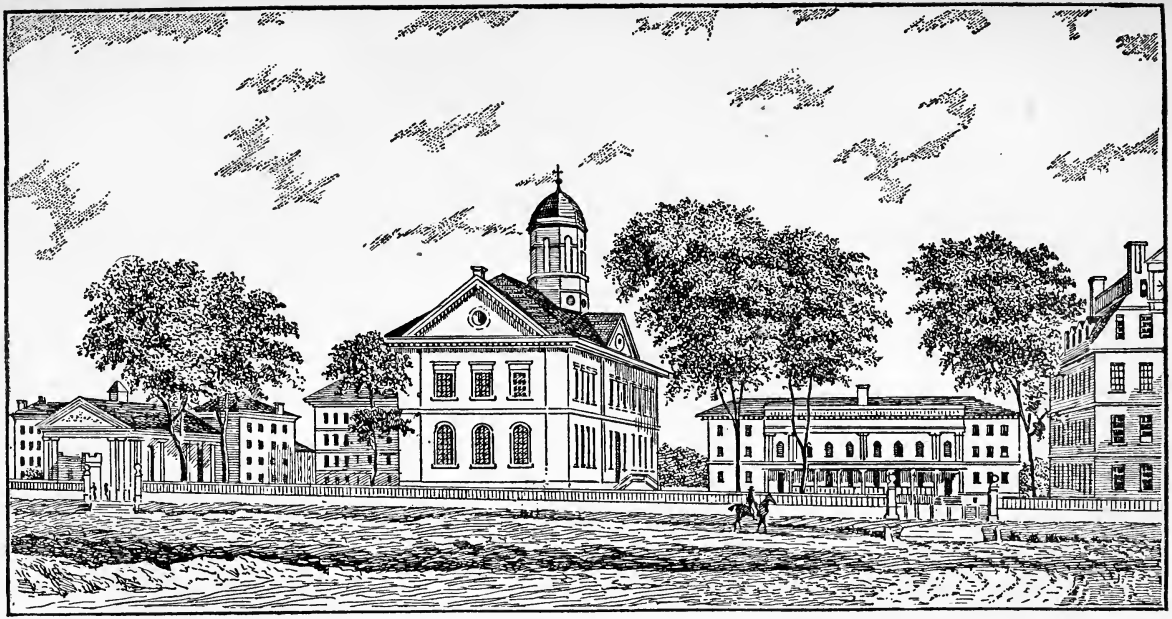
[1] *An Indian-Summer Reverie.*

"Ah, this is a pleasant place; I wonder who lives here, what little boy"— his father said one day to James, as they returned from a drive and passed through the gate of Elmwood. Within the house were books, Rev. Mr. Lowell's well-selected library, among which the boy browsed knowingly. As a child he was read to sleep from *The Faerie Queene*, and rehearsed its adventurous episodes to his playmates.

College.

After the first study days had been passed in attendance at a classical school in Cambridge, where Latin and Greek were the principal branches taught, young Lowell entered Harvard College in 1834 — two years before Longfellow took up the duties of his professorship. Here Lowell found further opportunity for wide and varied reading. In his own words, he read "almost everything except the text-books prescribed by the Faculty." After several whimsical breaches of academic discipline, Lowell, near the close of the senior year, was "rusticated," being required to make his residence in Concord, there to remain until Commencement Day. His father and mother were at the time absent in Europe. The young man had already been elected class-poet, and during his enforced stay in the pleasant village where Emerson had recently settled, the student-poet worked upon his production. With Emerson, who was then thirty-five, Lowell now made personal acquaintance, walking and talking with him. One of the events of his college course had been the delivery of the famous Phi Beta Kappa address by Emerson at the preceding Commencement in 1837, which had profoundly impressed the minds of the young men who heard it.[1] Still this independent youth, who always persisted in thinking for himself, was at this time by no means a docile disciple. In his class-poem he satirized the transcendent-

[1] See page 164.



HARVARD COLLEGE ABOUT 1840

alists along with the abolitionists, although before many months elapsed he allied himself strenuously with both. The poem, which he was unable to present in person on class day, was privately printed and distributed among his friends. "The year Lowell graduated," says Edward Everett Hale, "we were as sure as we are now that in him was first-rate poetical genius, and that here was to be one of the leaders of the literature of the time."[1]

The Law *vs.* Literature.

In his choice of a profession, Lowell selected the law; and in 1840 was admitted to the bar. Lowell's verse received its first potent impulse in his love for Maria White, the sister of one of his classmates, a girl of remarkable beauty and rare mental gifts, herself a poet by nature, and an enthusiast in various humanitarian reforms. Their engagement began in 1840. Before the twelvemonth ended, Lowell published his first volume, a collection of poems with the title *A Year's Life*. During the next three years he wrote busily, finding a ready market for his poems and sketches in leading periodicals like the *Boston Miscellany*, the *Dial*, the *United States Magazine*, and *Graham's*, then edited by Poe. Between Poe and Lowell there was at this time an interesting correspondence, Poe referring to Lowell's work in terms most appreciative. Meanwhile the young lawyer had not found the legal profession much to his taste; and after three years' waiting for the "First Client," of whom he wrote humorously, Lowell abandoned law and elected literature. In January, 1843, he started a magazine of his own.

The new magazine was an ambitious enterprise. The first number contained contributions by Lowell, Poe, Hawthorne, and Elizabeth Barrett (afterward Mrs.

[1] *James Russell Lowell and his Friends*, p. 40. Dr. Hale graduated in 1839.

Browning). Had it not been for a serious difficulty with his eyes, which compelled him to go to New York for treatment, Lowell's first editorial experience might have been longer; as it was, the venture came to an untimely close. With its third issue, the *Pioneer* expired, and its editor was left eighteen hundred dollars in debt. At the end of the year, Lowell published a volume of *Poems* which included two or three of marked excellence, *The Shepherd of King Admetus*, *An Incident in a Railway Car*, and *Rhœcus* being among the number. In December, 1844, Lowell was married. For a few months thereafter, he was employed in Philadelphia as an editorial writer on the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, the paper edited by Whittier a few years earlier. In the spring of 1845, the Lowells returned to Cambridge. Passing through New York, Lowell stopped to call upon Poe, but the visit proved one of embarrassment; he found Poe (as recorded by Mrs. Clemm) "not quite himself." Life at Elmwood was now delightfully idyllic, despite the limitations of a small and somewhat uncertain income. Longfellow, although twelve years the senior, was already a congenial friend; and the social circle of the college community was enlarged through the easy nearness of Boston. The poet himself was fairly embarked on his career as a man of letters, and his reputation as a writer was firmly established. At the close of 1844, Lowell published a volume of essays entitled *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*. This volume and also the *Poems* of the previous year were republished in London.

The Literary Life.

The ardor of Lowell in the political movement of these pregnant years must not be overlooked, for it is vitally connected with an important phase of his literary work. The interest of his wife in some

The Abolitionist.

of the reform enterprises so numerous in the early forties had enlisted the interest of the poet in these same reforms; but definite inspiration came with the development of his own democratic instincts and his own humanitarian sympathies. In 1843, he became an abolitionist, and an ardent supporter of that movement which had won Whittier as its champion ten years before. In 1843, Lowell wrote and published the *Stanzas on Freedom* and the sonnet *Wendell Phillips. The Present Crisis*, that superb climax of lyric eloquence, came in 1845; "for twenty years the solemn monitory music of this poem never ceased to reëcho in public halls."[1] Its thrilling lines served as texts for the leading orators of the North. Phillips and Sumner quoted its stanzas in their impassioned addresses. Its resonant call to action was voiced with the prophetic note of authority.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

Henceforth, throughout that epoch of stormy debate, the young Cambridge poet stood side by side with Whittier, one of the two great champions of the cause in verse.

Satirist and Humorist.

In 1846, Lowell's genius was revealed in a new and thoroughly original vein. The Boston *Courier* began the publication of a series of poems in genuine Yankee dialect, purporting to be the work of one Hosea Biglow. These compositions were accompanied by introductory letters, commenting on the work in hand, and by editorial notes signed H. W.,

[1] *James Russell Lowell*, by Ferris Greenslet.

these initials standing for the Rev. Homer Wilbur, A. M., pastor of the First Church, in Jaalam, and critical sponsor for his young parishioner, Hosea. *The Biglow Papers*, as they were called when the series was collected and published in 1848, present in crisp and pungent satire the widely felt opposition of the North to the war with Mexico. Lowell himself was moved by the conviction that the real purpose of the war was to expand slave territory, and thus voiced the protest of New England against this design. The work is filled with epigram and sarcasm, which of course were most effective at the time which gave them their application. It is difficult for us now to appreciate how effective these shafts of Lowell's exuberant wit really were; but they are yet recognized as the keenest examples of political satire in our own literature, and among the best ever written. In the same year which brought the publication of *The Biglow Papers*, 1848, another humorous poem of some length and of equal pungency appeared. This was the *Fable for Critics*, a witty review of contemporary American literature. It was in the strict sense an appreciation of the writers of the time, in which compliment is tempered with shrewd hits at their failings; a piece of good-natured fun which it is impossible to read without a sense of the critical insight of its author. For example:—

> "There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
> Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,
> Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,
> Is some of it pr— No, 't is not even prose " —

and so on with the rest of the choir, including Lowell himself. The *Fable* was written rapidly and without thought of publication; as the various parts were completed they were sent to a friend in New York. Eventually they were gathered and printed, as Dr. Holmes

said, "capped with a percussion preface, and cocked with a title-page as apropos as a wink to a joke."

Sir Launfal.

In sharp contrast to the two works just described is *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, composed and published in this same notable year, 1848. This, the most popular and one of the most brilliant of the poet's compositions, is a bold excursion into the twilight land of Arthurian romance which Tennyson was to make his own.[1] The exquisite preludes to the two parts of rather slender narrative reveal Lowell's power of lyric description at its best.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"

introduces the familiar passage which everybody recognizes as the supreme tribute of poetry to the season of perfect days, and distinguishes the singer as the poet of the month.

Personal Experiences.

Oftener than we are apt to remember, these years of Lowell's early manhood were invaded by sorrow. In 1847, the parents lost their little daughter Blanche, scarce a twelvemonth old; three years later, Rose, their third child, died in infancy. The intimate expression of the poet's grief is given in the affecting lyrics *She Came and Went*, *The Changeling*, and *The First Snowfall*. In 1850, occurred the death of the poet's mother, from whom he had inherited the mystical tendency so clearly felt in his serious work. Her intensely imaginative mind had become disordered, and for several years she had been an inmate of an asylum. The cloud had rested heavily over the household, but bitterness was still in store. In 1852, while

[1] In the preceding year (1847) Tennyson made a tour of Cornwall, the scene of the Arthurian legends. Six years earlier he had published *Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere*, and *Morte d'Arthur*. The other *Idylls* came in later years.

enjoying their first trip abroad, the Lowells were again bereaved in the death of Walter, their little son, as they were spending the winter in Rome. Meanwhile Mrs. Lowell's health was declining, and soon after the return home, in 1853, the poet buried the wife of his youth. His weight of sorrow is felt in *Palinode*, *After the Burial*, and *The Dead House*. "Something broke my life in two," he said later, "and I cannot piece it together again."

In the winter of 1854–1855, Lowell gave a course of lectures on *Poetry* at the Lowell Institute, a course which established the poet's place as an authority and critic of high rank. At the same time he was appointed to be Longfellow's successor in the professorship at Harvard. A year was spent in Europe preparatory to entering upon his duties at the college. In 1857, coincidently with the founding of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Lowell became editor-in-chief of that most notable of American magazines. This was also the year of his marriage to his second wife, Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine. Four years later, Lowell resigned the editorial chair, but in 1864 became an associate editor, with his friend Charles Eliot Norton, of the *North American Review*, a position which he retained ten years. To these two periodicals, Lowell contributed most of his essays on literary and nature subjects, including those which appeared in the volumes *Among My Books* (two series, 1870, and 1876) and *My Study Windows* (1871). *Fireside Travels*, a volume of reminiscent sketches, among which is the delightfully humorous *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, appeared in 1864.

Lecturer, Professor, Editor.

During the years of conflict, Lowell was again moved to wield the pen of satire. The second series of the *Biglow Papers* appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, be-

ginning in 1862; they were published collectively in 1867. While not so brilliant as the first series, there were nevertheless some notable examples of Yankee humor and patriotic feeling in this group. In *The Courtin'* and *Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line*, the poet exercises the homely dialect upon themes remote from those of war. The farm-boy's description of springtime in New England is worthy to stand with that famous picture of June in *The Vision of Sir Launfal*.

The Civil War.

> "Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
> An' settlin' things in windy Congresses, —
> . . . . . .
> Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers
> So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
> Then gray hosses'nuts leetle hands unfold
> Softer 'n a baby's be at three days old:
> Thet 's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows
> Thet arter this ther 's only blossom-snows;
> . . . . . .
> 'nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
> Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
> Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
> Or climbs aginst the breeze with quiverin' wings,
> Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
> Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air." [1]

Fully in accord with the solemn and ominous spirit of the time are *The Washers of the Shroud*, written in 1861, *On Board the '76*, written for the seventieth birthday of the poet Bryant, in 1864, and the *Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration*, July 21, 1865. This last, one of Lowell's best compositions, was written at white heat in two days' time, after the poet had despaired of accomplishing anything worthy of the occasion; then, says he, "something gave me a jog and the whole thing came out of me with a rush." [2] Although not without technical defects, this sonorous *Ode*, which

[1] *Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line.* [2] Letter to R. W. Gilder.

glows with the patriotic fire so characteristic of its author, has come to have a recognized place among the choicest compositions of American verse. The tribute to Lincoln in the poem is perhaps the best ever paid to the memory of the martyred President.

> "Here was a type of the true elder race,
> And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."

Other poems, the accumulated compositions of these years, were included in a new edition of his poems, published in 1869. A volume, entitled *Under the Willows*, appeared in the same year and also *The Cathedral*, the most important of Lowell's subjective poems. When, in 1874, Louis Agassiz, the great scientist and teacher, died, the event drew from Lowell, who was then in Europe, another masterpiece, the poem *Agassiz*. After the poet's return, two historic anniversaries were the inspiration of two more notable odes: that read at the one hundredth anniversary of the fight at Concord bridge, and *Under the Old Elm*, on the centenary of Washington's taking command of the American army. *An Ode* for the Fourth of July, 1876, completed the group published under the title *Three Memorial Poems*, in 1876. These three compositions confirm their author's fame as the foremost of our patriotic poets. Lowell's later compositions were collected in the volume *Heartsease and Rue* (1888).

Verse on Other Themes.

Like Irving, Mr. Lowell was called upon to serve his country in the responsible and delicate position of a representative at foreign courts. In 1877, he was appointed minister to Spain, under President Hayes. He was received in Madrid as a worthy successor of the author of *Knickerbocker* and of *Columbus;* but Lowell found no time for literary work while there. The duties of his position, though trying, he dis-

Diplomatic Service.

charged with success, and in 1880 was transferred to the English Court of St. James. Here, in the most important of all our diplomatic offices, Lowell was brilliantly successful. It is said that he became one of the most popular men in England. The notable writers of the time were all his friends. On all public occasions he was a welcome guest, and an indispensable participant on occasions of any literary significance. He delivered addresses at the unveiling of busts of Fielding and Coleridge, and was, naturally, the principal speaker when the bust of Longfellow was placed in Westminster Abbey. In these occasional speeches, Lowell was inevitably happy — never more successful than in his famous address on *Democracy*, delivered in 1884, on assuming the presidency of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. This speech, now classic, was a clear and thoughtful exposition of the American idea; a striking interpretation to an English audience of our political system. If the charm of Lowell's personality won the hearts of Englishmen, the tact and firmness with which he conducted the affairs of his office commanded their respect. Lowell never forgot that he was an American, and no one was ever more loyal to the ideals of his country; nor has any of our official representatives done more to cement the friendship between the two countries.

After five years' residence as minister in London, and seven years since his departure for Madrid, Lowell returned to America in 1885. He was again alone; his wife had died in England shortly before his return.

The Last Activities.

The remaining years were tinged with the melancholy that comes with the breaking up of old associations and the loss of old friends. His health was not robust, yet he was not inactive. He delivered a number of public addresses, including a course of Lowell Institute lectures in 1887 — again upon his

favorite subject, *Old English Dramatists*. His volume of poems, *Heartsease and Rue*, was published in 1888, together with a volume of *Political Essays*. In 1889, he delivered in New York an address upon *Our Literature*, and wrote an introduction for a new edition of Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*. The summers of 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889, he passed in England, making his place of sojourn regularly in the ancient town of Whitby, which had been a favorite resort during his official term. His final task was the revision of his works. The poet's home was again at Elmwood; and here the shadow fell upon him. He died August 12, 1891.

His Art.

Lowell might, perhaps, have had a higher place among the poets had he been more careful in his art; his composition is often marred by haste; he gave little time to revision, and even the more important poems were put forth rapidly. But the poet was a master of language and of rhythm. In the literary training which helps to artistic expression, Lowell had the advantage over his contemporaries except Poe and Longfellow. The quality which in these two poets has appealed so universally to readers abroad as well as at home is apparently lacking in Lowell; but we feel that there is a masculine strength in his verse which we do not find in Longfellow, and a sincerity of utterance that does not appear in Poe.

General Survey.

A survey of Lowell's work in literature reveals the versatility of his genius as well as the general excellence of his achievement. Not only is he the only American writer who has won high distinction in both prose and verse, — except Poe, — but in both verse and prose he has touched so many keys with such precision and such power, that he must be regarded as distinctly the most gifted among American men of

letters. He is the only notable critic who has appeared on this side the Atlantic; his literary essays may even outlive his verse. Through his well-known essay on *Dante*, his name is permanently associated with the critical study of the Italian poet.

Suggestions for Reading.

In the rôle of Hosea Biglow, Lowell appears as the strongest of American humorists. No. 1 of the *Biglow Papers* should be read with its epistolary introduction to understand the dramatic machinery of the satire. No. 3 and No. 6 are good examples of Hosea's utterances. Of the second series, *The Courtin'* and *Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line* should be read not only as illustrating the poet's best achievement in the use of Yankee dialect, but also as remarkable presentations of the sentimental phases of rural New England life. Lowell's wit is exhibited most brilliantly in the *Fable for Critics*. To appreciate this, and also something of his keen critical insight, read the passages portraying Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Cooper, Poe, Holmes, and Lowell himself. The solemn strength of Lowell's patriotism is felt especially in *The Present Crisis* and the *Commemoration Ode*. Along with the portraiture of Lincoln in this *Ode* should be read the fifth, sixth, and seventh strophes of *Under the Old Elm*, for that other masterly description of Washington. As a nature poet, Lowell may be seen at his best in *An Indian-Summer Reverie*, *To a Dandelion*, the preludes in the *Vision of Sir Launfal*, *Under the Willows*, and *Pictures from Appledore*. Lowell was much freer than Longfellow in the lyrical expression of his own joys and griefs. The love-poems of his earliest volume tell the story of his own romance, as *Palinode*, *The Wind-Harp*, *After the Burial*, and *The Dead House* are the poignant memorials of his great bereavement. These poems are remarkable for the intensity and frankness of their expression. Wonderfully pathetic are the three poems on the death of the child: *The Changeling*, *She Came and Went*, and *The First Snowfall*. *On Board the '76* (in honor of Bryant), *To H. W. L.*, *To Whittier on his Seventy-fifth Birthday*, and *To Holmes on his Seventy-*

fifth Birthday are occasional poems which have a strong personal interest. Of the miscellaneous poems, select the sonnet *To the Spirit of Keats*, *The Shepherd of King Admetus*, *Columbus*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Singing Leaves*, and *Turner's Old Téméraire*.

In Lowell's prose writings the student should read selections, at least, from *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, *My Garden Acquaintance*, and *Democracy*. Of the literary essays, that upon *Chaucer* is particularly attractive.

Authorities.

The *Complete Works* of Lowell are published by Houghton Mifflin Company. The Cambridge Edition contains the poems in a single volume. The *Letters* of Lowell, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, should not be overlooked; they have a distinguished place in our literature. Among biographies, that by Horace E. Scudder is standard. The most recent life of Lowell, especially suggestive in the critical study of his work and place in literature, is that by Ferris Greenslet (1905). *James Russell Lowell and his Friends*, by Edward Everett Hale, is a volume rich in reminiscence of the poet and his generation. T. W. Higginson, in *Cheerful Yesterdays*, W. D. Howells, in *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, and J. T. Trowbridge, in *My Own Story*, have written of Lowell. There are many noteworthy essays on the poet, of which we may mention especially those by Barrett Wendell, G. W. Curtis, Henry James, G. E. Woodberry, and H. W. Mabie. Stedman, Trent, Richardson, and Wendell are authoritative references in criticism.

IV. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: 1809–1894.

Although nearly ten years the senior of Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes survived his younger contemporary three years, and after Whittier's death in 1892 became the last member of that distinguished group which gave New England her preëminence in nineteenth-century literature. A genial humorist in verse and prose, a gracious and happy "poet of occasions," a shrewd observer of the significant commonplaces of experience,

and a master in the art of easy discourse upon things in general, Dr. Holmes fairly holds his position in American letters, an original and conspicuous figure, while, perhaps, less highly gifted than any of these poets with whom he was so intimately associated.

Ancestry and Childhood.

Like Emerson and Lowell, Holmes was a typical representative of what he himself termed the "Brahmin caste" of New England.[1] His father, a descendant of one of the early settlers of Connecticut, was Rev. Abiel Holmes, for forty years a minister in Cambridge, and an author of some note. The poet's mother, Sarah Wendell Holmes, whom he closely resembled in slightness of figure and vivacity of spirits, was a lineal descendant of Governor Bradstreet and his wife, Anne, best remembered for her poetical gifts and celebrated in her generation as the Tenth Muse.[2] His great-grandmother was the Dorothy Quincy whose portrait is so charmingly presented in the poem *Dorothy Q.* Wendell Phillips was his cousin.

The poet was born at Cambridge, August 29, 1809, in a picturesque gambrel-roofed house on the edge of the Harvard campus.[3] His earliest literary explorations were, like those of Lowell, associated with his father's study, where, as he says, he "bumped about among books," from the time when he was hardly taller than one of his father's folios.

Education.

When ten years old, Wendell was placed in a school where Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and Margaret Fuller were also pupils. Five years later, as it was in the mind of Rev. Abiel Holmes that his son should become a minister, the boy was sent to Andover to take his preparatory course in Phillips Academy, under the sober influences which dominated that ortho-

[1] *Elsie Venner*, chap. i. [2] See page 35.

[3] Described in *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, first paper.

dox community.[1] Holmes remained but a year at the Academy, however, and returned to Cambridge to enter Harvard College in 1825, becoming a member of the famous class of 1829,[2] for whose successive anniversaries some of his most notable poems were composed.

After graduation, Holmes decided upon the legal profession and entered the Harvard Law School. It was at this period that he published his earliest verse. The first of his poems to attract attention was *Old Ironsides* (1830). This spirited lyric was inspired by the announcement that the frigate Constitution, then lying in the navy yard at Charlestown, was to be dismantled and broken up. Hastily writing the ringing lines which so effectively stirred the patriotic feelings of the nation, the young law student sent his verses to the editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, from whose columns they were immediately copied far and wide. The astonished Secretary of the Navy recalled his order; the "tattered ensign," figuratively speaking, was not torn down.[3] A year after *Old Ironsides*, Holmes wrote *The Last Leaf*, one of his finest poems, which with its exquisite blending of humor and pathos still remains our choicest example of what is technically called "society verse." Nearly all the other poetry of this period is broadly humorous, and includes *The Ballad of the Oyster-Man*, *The Height of the Ridiculous*, *My Aunt*, and *The Comet*. In 1831, also, he wrote for the *New*

Early Productions.

[1] Dr. Holmes gives an account of his school-days in the essay *Cinders from the Ashes* (*Pages from an Old Volume of Life*).

[2] The class of 1829 included an unusual number of men who became prominent in all the professions. Two, whose names are more widely known than those of the others, were James Freeman Clarke, the celebrated Boston preacher, and Samuel F. Smith, author of *America*.

[3] In 1834, the historic ship was rebuilt and continued in commission until 1881. Since 1897, she has been lying again at her old anchorage at Charlestown, once more rebuilt, and, so far as possible, restored to her original appearance.

England Magazine two papers entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, forerunners of the admirable series resumed twenty-six years later in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Thus at twenty-three, Oliver Wendell Holmes had already entered the fields of literary effort in which he was to win such happy success, and had duly registered his claim.

Medicine.

In 1832, Holmes turned from law to medicine, and the next year went abroad to study his profession. He remained in Europe, for the most part in Paris, between two and three years, but received his degree from the Harvard Medical School in 1836; at the same commencement he read before the Phi Beta Kappa society the poem entitled *Poetry, a Metrical Essay*. Dr. Holmes began the practice of medicine in Boston, but was called in 1839 to the professorship of anatomy in Dartmouth College. Resigning this position after a year's service, he returned to Boston in 1840, the year of his marriage to Miss Amelia Jackson. In 1847, he was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, a position which he filled actively for thirty-five years — a conscientious and successful instructor, characteristically enlivening his class-room with the brightness of his own high spirits. He wrote frequently upon professional topics and produced some noted medical essays.

Literature Again.

Two volumes of *Poems* had appeared previous to 1850, but, with the exception of the compositions already mentioned, nothing of especial distinction had been published. In 1857, however, the *Atlantic Monthly* began its brilliant course, and Dr. Holmes became forthwith a conspicuous figure in the literary life of America. It was, indeed, upon condition that Holmes should be engaged as the "first contributor" that Lowell accepted the editorship of the new

magazine. And accordingly the first number of the *Atlantic* — a name happily chosen by Dr. Holmes himself — contained the first installment of that work which is most closely associated with its author's literary fame, — the new *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

Dr. Holmes was forty-eight years old when the sparkling pages of the *Autocrat* began to appear. Beginning whimsically with the sentence, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted," the speaker resumed the thread of genial comment which had been dropped a quarter of a century before. The scene of colloquy is at the breakfast-table in a typical Boston boarding-house. The "characters" who comprise the company are lightly sketched: the landlady's sentimental daughter who is wont to receive the statements of the speaker with a rising "yes?" the ingenious youth "B. F.," the divinity student, the professor, the "old gentleman who sits opposite," the little schoolmistress, and the Autocrat himself — who presides so wisely and talks to such excellent effect. There is, too, a tiny romance, as a relish; but the charm of the volume is in the conversation, which is simple and familiar, never commonplace. Shrewd observations, witty comment, happily turned epigrams, pithy phrases, bits of wisdom, passages of fantastic humor blend inimitably. Sometimes it is an odd comparison that provokes a smile — as when the difficulty of "winding-up" a poem suggests the analogy to a diffident caller who finds it hard to get out of a room after the visit is really over: —

The Autocrat.

"They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched."

Or this: —

"Writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may

hit your reader's mind, or miss it; but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it."

Here, too, Holmes introduced some of his best-known verse. *Contentment*, *Parson Turell's Legacy*, and the never-to-be-forgotten narrative of *The Deacon's Masterpiece; or, The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay*, are among the humorous poems presented in the *Autocrat*. It is not always understood that this last-mentioned classic is something of an allegory; the famous vehicle of ancient pattern which went to pieces all at once, —

> "First of November, 'Fifty-five"
> . . . . . .
> All at once, and nothing first, —
> Just as bubbles do when they burst," —

really typifies, in the narrator's mind, the old Calvinistic theology against which he tilts in many a breezy phrase. It was David Holmes, the poet's grandfather, a captain in the French and Indian wars, who built the "One-Hoss Shay." In the pages of this same volume also, we find the poet's choicest lyrics: *The Voiceless*, *The Living Temple*, and *The Chambered Nautilus*.

The success of the *Autocrat* was so great that a new series of essays under the title *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* was given to the *Atlantic* in 1858–1859, and published in book form in 1860. *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* was completed in 1872.

A volume of miscellaneous papers, contributions to the magazines, appeared in 1863 with the title *Soundings from the Atlantic*. With other papers it included the interesting narrative *My Hunt after "The Captain,"* the author's account of his experiences during the search for his son who had been seriously wounded in one of the great battles of the war.

In 1861, Dr. Holmes made his first experiment in fiction, with a romantic novel, *Elsie Venner*, which was followed by a second in similar vein, *The Guardian Angel*, in 1867. Nearly twenty years afterward, he wrote a third novel, *A Mortal Antipathy*, which was published in 1885. Of these the first two are the best. They are cleverly written and abound in the qualities so characteristic of the Autocrat; but they are the physiological studies of a physician rather than the narratives of an ordinary novelist. Both deal with the subject of prenatal influence and the relation of inherited tendencies to the conduct of individuals and their moral responsibility. **The Novels.**

Dr. Holmes was the author of two notable biographies, a life of the historian Motley (1878), and a delightful memoir of Emerson (1884), whose philosophy had had a commanding influence in the intellectual development of Holmes himself. **Biographies.**

The life of Oliver Wendell Holmes was as placid and unclouded as the current of his own vivacious humor. His pleasant home was for many years in what was then the aristocratic residence district of Boston, on Beacon Street, overlooking the Common and almost in the shadow of the historic State House, which the Autocrat declares to be, in the minds of all true Bostonians, "the hub of the solar system." At the monthly dinners of the Saturday Club Holmes was the liveliest of that brilliant company. Indeed, "The Club" was his especial pride. Sadly he wrote to Lowell, in 1883: — **A Pleasant Life.**

"I go to the Saturday Club quite regularly, but the company is more of ghosts than of flesh and blood for me. I carry a stranger there now and then, introduce him to the members who happen to be there, and then say: There at that end used to sit Agassiz; here at this end Longfellow;

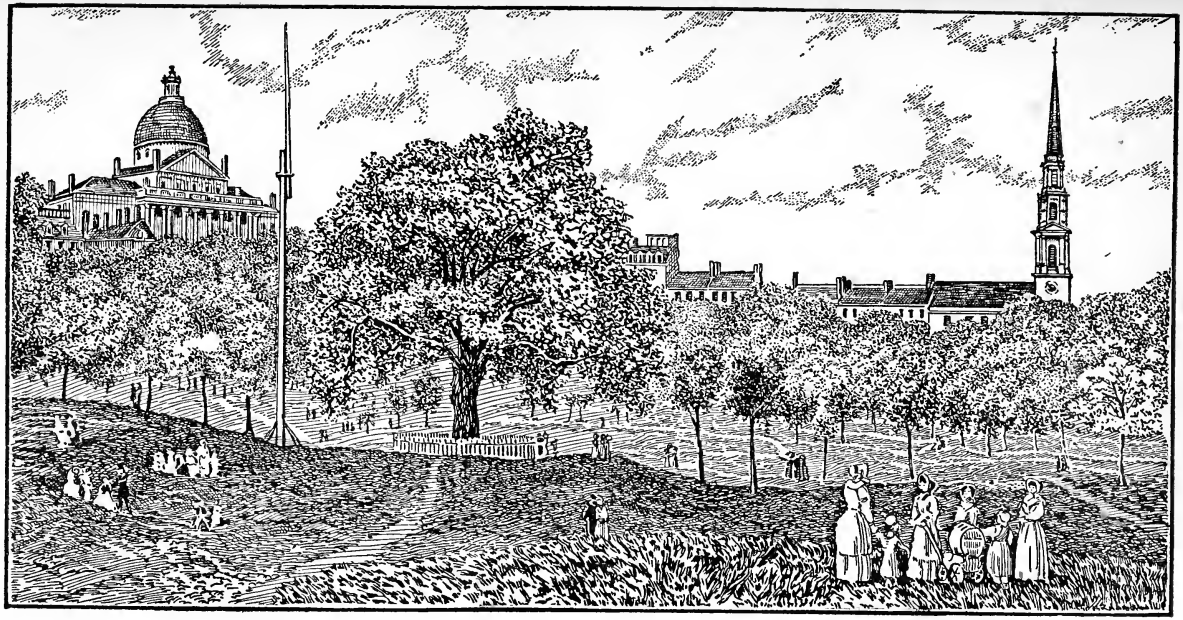
Emerson used to be there, and Lowell often next him; on such an occasion Hawthorne was with us, at another time Motley, and Sumner, and smaller constellations, — nebulæ if you will, but luminous more or less in the provincial firmament."

His poem *At the Saturday Club* (1884) is a noble tribute to this galaxy of friends. There are few events in the poet's later life that call for record. In 1879, a complimentary breakfast in honor of the Autocrat's seventieth birthday was given him by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Together with his daughter, he visited Europe in the summer of 1886, — just fifty years after his student days in Paris. The major part of this later visit was in England, where he was heartily welcomed and royally entertained. Honorary degrees were conferred upon him by the universities of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Oxford. At Oxford, the ceremonial dignity of the occasion was unexpectedly enlivened by the inquiry of a vociferous undergraduate in the gallery, "Did he come in the One-Hoss Shay?" at which, says Dr. Holmes, "there was a hearty laugh, joined in as heartily by myself." [1] The volume *Our Hundred Days in Europe* (1887) contains the interesting record of these experiences, and is as characteristic of the author in its modesty as in its lively humor.

Over the Teacups.

The reappearance of the essayist in 1890 with a new volume, appropriately entitled *Over the Teacups*, was hailed with delight by the readers who had sat with the Autocrat at breakfast a generation before. The writer was eighty-one years old; but the old-time shrewdness of expression, the homely directness of speech, and the mirthful spirit, always tempered by charity and good will, had not been blunted by age. It is the Dictator, now, who presides at the table; there is an appreciative tinkling of the tea-

[1] *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, p. 88.



BOSTON COMMON ABOUT 1860

spoons, as he discourses after the manner of past days. Who but Oliver Wendell Holmes would have linked the Salem witches to these new-fangled cars, and sent them scudding from end to end of Essex County over the inter-urban tracks? *The Broomstick Train* belongs with his best humorous poems.

The Poet.

It is inevitable that Dr. Holmes should live in the memory of readers as the Autocrat; yet it was as a poet that he was ambitious of recognition. His best humorous narratives, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, *Parson Turell's Legacy*, *How the Old Horse Won the Bet*, and *The Broomstick Train*, are classics of their kind. As the poet of occasions — notably in the annual gatherings of his college class — Holmes is without a peer. In *The Boys* (1859) and *Bill and Joe* (1868) we have the class poet at his best. His patriotic verse is not to be forgotten. The note struck in the thrilling lines of *Old Ironsides* is heard in the war-time poems, *Union and Liberty* (1861) and *Voyage of the Good Ship Union* (1862); and again in *Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle* (1875). The strong religious feeling of the poet finds expression in a number of hymns which have a cherished place in the hearts of believers. *The Hymn of Trust*, *A Sun-Day Hymn* ("Lord of all being! throned afar"), and the *Parting Hymn* ("Father of Mercies, Heavenly Friend") are the most familiar. But after all, there are comparatively few of Holmes's serious compositions that reach the high standards of imaginative poetry; and of these it is *The Chambered Nautilus* which holds the favored place among the best-known and best-loved American poems. The later volumes of his verse were published as follows: *Songs in Many Keys* (1861), *Humorous Poems* (1865), *Songs of Many Seasons* (1874), *The Iron Gate* (1880), and *Before the Curfew* (1888).

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring," —

Holmes had written at twenty-two or twenty-three. Neither Whittier nor Longfellow had been heard from then. Poe's early poems, and Bryant's, of course, were being read. Lowell had not entered college. The author of *The Last Leaf* saw the flight of all. He paid his tribute of respect to the patriarch of American poets, on Bryant's seventieth birthday (1864), and thirteen years later wrote in happy phrase his greeting *For Whittier's Seventieth Birthday. The Iron Gate* marked his own arrival at the milepost of threescore and ten. It was for the Autocrat to pay loving tribute to the memory of Longfellow and of Emerson in well-known passages of *At the Saturday Club* (1884), and then, in 1891, to lament the death of Lowell in the most tender of all these personal poems: —

"Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir
That filled our groves with music till the day
Lit the last hill-top with its reddening fire,
And evening listened for thy lingering lay."

In the year following, Whittier died; and of him the surviving poet sang: —

"Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong;
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song."

Finally, two years later, October 7, 1894, Holmes, too, passed away — last of the

"choir
That filled our groves with music,"

in that long golden age of our national literature.

Authorities.

It will not be necessary to specify regarding the selection of material for reading in either the verse or prose of Holmes. The *Complete Works* are published in fourteen volumes by Houghton Mifflin Company. The Cambridge Edition of the *Poems* is in one volume. *The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes* (2 vols.) by John T. Morse, Jr., is the standard biography. Mrs. Annie Fields, in *Authors and Friends*, T. W. Higginson, in *Old Cambridge*, and J. T. Trowbridge, in *My Own Story* (1904), have written of the Autocrat. The usual authorities on American literature may be read in general criticism

CHAPTER VI

THE GENERAL LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES

I. The Historians.
II. Orators and Statesmen.
III. The Writers of Pennsylvania and New York.
IV. Novelists and Humorists.
V. Poetry South and North.

THE period in our literary history which produced our most distinguished writers in prose and verse has not yet been fully described. Contemporary with these — the popular classics of our literature — there were many authors of lesser rank whose names belong in the record of our literary development. Some of these may be designated as the minor essayists, novelists, and poets of their generation, while some are our foremost representatives in other fields of literary effort as yet not touched upon.

I. THE HISTORIANS.

First in this enumeration are the historical writers — who constitute an important group among the authors of the century. The most brilliant of the number were Prescott, Motley, and Parkman. These three men were thoroughly representative of the traditional New England aristocracy of culture. They were all residents of Boston and graduates of Harvard College. A peculiar coincidence is found in the fact that both Prescott and Parkman suffered from the affliction of partial blindness, and that it was only in spite of extraordinary diffi-

culty, by the exercise of consummate patience, that each was successful in his achievement.

W. H. Prescott, 1796–1859.

William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem; but his parents removed to Boston when the boy was twelve years of age, and placed their son in Harvard College as a Sophomore, in 1811. It was in his junior year that the accident occurred which caused his loss of vision. A crust of bread thrown in the dining-hall by a fellow student struck his eyeball, and the sight of the left eye was destroyed. Intervals of complete blindness fell upon him, and the fear of losing his sight altogether never left him.

His Ambition.

Prescott's literary career was the result of a youthful ambition. "I had early conceived," he says, "a passion for historical writing, to which, perhaps, the reading of Gibbon's *Autobiography* contributed not a little. I proposed to make myself an historian in the best sense of the word." It was, however, after long deliberation that he settled upon a romantic period in Spanish history as his theme. Happily Prescott's means were ample; the physical difficulties in his situation could hardly have been overcome otherwise.

The Task.

The story of this effort is heroical enough. When oculists assured him that the sight of the remaining eye would be impaired if not destroyed by literary labor, he refused to retreat. Calmly he determined that even should sight fail, while hearing remained his literary ambition should be realized. Dictation he found impossible. He invented a mechanical device for guiding his pencil over the paper, and employed readers to copy the manuscript he wished to consult. There were long interruptions in the work. We read in his journal entries like these: "The last fortnight I have not read or written, in all, five minutes." "If I could only have some use of my eyes!" "I use

my eyes ten minutes at a time, for an hour a day. So I snail it along."

For ten years, Prescott labored over his first volume, *The History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, conscientiously examining all accessible sources. The work, which was published in 1837, met with immediate success in this country and abroad. It was at once translated into five European languages, and its author was welcomed to the fellowship of the distinguished historians in England, Germany, and France. *The Conquest of Mexico* followed in 1843, *The Conquest of Peru* in 1847. A history of the reign of Philip II was undertaken, but only three of the six volumes proposed were finished, the third appearing in 1858. Prescott died in January of the following year.

The Achievement.

Although to a certain extent discredited as authoritative upon historical fact, these works possess high literary value. They read like romance; their style is pictorial and vivid. Prescott was the successor of Irving in the romantic field of Spanish history. Irving himself, indeed, had meditated a history of the conquest of Mexico, had collected material therefor in Spain, and was actually engaged upon the work; but when he learned of Prescott's design, he quietly withdrew from the field and placed his material in the hands of the younger man. A few years later Prescott in turn performed a similar act of kindness in resigning to Motley an important part of the field naturally included in any account of the reign of Philip II.

Dorchester, now a part of Boston, was the birthplace of John Lothrop Motley. After graduation from Harvard in 1831, he spent two years as a student at the universities of Berlin and Göttingen, forming an intimate acquaintance with Bis-

J. L. Motley, 1814–1877.

marck, his fellow student, the future chancellor of Germany. Motley's literary career began inauspiciously with the publication of an unsuccessful novel, *Morton's Hope* (1839); and this was followed ten years later by a colonial romance, *Merry Mount* (1849).

Historical Studies.

After a brief period of residence in St. Petersburg as a secretary of legation (1841–1842), he returned to America and soon became interested in historical themes. A series of articles contributed to the *North American Review* attracted general notice. In 1850, he became absorbed in his study of the Protestant struggle in Holland against the tyranny of Philip II. Motley had not, like Prescott, determined to be an historian and then searched for a theme. "My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself," he wrote; "it was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other." [1] After receiving the hearty approval and encouragement of the older historian, Motley set himself at the task.

The Dutch Republic.

Searching the archives of Europe and counting his labor a joy, — so filled with enthusiasm was he over his theme, — Motley completed the major portion of his work in 1856. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* was received, as Prescott's volumes had been, with universal applause. The *History of the United Netherlands* was published, the first two volumes in 1860, the last two in 1868. The *Life of John of Barneveld* (1874) was preliminary to the final work of the series, a history of the Thirty Years' War; but this work was never written.

[1] Letter to Prescott's brother-in-law, written at Rome, in 1859, on hearing of Prescott's death.

Much of Motley's life was spent abroad. Besides his early service as secretary at St. Petersburg, he held two important appointments. He was minister to Austria during the Civil War period, and was appointed by President Grant minister to England in 1869. His recall, however, — for which no satisfactory reason has ever been given, — came in 1870. After the publication of *John of Barneveld*, in 1874, a year marked also by domestic sorrow in the loss of his wife, Motley undertook no further literary work. He died in England in 1877, and was buried just outside London.

Diplomatic Service.

Motley's works are characterized, like those of his predecessor, by the dramatic quality of the narrative and by eloquence of style. His intense sympathy with the oppressed and gallant Hollanders in their struggle for independence, and his hearty admiration for their great hero, William the Silent, permitted him to take no impartial ground. He writes as an acknowledged partisan, and in this respect his historical method is rather the method of the past than of the present.

Francis Parkman, the youngest of the group, and thoroughly modern in his method of investigation and presentation, was of Boston birth. His father was a clergyman; his grandfather, a prosperous merchant, had established the family fortunes upon a basis which gave the family financial independence. A love of outdoor life was early bred in the boy, whose health was delicate and who was on that account allowed unusual freedom. He lived much in the open air and conducted youthful explorations in the surrounding woods.

F. Parkman, 1823–1893.

During his student days at Harvard, Parkman was seized with the desire to write the history of the French and Indian War, and he determined to study the life of the Indian at first hand.

Preparation.

Two years after graduation, he started from St. Louis, in 1846, upon the emigrant trail for the Dakota country. The summer that followed was replete with adventure, and productive of hardship from the effects of which the historian never recovered. But Parkman had lived among trappers and Indians; he had traversed the plains, hunted the buffalo, dwelt for weeks in the lodges of a tribe of Sioux, and gained by rough experience the knowledge that he sought. The narrative of his adventure is told in a fascinating volume, *The California and Oregon Trail* (1849).

France in the New World.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac (1851) was the first of Parkman's historical volumes to appear, although it describes the culmination rather than the opening of the epoch which he chronicles. It was fourteen years before his *Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865) really began the story of the struggle between France and England for the possession of America. *The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century* (1867), *La Salle; or the Discovery of the Great West* (1869), *The Old Régime* (1874), *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV* (1877), *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), and a supplementary volume, *A Half-Century of Conflict* (1892), constitute the impressive series of his works. Parkman's style does not fall below that of Prescott in picturesqueness and realism. His accuracy may be safely assumed. Copyists were constantly at work for him over manuscript records of the past, and he himself visited Europe five times to gather material. The localities he described were usually traversed in person.

The Man.

The difficulties which Parkman overcame in the accomplishment of his purpose were strikingly similar to those which had confronted the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella. With vision sadly

impaired by some obscure trouble of the brain which affected also the action of the heart and the control of the limbs, he was terribly handicapped. His working time was frequently reduced to less than half an hour a day and there were long periods of utter helplessness. He was noted for his cheerful, sunny disposition. At his pleasant home on the shore of Jamaica Pond, he found recreation in the culture of roses, a pursuit of which he was extremely fond. He published a *Book of Roses* in 1866; for two years he held the chair of horticulture in Harvard.

Histories of the Nation.

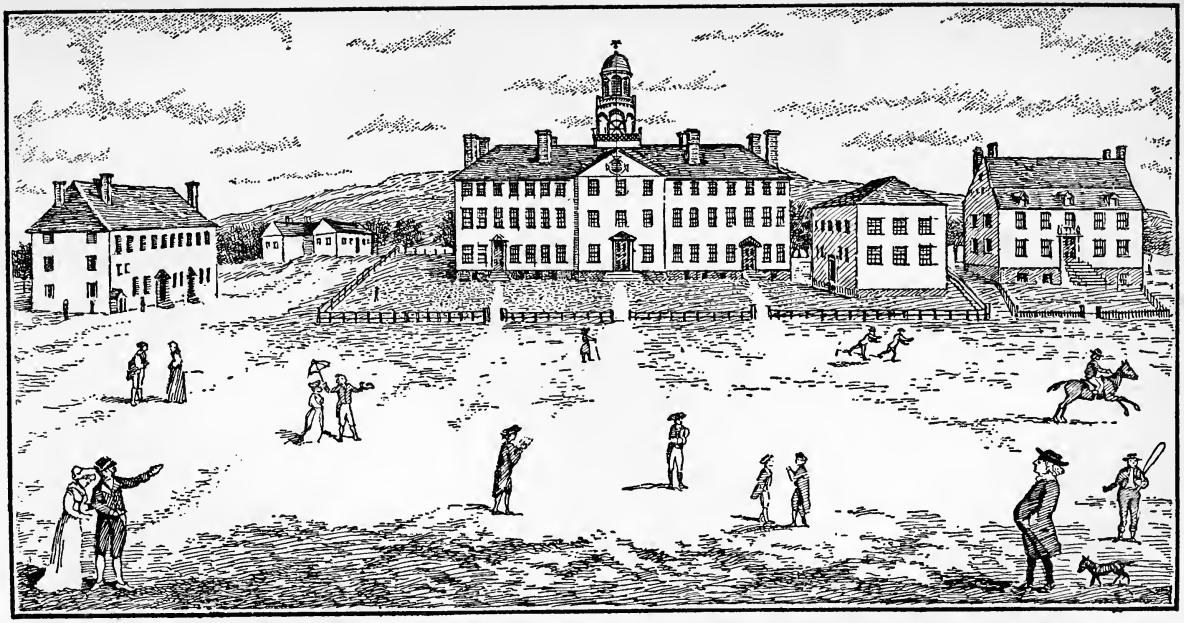
With this record of our more famous literary historians there should be some account of those who have dealt most effectively with the theme of our national life. The most notable of these writers is George Bancroft (1800–1891), another Massachusetts scholar, who after graduation from Harvard studied at Göttingen and there received his doctor's degree in 1820. For a time he conducted a private school in Boston. The first volume of his *History of the United States* was published in 1834, the second in 1837. The author was then drawn into political life and served successively as collector of the port of Boston, Secretary of the Navy, minister to England, minister to Prussia, and then to Germany. The volumes of his history appeared at intervals until the tenth, in 1874, brought the narrative down to the close of the Revolution. Two later volumes (1882) were added to include the formation of the Constitution. In 1885, the historian completed a revision of his work, which condensed the narrative within the limits of six volumes. Bancroft's *History* has always been recognized as a work of value, although it does not hold a place in literature with those of Parkman, Motley, and Prescott. Its author was a stanch Democrat, and this political bias is obvious in

the work. Richard Hildreth (1807–1865), also a citizen of Massachusetts, and a Whig, produced a *History of the United States* (1849–1852) in six volumes; it does not measure up to the standard of Bancroft's work. A scholarly *History of New England* (1858) by John Gorham Palfrey (1796–1881), and two noteworthy volumes dealing with the history of Louisiana (1851–1852) by Charles Étienne Gayarré (1805–1895) may well be mentioned here, although local rather than national in scope. The youngest, and not the least important among recent historical writers in this field is John Fiske (1842–1901), a brilliant and popular essayist upon philosophical and religious themes, whose first historical study, *The Critical Period of American History*, appeared in 1888. Jared Sparks (1789–1866) was a pioneer in the field of national biography. Sparks was a Unitarian clergyman, a professor of history at Harvard, and president of that college. He wrote the lives of Washington and Franklin and edited their writings: the *Washington*, in 1834–1838, the *Franklin*, in 1836–1840. He also edited a great *Library of American Biography* in twenty-five volumes which was completed in 1848.

Authorities. The student is referred to the *William Hickling Prescott*, by Rollo Ogden, and the *Francis Parkman*, by Henry D. Sedgwick, in the *American Men of Letters Series*. The *Life* of Motley, by his close friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, is the best available biography at present.

II. ORATORS AND STATESMEN.

Among the men conspicuous in public life, who by reason of their argumentative skill and the power of their eloquence were the nation's leaders during the critical years of the century, the first to be mentioned is



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE IN 1804

Daniel Webster. No more commanding personality has ever moved among American statesman. His portrait — after those of Washington and Lincoln — is the most familiar of those in our national gallery. So impressive was he in presence, so leonine in feature, that his personal appearance struck every listener with awe. "That amorphous, crag-like face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be *blown;* the mastiff mouth, accurately closed" — this is the way in which Carlyle described his picture. He was an acute reasoner as well as an eloquent speaker. His famous arguments in the Dartmouth College case (1818) and in the White murder case at Salem (1830) are models of logical structure. His orations at the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims (1820), at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument (1825), and at the completion of the monument (1843) are noted examples of his eloquence. It was his self-appointed task to guard the integrity of the Constitution; and it was this idea which inspired the best known of all his great addresses, the *Reply to Hayne*, delivered in the United States Senate in 1830. It was his devotion to the Union and the preservation of national unity which led to his support of compromise measures when the separation of South and North seemed imminent; and it was this which brought forth the speech on the seventh of March, 1850, — the speech which aroused the indignation of the anti-slavery party in New England and drew from Whittier that scathing utterance of disappointment and grief, the poem *Ichabod*.

Daniel Webster, 1782–1852.

His Life.

Webster was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire. He studied at Phillips Academy, then recently founded at Exeter, and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1801. He practiced law in

Portsmouth and served for a term as a representative of New Hampshire in Congress. In 1816, he removed to Boston, again went to Congress, and then entered the Senate in 1827. He was Secretary of State (1841–1843), and returned to the Senate in 1845. His home was at Marshfield, Massachusetts, at the time of his death.

Representative Statesmen.

Representing the South in the arena of political debate were John C. Calhoun (1782–1850) and Henry Clay (1777–1852); while the names of Rufus Choate (1799–1859) and Edward Everett (1794–1865) are joined with that of Webster, as representative of the eloquence of New England. Foremost among the orators developed by anti-slavery sentiment in the North were Wendell Phillips (1811–1884) and Charles Sumner (1813–1887). The eloquent voice of Henry Ward Beecher (1813–1887) was raised in the same cause. Nor should the names of Stephen A. Douglas (1813–1861) and Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865) be omitted from this list. In a dramatic series of public debates conducted in 1858 upon the prairies of Illinois, Lincoln and Douglas contended over the great issue of the time, — the institution of slavery and the momentous national problem to which it had given rise. While nominally a campaign for the Illinois senatorship, this remarkable discussion between the rival candidates —Douglas, the national leader of the Democratic party, and Lincoln, the candidate of the recently organized Republicans — aroused the interest of the entire country. Mr. Douglas was elected to the Senate; but the contest made Lincoln, two years later, the logical candidate of the Republican party for the presidency of the United States. It is not necessary here to discuss the genius of Abraham Lincoln. His lowly origin, his primitive surroundings, the scanty education, the unique personality, the lofty spirit in the

Lincoln.

awkward, almost grotesque frame, are all parts of a familiar story. He was yet another in the group of so-called self-made men in whom genius has triumphed over circumstances. It should not be forgotten that the opponent of the highly trained, debonair Douglas had had his forensic training during twenty years of practice before the Illinois bar, and that he was regarded as the best jury lawyer in the state; nor that the author of the speech at Gettysburg had steeped his mind in youth with the English of Shakespeare and the Bible — almost his only text-books. Academic traditions were unknown to Lincoln. His oratory was simple, keen, direct; his eloquence was unadorned by the arts of rhetoric; but his inaugural addresses and that delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg memorial betray the highest qualities of head and heart. They are among the choicest of our American classics.

III. WRITERS OF NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA.

For some time, our attention has been centred for the most part in the work of our New England writers; but we must not think that the literary activity of this long period was confined to the immediate vicinity of Boston. The cities of Philadelphia and New York had each its coterie of literary workers. In the rapidly growing metropolis, the generation following that of Irving and his associates of the Knickerbocker group was not without its representatives of greater or less distinction, among whom at least two, Bayard Taylor and George William Curtis, deserve especial recognition. Both were men of letters in the broadest sense, versatile in talent and giving expression to that talent in varied literary forms.

Taylor was born in a Quaker household upon a Pennsylvania farm, and as a child was conscious of two

ambitions: to travel and to become a poet. His literary ambition was gratified prematurely by the publication of a volume of verse, *Ximena*, — afterward regretted, — in 1844. In the same year, his twentieth, he sailed for England, having arranged with several editors to print the letters which he purposed to write while on his travels. For nearly two years, he tramped about over Europe enduring much hardship; his letters were published in 1846, under the title of *Views Afoot, or Europe seen with the Knapsack and Staff*. An editorial connection with the New York *Tribune* followed; and in 1849, Taylor was sent to California to report upon the fortunes of the gold-seekers. The next year his letters to the *Tribune* appeared in the volume *Eldorado*. A trip to the far East in 1851 resulted not only in more correspondence but also in a volume of verse, *Poems of the Orient* (1854), containing some of his best compositions, including the *Bedouin Song*. Bayard Taylor's fame as a traveler and an entertaining descriptive writer was extended by successive volumes recounting his experiences in Africa, in Spain, in India, China, and Japan, and in the northern countries of Europe. But he was ambitious to fill a higher place in literature.

Bayard Taylor, 1825–1878.

In 1863, he produced his first novel, *Hannah Thurston*, and the next year, his second, *John Godfrey's Fortunes*, which is to some extent autobiographical. *The Story of Kennett* (1866), a semi-historical romance, is his most successful work of fiction. A long and elaborate narrative poem, *The Picture of St. John* (1866), was followed by *The Masque of the Gods* (1872), and *Lars: a Pastoral of Norway* (1873). Other volumes of verse were published in the latter years of his life, including *The National Ode*, written for the Centennial at Philadel-

Novels and Poems.

phia in 1876; but no one of Taylor's original efforts resulted in any enduring success. He wrote tirelessly and unceasingly, yet without that inspiration which gives immortality to the works of genius. His one achievement which will most certainly endure is the translation of Goethe's *Faust*, the two parts of which were published in 1870 and 1871. This altogether admirable version of the German poet's masterpiece ranks with Bryant's *Homer* and Longfellow's *Dante*, if it does not surpass them in this delicately difficult field of poetical translation.

But a portion of Taylor's literary labor is recorded here; he was an indefatigable worker, and his health broke down under the steady strain. In 1878, he was appointed minister to Germany; and it seemed peculiarly appropriate that the translator of Germany's great classic should be thus honored. His appointment was universally approved, for the poet was widely respected and, in the circle of his literary associates, greatly beloved. He was welcomed at Berlin, as Irving had been at the court of Spain; but his diplomatic career was pathetically brief. Death came upon him suddenly while sitting in his library at the German capital in December of the year of his appointment.

G. W. Curtis, 1824–1892.

The boyhood of George William Curtis was spent in Providence, Rhode Island, but his family removed to New York when he was fifteen years old. He was still in his teens when he, with an older brother, entered the Brook Farm community at about the time that Hawthorne joined it. Three or four years of foreign travel, including a visit to Egypt and Syria, resulted in two volumes of description and impression: *Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1851) and *The Howadji in Syria* (1852). *Lotus Eating* (1852) presents another series of travel sketches. In *The Potiphar*

Papers (1853) he satirized some tendencies in New York society.

The Orator.

During the decade just preceding the Civil War, Curtis participated not only as a writer but also as a public speaker in the great debate on slavery, and laid the foundation of his later fame as one of the most forceful and graceful of American orators — a reputation maintained to the end of his career.

In Fiction and Essay.

In 1856, Curtis published a charming little work of light and delicate sentiment entitled *Prue and I*, a work which was exceedingly popular at the time, and which retains its popularity still. *Trumps*, an experiment in novel writing, appeared in 1861. The chief claim of Curtis to literary distinction, however, is as an essayist. For nearly fifty years he was associated editorially with *Harper's Magazine*, and throughout that period contributed regularly those delightful papers — essays in miniature — which we associate with the department so sympathetically named "the Easy Chair." Something of the Addisonian flavor, with more of the spirit of Charles Lamb, is to be recognized in these vivacious contributions of comment, criticism, and reminiscence. Nevertheless, Curtis was as much a master of a style distinctly his own as was the author of the *Autocrat*. Three volumes of selections from these papers have been published, some of the essays appearing in an expanded form. Two volumes of *Orations and Addresses* have also appeared, including the eulogies on Wendell Phillips and James Russell Lowell.

J. G. Holland, 1819–1881.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was a Massachusetts physician when he left his professional practice and, like Taylor and Curtis, entered journalism in New York. Over the pen-name Timothy Titcomb, Dr. Holland, while editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, wrote a series of familiar essays, letters of

wholesome counsel, which were received with favor in book form under the title *Timothy Titcomb's Letters* (1858). The publication of two volumes of verse, *The Bay Path* (1857) and *Bitter-Sweet* (1858), gave him a place among the "popular poets," which was reinforced by the appearance of *Kathrina*, a sentimental romance in metre, in 1867. Dr. Holland's claims to literary distinction are not especially strong, but his novels, *Miss Gilbert's Career* (1860), *Arthur Bonnicastle* (1873), *Sevenoaks* (1875), and *Nicholas Minturn* (1877), were widely read. In 1870, he became the editor of the new *Scribner's Magazine* (which in 1881 changed its name to the *Century*).

"Ik Marvel," 1822–1908.

Donald Grant Mitchell, a member of this same interesting group of genial essayists who long survived the rest, is the author of two delightful books which, like Curtis's *Prue and I*, still retain a popularity hardly diminished by the lapse of a generation. *Reveries of a Bachelor* was published in 1850, *Dream Life* in 1851. The same charm of style and matter pervades *My Farm of Edgewood* (1863) and *Wet Days at Edgewood* (1864); nor is it lacking in the volumes of literary anecdote, *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* (1889) and *American Lands and Letters* (1897–1899).

C. D. Warner, 1829–1900.

Charles Dudley Warner, whose delightful sketch-book, *My Summer in a Garden* (1870), suggests comparison with the "Edgewood" books, was born in Massachusetts. For many years he was a member of the famous literary coterie in Hartford, Connecticut, his professional duties — he was also a journalist — associating him with the New York group. His pleasant volume of *Backlog Studies* appeared in 1872. In collaboration with Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), he wrote *The Gilded Age*

(1873). Two volumes of travel sketches, *My Winter on the Nile* and *In the Levant*, were published in 1876. *Being a Boy*, a picturesque presentation of youth on a New England farm, belongs to the year following. Warner was the author of numerous volumes, including a *Life of Washington Irving* (1881) and two realistic novels, effective studies of New York society, *A Little Journey in the World* (1889) and *The Golden House* (1894).

Richard Henry Stoddard, whose early years were years of poverty, was toiling in an iron foundry when he began his poetical career in New York. A friendship with Bayard Taylor led to the publication of his first poems and to much literary work. From 1859 to 1870, Mr. Stoddard was employed in the New York custom-house, a position obtained with the friendly assistance of Hawthorne. From that time on, he was engaged in editorial work and held a high place among our minor poets. An autobiographic volume of *Recollections* (1903) is not the least interesting of his prose works. The poet's wife, Elizabeth B. Stoddard (1823–1902), was also a writer of verse and the author of three noteworthy novels, *The Morgesons* (1862), *Two Men* (1865), and *Temple House* (1867).

Richard H. Stoddard, 1825–1903.

A Philadelphia writer, George Henry Boker (1823–1890), represents substantial attainment in the field of dramatic poetry. His successful tragedy, *Francesca da Rimini* (1856), is possibly the best of several which embody that romantic theme. Thomas Buchanan Read (1822–1872), like Boker a Pennsylvanian and a friend of Taylor and the Stoddards, was also an artist as well as poet. Of all his verse the battle lyric, *Sheridan's Ride* (1865), is the poem inevitably associated with his name.

By far the most interesting and important figure

among the New York writers of this generation is that presented in the picturesque personality of Walt Whitman. Strictly speaking, he was not so much a member as one outside the literary circle just described. A man of rich vitality, lustily greeting life in all its phases, emphasizing, perhaps needlessly, the physical side of life, Whitman strode forth on his course, violating the conventionalities at every step. Not only in what he had to say as a poet was Whitman unconventional; he was unconventional also in the manner of saying. He violated the established rules of poetical expression as boldly and as confidently as he disregarded the ordinary rule of silence concerning the topics which he discussed with such amazing frankness. He was an innovator, a representative of new ideas. In the literary history of our country he stands unique. At once the target of criticism, he persevered in the delivery of what he certainly believed a "message"; and now, half a century and more since the publication of his earliest volume, he still stands a somewhat problematical personality. In the minds of many he appears a man of undoubted genius, Ossianic, elemental, impressive; to some he is the teacher of newfound truths, the prophet and the poet of democracy.

Walt Whitman, 1819–1892.

Walt Whitman was born on a farm on Long Island. His father was a descendant of pioneer New England stock; his mother's ancestry was Dutch. While Whitman was a child, his parents removed to Brooklyn, where his father practiced the trade of carpenter and builder. The boy was educated but scantily in the public schools, and entered a printer's office at thirteen. He was not continuously employed; he found time to roam the moors and beaches of Long Island in close touch with nature and delighting in the sea; he also found time to read much good literature,

His Life.

the *Arabian Nights*, Scott, Shakespeare, Ossian, the hero-poetry of the Germans, and translations of the Greek dramatists and poets. There was a strange fitness in it — this abrupt, haphazard introduction to the masterpieces of literature. Dante he read in the shadows of a wood; Homer he learned by heart in the shelter of great rocks, listening to the roar of the surf. At fifteen, he one day notices a ship under full sail, and has the desire to describe it like a poet. At eighteen, he teaches a country school. At twenty, he starts a weekly paper in his birthplace, then edits in leisurely fashion a daily paper in New York. He writes romances and verse of the conventional sort for a magazine, rides on the Broadway omnibuses and makes stanch friends with the drivers, is welcomed in the pilot-houses of the ferry-boats that ply on East River, frequents the Bowery, and is a conspicuous figure among the Bohemians who gather in Pfaff's restaurant. At twenty-eight, he is editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and then suddenly takes to the "open road" to see the country and get near the people. This "leisurely journey and working expedition," as Whitman termed it, takes him through the Middle States and down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, where for a time he works in a newspaper office. Retracing his steps in part, he visits the Great Lakes, sees Niagara, and crosses into Canada, finally returning through Central New York and down the Hudson.

In 1855, appeared the first edition of Whitman's poems, entitled *Leaves of Grass*, a title which was used by the poet with each subsequent issue until the eighth edition, in 1892. This first volume was perhaps more widely talked about than widely read. To most of those who did read it, it was both mystifying and repellent. Not only did they find here a startling freedom of speech which shocked them and an

Leaves of Grass.

apparent egotism that amazed, but they found also a form of expression that bade defiance to every principle of constructive art.

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself,"

chanted the poet;[1]

"And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

"I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.
. . . . . .

"A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

"I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

"Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

"Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.
. . . . . .

"And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves."

This indeed seemed anarchy rather than art, and it is not surprising that a new generation of readers was born before the real significance of this strange verse began to be clear. Yet Emerson recognized the strength of originality in the "message" and wrote Whitman a friendly and appreciative letter, which, with very poor taste, Walt included in the next edition of his poems. In time it became evident that the *Song of Myself* was to be interpreted as typical and universal rather than egotistic, and that the spirit of Walt Whitman's poetry was democratic rather than personal.

[1] *Song of Myself.*

The peculiar verse-form Whitman persistently maintained. It represents his revolt from artificiality. It was premeditated and, indeed, acquired with some effort. Of his compositions in this first volume, he said: "I had great trouble in leaving out the stock 'poetical' touches, but succeeded at last."[1] Rhyme and metre were abolished — but not melody or rhythm. The device of the "catalogue" became his favorite method of suggestion, often picturesque, often musical, but often, too, unorganized and bewildering. In later years Whitman's poetry became less turgid and, at times, even symmetrical. The objectionable freedoms of the early work disappeared entirely and the poetical quality grew more tangible.

Whitman's Verse.

The Civil War stirred Whitman mightily. The spirit of his verse during this period attains a dignity and strength that is notable; but this is not all. A brother who had enlisted was wounded; and late in 1862, Walt went to Washington to nurse him. For the next two years the poet gave himself wholly to the hospitals. The service which he then performed, sometimes in the camps, sometimes on the field, can hardly be described. Stalwart, health-breathing, sympathetic, he assisted the surgeons, dressed the wounds, spoke tender encouragement to the suffering, scattered his simple little gifts among the sick, took the last message, and held the dying soldier in his arms.[2] His own superb health finally broke. In *Drum-Taps* (1865) are included some of his finest compositions, notably the vivid descriptive poems *Cavalry Crossing a Ford*, *Bivouac on a Mountain-side*, *An Army Corps on the March*, and *By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame*, pictures intense in their realism. The death of Lincoln inspired two poems which command universal admiration: *When*

The Poet's War Record.

[1] *Notes and Fragments.* [2] Read *The Wound-Dresser.*

Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd and *O Captain! My Captain!* This last poem is in rhymed stanzas, and shows Whitman's poetical power at its best.

The sea is the subject of many fine passages in these strange compositions. *A Paumanok Picture*, *Patroling Barnegat*, *With Husky-Haughty Lips*, *O Sea*, may be cited as examples, this last especially a marvel of descriptive power. To the poems of this interesting group, many as impressively suggestive could easily be added. The bird-songs in *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking* and *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* are remarkable lyrics. *To the Man-of-War-Bird* is another poem easily to be appreciated. A picture dramatic in spirit and singularly vivid, is that descriptive of the old mariner's passing, in *Old Salt Kossabone.*

The Strength of Whitman.

"Far back, related on my mother's side,
Old Salt Kossabone, I 'll tell you how he died:
(Had been a sailor all his life — was nearly 90 — lived with his married grandchild, Jenny;
House on a hill, with view of bay at hand, and distant cape, and stretch to open sea;)
The last of afternoons, the evening hours, for many a year his regular custom,
In his great arm chair by the window seated,
(Sometimes, indeed, through half the day,)
Watching the coming, going of the vessels, he mutters to himself. — And now the close of all:
One struggling outbound brig, one day, baffled for long — cross-tides and much wrong going,
At last at nightfall strikes the breeze aright, her whole luck veering,
And swiftly bending round the cape, the darkness proudly entering, cleaving, as he watches,
'She 's free — she 's on her destination" — these the last words — when Jenny came, he sat there dead,
Dutch Kossabone, Old Salt, related on my mother's side, far back."

More and more, as one learns to read Whitman, — and the reading should be aloud, — his strength grows upon the reader. The eccentricity, the uncouth forms,

the jargon of names and words, disturb him less. In some degree he must respond to the pervading spirit of comradeship, of sympathy — boundless, indiscriminate. All mankind is brother and sister; everything in nature is wholesome and divine.

"He says indifferently and alike *How are you friend?* to the President at his levee,
And he says *Good-day my brother*, to Cudge that lives in the sugar-field,
And both understand him and know that his speech is right." [1]

This is certainly the spirit of democracy speaking. The question is, Is it poetry?

In 1873, a stroke of paralysis incapacitated the poet, and Whitman, who had held a clerkship in Washington, removed to Camden, New Jersey, where his later life was spent. Here he lived in comparative poverty, but with the companionship of a few intimate friends, and with the knowledge of a growing body of disciples who cared more for their master's teaching than about his style of utterance. Tributes of recognition from Great Britain and the Continent gratified him. He began to be regarded by some enthusiasts as an oracle, and the poet seemed not averse to the rôle. *Specimen Days and Collect*, autobiographical data in prose, was published in 1882. A new collection of verse, *November Boughs*, appeared in 1888. The seventieth birthday of the poet was marked by greetings from all parts of the world. A new edition of *Leaves of Grass* was issued, together with the new poems collected under the title *Sands at Seventy*. A final volume, *Good-bye my Fancy* (1891), contained his last poems. Whitman died March 26, 1892.

The End.

The influence of Whitman has not yet been noticeable in American verse; but meanwhile the circle of appreciative readers has been constantly increasing, even

[1] *Song of the Answerer.*

outside the so-called Whitman cult. An intelligent reading of Whitman is wholesome and invigorating. As to his place among poets, that is a matter yet to be determined.

References. Concerning Walt Whitman and his work there is a superabundance of material. The best recent biography, with a satisfactory criticism of his verse, is the *Life of Walt Whitman*, by Bliss Perry. See also *Walt Whitman* by George R. Carpenter, in the *English Men of Letters Series*. A good short sketch of the poet is the volume in the *Beacon Biographies*, by I. H. Platt. The study of Whitman in Trent's *American Literature* is impartial and admirable. The volume of *Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman*, edited by O. L. Triggs, and *Selected Poems by Walt Whitman*, edited by Arthur Stedman (in *Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series*), may prove more profitable as an introduction to the poet than an edition of his complete works.

IV. NOVELISTS AND HUMORISTS.

Southern Romancers. Writers of fiction were numerous during the first half of the century, in the South as well as in the North. While Cooper and Poe were the only ones who attained eminence in this field, there was no lack of story-telling, and in several instances a wide local reputation was built upon the success of a single book. The influence of Cooper is strongly felt in the work of three Southern novelists, Kennedy, Bird, and Simms, of whom the last-named deserves a wider fame. John P. Kennedy (1795–1870), a native of Baltimore and a successful lawyer who represented his state in Congress and was also Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore, is chiefly remembered as the author of *Horse-Shoe Robinson* (1835), his best work; a capital romance of the Revolution in the South. The Indian novel, *Nick of the Woods* (1837), constitutes the

principal claim of Dr. Robert M. Bird (1803–1854) to recognition in this group. He was, however, the author of several romances dealing with the Spanish Conquest of Mexico, and also of two or three plays, among which *The Gladiator* holds the principal place.

William Gilmore Simms is, next to Poe, the most representative and most talented among the writers of the South previous to the Civil War. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina. As his family belonged to the poorer class, he received little in the way of formal education, but exhibited unusual energy in literary pursuits. At twenty-three, Simms had already published three volumes of youthful verse. His first novel, *Martin Faber* (1833), reflects the influence of Charles Brockden Browne; but *Guy Rivers* (1834) was the first of a series of border romances in which the influence of Cooper is plainly seen. In 1835, Simms published *The Partisan*, one of his best stories, a vivid and entertaining narrative of the partisan warfare conducted in the South during the Revolutionary struggle. In *Mellichampe* (1836), *The Kinsmen* (1841), and *Katharine Walton* (1851), he continued the story of the characters thus introduced. His historical tales were as numerous as those of Cooper, and continued to appear down to the period of the Civil War. Although defective in technical construction and by no means comparable to Cooper's best novels, they nevertheless constitute a remarkable collection and are not unworthy the attention of the modern reader. A voluminous writer, Simms was the author of biographies, plays, and poems, in addition to the long list of romances, only the most important of which have been named.

W. G. Simms, 1806–1870.

A follower of Simms was John Esten Cooke (1830–1886), whose novels, *The Virginia Comedians* (1854),

and *Fairfax* (1868), are representative of this author's work in the same historical field.

Fiction in the North.

Rev. William Ware (1797–1852), a Massachusetts clergyman, was the author of three sober narratives dealing with the persecution of the Christians at Rome. To some extent *Zenobia* (1837), *Aurelian* (1838), and *Julian* (1841) still maintain their place among popular religious romances. Rev. Sylvester Judd (1813–1853) is more dimly remembered as the author of a transcendental romance, *Margaret* (1845), which was admired by Lowell for its description of humble rural life. The fiction of adventure is represented at its best in the novels of Herman Melville (1819–1891), a native of New York city. His own experiences on land and sea supplied the material of his most successful books, *Typee* (1846), *Omoo* (1847), and *Moby Dick, or the White Whale* (1851). Melville was, moreover, master of a brilliant style which gave his writings a distinction still retained. The tales of Catherine M. Sedgwick (1789–1867) employed an historical background; of these *Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts* (1827), and *The Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since in America* (1835), were especially admired. Lydia Maria Child (1802–1880), whose philanthropic spirit brought her prominently into the anti-slavery agitation, began her modest literary career with the publication of two historical novels: *Hobomok* (1824), which depicted life in the colony at Salem, and *The Rebels* (1825), the scene of which is laid in Boston just previous to the Revolution.

Realistic Fiction.

One of the famous novels of its time — and still reckoned a classic by lovers of sentimental fiction — was that tearful work *The Wide, Wide World* (1850), written by Susan Warner (1819–1885). *Queechy* followed in 1852. *The Lamplighter* (1854),

by Maria S. Cummins, was another example of the sentimental novel, which enjoyed widespread popularity. But while these works of fiction had a large contemporary fame, they were altogether eclipsed by the production of another New England woman — the most widely read and best known of all American novels, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was published in 1852.

Harriet Beecher, one year older than her famous brother, Henry Ward, was the daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, who was settled in the little town of Litchfield, Connecticut, when Harriet was born. She was a precocious child intellectually and emotionally. A part of her early life was spent in Cincinnati, whither, in 1832, her father had been called to become the president of a theological seminary. Here Harriet Beecher was married to Dr. Stowe in 1836. During this period of residence in the Ohio city, she visited friends in Kentucky and gained her knowledge of slavery, as she observed the institution there. In 1850, the Stowes removed to Brunswick, Maine, Dr. Stowe having been called to a professorship in Bowdoin College; and it was here that she wrote her novel. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared first as a serial in the *National Era*, the anti-slavery organ at Washington, with which Whittier was at one time associated. The history of this book is unique in American literature. It has been translated into more than forty languages. It was dramatized immediately, and still makes its melodramatic appeal from the stage — to a larger audience than any other single play. Although severely handled by modern critics with reference both to its portrayal of slavery as an institution and to its artistic defects, the strong pathos of the novel and its humanitarian spirit appear to insure its literary immortality. It has been well said of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that "a book that stirs the world

Harriet B. Stowe, 1812–1896.

and is instrumental in bringing on a civil war and freeing an enslaved race may well elicit the admiration of a more sophisticated generation."[1] Mrs. Stowe's next novel, *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp* (1856), was also a story about slavery. In 1858, she began in the *Atlantic Monthly* a realistic story of colonial life, *The Minister's Wooing*. *The Pearl of Orr's Island* appeared in 1862. The novel, *Agnes of Sorrento*, published the same year, was the fruit of a European trip. For many readers, Mrs. Stowe's most attractive work appears in *Oldtown Folks* (1869), a realistic study of the quaint and wholesome New England character as she had known it intimately in childhood as well as in later life. After 1863, the Stowes lived in Hartford. The husband died in 1886; Mrs. Stowe survived, an invalid, until 1896.

American Humor. The quality of humor has been already noted in connection with the work of more than one American writer. The homely wit of Franklin gives a distinct coloring to his pages. Irving, not only in the robust mirthfulness of the *Knickerbocker History*, but also in the delightful pages of his several sketch-books, appears as a humorist of genial type. Lowell and Holmes have conspicuous places among the exponents of American humor; and there are scores of minor writers whose gifts in this field have not been concealed.

The Political Humorists. The political humorist has long been in evidence. "Major Jack Downing" was the character assumed in the days of President Jackson by a young journalist of Portland, Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, Seba Smith (1792–1868). The war with Mexico later inspired his pen. The Civil War brought out several journalistic humorists, among whom

[1] See Trent's *American Literature*, p. 504.

one, Robert Henry Newell (1836–1901), of New York, wrote under the name of "Orpheus C. Kerr"; and another, David Ross Locke (1833–1888), an Ohio editor, figured as "Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby." His book *Swingin' round the Cirkle* (1866) was immensely popular throughout the North.

Representative of a broader field and not connected with politics are the comic characters "Widow Bedott," the creation of Mrs. Frances Whitcher (1812–1852), and the oft-quoted "Mrs. Partington" of Benjamin P. Shillaber (1814–1890), whose *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington* appeared in 1854. Henry W. Shaw (1818–1885), "Josh Billings," and Charles F. Browne (1834–1867), "Artemus Ward," are the real leaders in this group of humorous professionals. Both appeared as entertainers on the public platform, as well as in the columns of the newspapers. In 1866, Browne visited England, where his lecture on *The Mormons* created as much merriment as it had occasioned in the United States. His complete writings were published in 1875. Shaw's humorous philosophy was embodied chiefly in *Josh Billings' Farmer's Allminax*, his absurd system of spelling contributing to the fun. **Philosophy and Humor.**

Of those who have written humorously in verse, we may mention John Godfrey Saxe (1816–1887), whose humor mingling with sentiment is inferior to that of Thomas Hood, which it otherwise resembles, and Charles Godfrey Leland (1824–1903), of Philadelphia, author of the *Hans Breitmann Ballads*, published complete in 1871. **Poets.**

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, born near Hannibal, Missouri, a distinctly western product, has come to hold the foremost place among American humorists, although his distinction as a man of letters is by no means limited to this single field. **"Mark Twain," born 1835.**

His humor is broad and virile, often edged with satire. Reverence for tradition is not one of his traits; the rôle of the iconoclast is one which he assumes with vigor and with zest. After an apprenticeship in a newspaper office, beginning at twelve years of age, and a brief career as pilot on the Mississippi packets (it was the call of the leadsman as he reported his soundings which supplied the peculiar pen-name), Mr. Clemens went to Nevada, where for a time he filled the post of territorial secretary. Later, in San Francisco, he again took up newspaper work, and here made his first literary success with the story of *The Celebrated Jumping Frog*, which, at the suggestion of Bret Harte, he published in *The Californian*, a short-lived literary journal, in 1867. His first book, *Innocents Abroad* (1869), was the humorous record of a trip through Europe; it brought immediate fame. *Roughing It* (1872) was based upon early experiences in the far West. *The Gilded Age* (1873), written in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, introduced the noteworthy character "Col. Sellers," with his sanguine temperament and his famous declaration "There 's millions in it!" *Tom Sawyer* appeared in 1876, — a remarkable study of boy character, and reminiscent of the author's youth. Another European trip resulted in *A Tramp Abroad* (1880). Mr. Clemens then entered a province new to him and surprised his readers with *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882), a charmingly written romance for children. *Life on the Mississippi* (1883) was followed by another strong story of boy-life amid rude surroundings, *Huckleberry Finn* (1884). The broad burlesque, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, appeared in 1889. A serious novel, *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), and a historical romance seriously conceived, *Joan of Arc* (1896), have increased the literary reputation of the author.

Numerous short stories, not altogether in the humorous vein, have continued to appear along with occasional volumes of the type represented in the early works. Chapters of a leisurely *Autobiography* are now appearing characteristically enlivened with the old-time humor, mellowed but unimpaired by age.

The early work of Francis Bret Harte, in verse at least, was largely humorous. His first success was as a humorist. Born in Albany, New York, Harte's school training came to an end with his father's death in 1854, and the fifteen-year-old boy, who had already become a lover of Charles Dickens, and had also published in a New York newspaper some immature verse of his own, went with his mother to the Pacific coast. The first few years of his life in California brought him little except experience and intimate acquaintance with the picturesque characters that later figured to such advantage in his poems and tales. He was a school teacher at Sonora, in Calaveras County; he tried placer mining in the gold-fields; he was a messenger in the employ of the Wells-Fargo Express Company; finally he became a compositor on a San Francisco paper, and began to write sketches for the *Golden Era*. In 1861, while holding an appointment as secretary to the superintendent of the San Francisco Mint, Harte became the editor of the newly founded *Overland Monthly;* and in the second number of that publication appeared his first noteworthy tale, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. Then followed *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Tennessee's Partner*, and the other narratives which contain his inimitable portraitures of the primitive western civilization. A little later, he wrote the first and best of his dialect poems, *Plain Language from Truthful James*, or, as it was afterwards entitled, *The Heathen Chinee*.

Bret Harte, 1839–1902.

In 1870, Bret Harte left California. The popularity of his stories and poems was unbounded, especially throughout the East, and in England. His subsequent career was a disappointment. Such literary work as he undertook was desultory and either an imitation of his earlier efforts, or something inferior. He was given, in 1878, a minor German consulate and two years later was transferred to Glasgow. Of this office he was relieved in 1885. He continued to live in England and published numerous volumes which did not increase his fame. He died at the home of friends in Surrey, in 1902.

V. POETRY, SOUTH AND NORTH.

Minor Verse.

Among the minor poets whose songs have found recognition and whose names deserve some record in the history of our literature, the following at least should be included. William W. Story (1819–1895), the friend of Hawthorne and Lowell, was born in Salem. He resided for the larger part of his life in Italy, and attained considerable rank as a sculptor. He was a poet of more than ordinary gifts, and an author of several volumes, prose as well as verse, including the well-known *Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks about Rome* (1862). Thomas William Parsons (1819–1892), born at Boston, is more widely known as a translator of Dante than as an original poet, although his lines *On a Bust of Dante* are greatly admired by scholars. Dr. Parsons, who was a dental surgeon, practiced his profession abroad, and it was during his residence in Italy that his interest in the Italian poet was aroused. His translation ranks with the best American renderings of the *Commedia*, although it is not complete. His version of the *Inferno* appeared in 1867; portions of the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* were published in 1893. Christopher Pearse Cranch (1813–1892), an artist living

in Cambridge, a member of the transcendental group, published a translation of Virgil's *Æneid* in 1872. The modest verse of Alice and Phœbe Cary (Alice, 1820–1871; Phœbe, 1824–1871), serious in sentiment, often religious, was widely read. The Cary sisters were natives of Ohio, but in 1852 removed to New York. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe (1819–), a well-known lecturer and leader in various reform movements, has written several volumes of verse, but will be remembered chiefly as the author of a great war-poem, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Lucy Larcom (1826–1893), whose early songs, written while she was a worker in the mills at Lowell, attracted the notice of Whittier, and Mrs. Celia Laighton Thaxter (1836–1894), daughter of the light-house-keeper on the Isles of Shoals, were, like Mrs. Howe, typical New England women who found their inspiration in subjects and activities close at hand. The names of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford (1835–) and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton (1835–1908) should be included in this list of our minor poets of recognized worth. A larger distinction attends the literary career of Mrs. Helen Fiske Jackson (1831–1885), before her second marriage Helen Hunt, whose signature "H. H." was familiar to the readers of a generation ago. Mrs. Jackson was born at Amherst, Massachusetts. Her poems, issued in 1870, placed her at the head of the women writers of verse in America. The last ten years of Mrs. Jackson's life were spent in Colorado and California. Her interest in the Indians and her intense sympathy with them in their wrongs led to the publication of her *Century of Dishonor* (1881), a book which bore fruit in the official appointment of Mrs. Jackson as special examiner to the mission Indians in California; and eventually in her striking novel, *Ramona* (1884). A group of rather remarkable short stories by "Saxe

Holm," published in two series (1873, 1878), although unacknowledged, are usually attributed to Helen Hunt Jackson. The poems of Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) are remarkable productions, which have commanded recognition by our highest literary critics. Miss Dickinson was a townswoman of Helen Fiske, and her life was spent at Amherst largely in seclusion. Only a few intimate friends were aware of her poetical gift, and her verses were not published until 1890, four years after her death. John Hay (1838–1905), distinguished as a diplomatist and statesman, was born in Indiana. He began the practice of law in Illinois in 1861, and became the private secretary of President Lincoln. In collaboration with John G. Nicolay he afterward wrote the authoritative *Abraham Lincoln: A History* (1886–1890); his literary fame, however, is based upon a slender volume of *Pike County Ballads* (1871), which, strong in local color, portray the rough virtues of the Mississippi Valley in the early days. There is a finer quality of elegance and grace — with less originality — in the later verse of his *Castilian Days* (1871) and *Poems* (1890). A strong and successful novel, *The Breadwinners* (1884), attributed to John Hay, was never publicly acknowledged by him. Edward Rowland Sill (1841–1887), a native of New England, although compelled by ill health to seek a residence in California, exhibited a notable talent in his poetry which shows rich gifts of spiritual insight and power. John Boyle O'Reilly (1844–1890), an Irish patriot with a romantic history, a gifted orator and an influential editor in Boston, was a lyric poet of more than ordinary talent. He was the author of many excellent songs and ballads. J. Maurice Thompson (1844–1901), well known as a literary critic and as the author of several popular romances, also deserves recognition as a lyric poet. A disciple of Theocritus,

he was an enthusiast for nature, a lover of outdoor life and sports. He revived the interest in archery, and sang of birds and woods. Thompson was born in Indiana, but lived as a boy in Kentucky and Georgia. He served in the Confederate army during the war, and at its close returned to his native state.

Since the death of Poe, the South has not been represented by any poet of equal rank, yet it has been by no means without its representatives in verse, of whom one or two may be said to have attained national prominence. William G. Simms (1806–1870), whose contributions to American fiction have been described, was the author of several volumes of verse which enjoyed local popularity but which does not rise above mediocrity. Albert Pike (1809–1891), born in Boston, a settler in Arkansas, a soldier in the Confederate army, published in 1831 his ambitious *Hymns to the Gods*. Better known to-day is his charming ode *To the Mocking-Bird;* and best known of all his verse is the stirring war-song *Dixie*. In this connection mention should be made of Theodore O'Hara (1820–1867) of Kentucky, who, in 1847, wrote *The Bivouac of the Dead*. This martial elegy, upon which the reputation of its author rests, commemorates the death of Kentuckians who fell at the battle of Buena Vista. Another famous song of the South in wartime, *Maryland, my Maryland*, was the composition of James Ryder Randall (1839–1908), a native of Baltimore. Three Southern poets belonging to the generation which followed Poe have risen to more than minor rank. These are Henry Timrod, Paul H. Hayne, and Sidney Lanier. There is a pathetic resemblance in the circumstances and experiences of all. Each suffered personally the distressing effects of the war which interrupted the literary achievement and shortened the

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life of each. Both Timrod and Lanier died under forty; while Hayne, although surviving to the age of fifty-five, was an invalid for many years before his death.

Henry Timrod, 1827–1867.

The poet Timrod was born at Charleston, South Carolina. He studied at the University of Georgia, and began the reading of law. He had already won recognition as a poet and had formed a lifelong friendship with young Hayne, who was also a native of Charleston. Together the poet-friends entered on their literary career, and under the encouragement of William G. Simms they were associated in an editorial venture which proved short-lived. Timrod's poems, which filled but a slender volume, were published at Boston in 1860, his most elaborate composition being *A Vision of Poesie*, the statement of his poetical creed. Then came the war. Timrod's health was too delicate to permit of military service, but he went upon the field as correspondent for a Charleston paper. But this experience proved too strenuous, and in 1864 he became associate-editor of the *South Carolinian*, at Columbia, the state capital. When that city was destroyed at the entrance of Sherman's army, his home was burned, and everything that he possessed was lost. His poverty was so great that his family was on the verge of starvation. The last three years of the poet's life were years of acute suffering. A visit to the rustic home of his friend Hayne failed to benefit him; his health rapidly declined, and he died at thirty-eight. A complete edition of Timrod's poems was edited by his brother poet in 1873. Much of Timrod's verse is nature poetry, serious in spirit like that of Wordsworth, elevated and musical. His best-known poem, *The Cotton Boll*, is no less notable for its patriotic fervor than for its fine description of the snowy cotton-fields of the South. His highest achievement is

seen in the beautiful ode *At Magnolia Cemetery* (1867), which closes with these lines:—

> "Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
> There is no holier spot of ground
> Than where defeated valor lies,
> By mourning beauty crowned."

Paul Hamilton Hayne, 1830–1886.

Hayne was reared in the cultured and wealthy Charleston home of his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, Webster's great opponent in the United States Senate. Previous to the war, he had filled two or three editorial positions, including the editorship of *Russell's Magazine*, the publication promoted by the novelist William Gilmore Simms; and, since the publication of his early poems in 1855, had been regarded as the representative poet of the South. Hayne served with the rank of colonel in the Confederate army. In the bombardment of Charleston he lost all his possessions, and found himself at the close of the war in the deepest poverty and a confirmed invalid. He then went to the barren pine-lands of Georgia, built for himself and his family a rude cottage on a piece of land known as Copse Hill; and this was the poet's home until his death. He published a volume, *Legends and Lyrics*, in 1872, and *The Mountain of the Lovers and Other Poems*, in 1875. A complete edition of his *Poems* appeared in 1882. Hayne was essentially a poet of romance, and succeeded admirably in his longer narrative poems and his ballads. Yet he, too, wrote, like a true nature-lover, of the pines, and the mockingbirds, and the warmth of the Southland. In spite of loneliness and poverty, his poems contain none of the sadness or melancholy so characteristic of Poe; they were tender and cheerful to the last.

More successful than any other Southern poet except Poe in the impression of his genius on readers of verse, Sidney Lanier is gradually coming to be recognized as

entitled to a place with our chief American poets. The story of his life is as pathetic as those just rehearsed, for his life, too, was colored by the shadows of ill-health and straitened circumstances which followed in the wake of war. Born in Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842, Lanier had just completed his college course in Oglethorpe when the war broke. He flung himself into the struggle with the same ardor that sent Timrod and Hayne to the support of the Southern cause. Sidney and his brother Clifford — two slender, gray-eyed youths, inseparable in their service of danger and hardship — extracted all the romance to be derived from their experience. In 1863, they were on scout duty along the James; Lanier wrote later with enthusiasm of this period in their army life: —

Sidney Lanier, 1842–1881.

"We had a flute and a guitar, good horses, a beautiful country, splendid residences inhabited by friends who loved us, and plenty of hair-breadth escapes from the roving bands of Federals. Cliff and I never cease to talk of the beautiful women, the serenades, the moonlight dashes on the beach of fair Burwell's Bay, and the spirited brushes of our little force with the enemy."

In 1864, the brothers were transferred to Wilmington and placed as signal officers upon the blockade-runners Here Sidney Lanier was captured and for five months was confined in the Federal prison at Camp Lookout; it well-nigh became his tomb. With emaciated frame and shattered physique the young soldier finally went home, like so many other youthful veterans, south and north, to fight for life in the coming years. With Lanier, the struggle was for both life and livelihood. He was twenty-three years old, unsettled as to his future, and under the gloom of those "raven days" of the desolated and demoralized South.

"Our hearths are gone out and our hearts are broken,"

he sang plaintively; yet he turned the plaint into a song of cheer; and he still found the romance. In 1867, he was married to Miss Mary Day, of Macon, and the poems of his wooing-time and of his wedded life are as graceful and tender as the lyrics Lowell sang to Maria White.

For five years Lanier tried to follow the law, and then, in 1873, gave himself to art. He went to Baltimore alone, except for his flute. Lanier's flute is as famous as Lanier; it is a part of his personality. Its mellow notes had cheered the soldier and his comrades by camp-fire and in prison; it had been softly played in many a surreptitious serenade. And it was widely known; for Lanier was a remarkable musician, and was called by many the finest flute-player in America if not in the world. Lanier's musical genius must be taken in account by the student of his verse. So far as he could trace his ancestry, it disclosed this talent as a family possession. In the Restoration period, there were five Laniers in England who were musicians; in Charles I's time, Nicholas Lanier, who was painted by Van Dyck, wrote music for the masques of Jonson and the lyrics of Herrick; the father of this Nicholas was a musician in the household of Queen Elizabeth. Thus Sidney Lanier came naturally by his gift. In Baltimore, his flute secured him a position in the Peabody Orchestra, and furnished the means of living for several years. Theodore Thomas is said to have been on the point of making the artist first flute-player in his orchestra, when Lanier's health finally failed and he was compelled to give up the struggle.

The Musician.

But Sidney Lanier found also in Baltimore the first opportunity to gratify what had been the ambition of the years since his college course,— the opportunity to study literature and the scientific

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principles of verse. The unfulfilled dream of his youth had been a systematic course in the German universities; this was not to be realized, but in the richly equipped Peabody Library he found his university. Never was there a more assiduous student. Especially did he devote himself to the field of Old English poetry. Soon there were invitations to lecture, and in the city he came to have an established reputation as a fascinating lecturer on English literature. In 1875, he first won recognition as a poet of more than ordinary power by the publication of *Corn*, in *Lippincott's Magazine;* four months later his remarkable poem, *The Symphony*, appeared in the same magazine. His new friendship with Bayard Taylor produced the invitation to write the words for the Centennial cantata. The first collection of his poems was published in 1877. In rapid succession he wrote three wonderful poems, *The Revenge of Hamish*, *How Love looked for Hell*, and *The Marshes of Glynn.* In 1879, the poet was appointed to a lectureship in the Johns Hopkins University. The fruit of this professional connection we have in two volumes, neither of which is characterized by scientific precision or minutely accurate scholarship; nevertheless *The Science of English Verse* and *The English Novel* are recognized as valuable contributions to the study of literature. The first of these volumes is an essay on the technical side of versification, embodying Lanier's theory of rhythm and tone color; it was his belief that the laws of verse are identical with those of music. A series of books for boys—*The Boy's King Arthur*, *The Boy's Froissart*, etc.—were the by-products from his studies of the ancient chronicles, put forth to enlarge the scanty income.

During the last two years of the poet's life the struggle for poetical achievement grew tragic. In No-

vember, 1880, he wrote his friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne: —

"For six months past a ghastly fever has taken possession of me each day at about 12 M., and holding my head under the surface of indescribable distress for the next twenty hours, subsiding only enough each morning to let me get on my working harness, but never intermitting. . . . I have myself been disposed to think it arose purely from the bitterness of having to spend my time in making academic lectures and boys' books — pot-boilers all — when a thousand songs are singing in my heart that will certainly kill me if I do not utter them soon."

Ambitions unfulfilled.

Three years earlier he had written bravely in *The Stirrup-Cup*: —

"Death, thou 'rt a cordial old and rare:
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

"David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakspere for a king-delight.

"Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt,
'T is thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I 'll drink it down right smilingly."

And now, in his greatest poem, *Sunrise*, completed soon after the date of his letter to Hayne, he could write in the same jubilant strain: —

"— manifold One,
I must pass from thy face, I must pass from the face of the Sun:
Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a-frown;
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the Sun."

In 1881, Lanier was taken to the pine-lands in the mountains of North Carolina; and there in the September following he died. His grave is in Baltimore. A bronze bust of the poet is fittingly placed in one of the halls of the university where, for so brief a term, he taught.

Lanier's Poems.

In spite of the limitations set by fate upon Lanier's poetical work, its high quality is evident. It is poetry that charms the ear with its rich melodies and stirs the spirit by its own spiritual power. *A Ballad of Trees and the Master* is a familiar example of this quality. How broad might have been the scope of Lanier's eventual achievement can only be inferred from the pathetically small amount actually produced. He had a vivid imagination and a masterly command of expression. His descriptive skill, evidenced in the blithe *Song of the Chattahoochee* and the *Hymns of the Marshes*, was very fine. *The Revenge of Hamish* is an intensely dramatic narrative. A deep moral purpose is easily felt in lyrics like *Tampa Robins*, *The Stirrup-Cup*, and *At Sunset*, poems which quite escape the didactic tone. But it is in the longer compositions, *Corn*, *The Symphony*, *Psalm of the West*, *Sunrise*, and *The Marshes of Glynn*, that the poet's genius is exhibited at his highest reach. In Lanier's scanty bequest of verse we recognize the beauty and perfection of consummate art; but the true source of his distinction lies for most of his readers in the cheery optimism of his message; in the splendid faith, the hearty sympathy and unconquerable courage of his own brave and loving soul. The strength of his appeal is itself an evidence of the truth expressed by the poet in the second line of *The Symphony*, —

> "The Time needs heart — 't is tired of head."

In general, read Stedman's *Poets of America*, and refer to that critic's *American Anthology* for selections from the

poets cited. Lanier is represented at length in Page's *The Chief American Poets*. Hayne's *Complete Poems*, with *Life*, were published in 1882. A *Life* of Timrod was included in the edition of Timrod's poems edited by Hayne. An admirable *Life of Sidney Lanier* has been written by Edwin Mims (Houghton Mifflin Company). Consult also Holliday's *History of Southern Literature*.

References.

Representative of a generation younger than that of our chief American poets, yet closely associated with them in personal companionship and in the spirit of their work, are the two distinguished writers, Aldrich and Stedman. They form an interesting link between the present and the past. Holding more than a minor rank as poets, both are prominent among American men of letters; both achieved distinction in other fields than that of verse.

Aldrich and Stedman.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836. On account of business connections in the South, the family were for a time accustomed to spend the winter at New Orleans; but it is the New Hampshire seaport town which figures as Rivermouth, the home of Tom Bailey, in that most attractive romance of youth, *The Story of a Bad Boy* (1870). His father's death in 1852 put an end to plans for a college education; and in his seventeenth year, young Aldrich went to New York and entered the banking house of his uncle. He soon began, however, contributing to the literary journals and made acquaintance with N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, and Stedman — the last named being only three years older than himself.

T. B. Aldrich, 1836–1907.

The publication of his beautiful *Ballad of Baby Bell* (1856) first brought popularity, although a volume of verse, *The Bells*, had appeared in the previous year, when its author was but nineteen.

Editorial Work. After three years of commercial life, Aldrich abandoned the counting-room for the editor's office, and for the next ten years was associated with one or other of the New York magazines, his principal engagement being upon Willis's *Home Journal*. In 1865, he removed to Boston and took editorial charge of the publication *Every Saturday*. In 1881, he succeeded Mr. Howells as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, retaining this position until 1890.

The Poems. Meanwhile Aldrich's poems had been appearing in successive volumes: *Cloth of Gold* (1874), filled with the rich color of oriental fantasy, *Flower and Thorn* (1876), *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book* (1881). In the long narrative poem *Wyndham Towers* (1889) the poet's work does not appear to such advantage as in the dainty lyrics of sentiment and romance which were the fruit of earlier years. No American poet has written with a more delicate or graceful touch. His technique is faultless in such brilliant pieces as *When the Sultan goes to Ispahan*, *The Lunch*, *Nocturne*, *Identity*, and *Baby Bell*, the tender pathos of which still retains its grasp on the emotions of its readers. Aldrich was his own severest critic, and his lines were frequently revised. Nothing short of perfection satisfied his keen sense of artistic expression. It is his own ideal that is embodied in this splendid sonnet: —

> "Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
> Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.
> Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
> Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
> Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
> 'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days;
> But most beware of those who come to praise.
> O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
> And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
> Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
> Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:

Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish — take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

The Sisters' Tragedy (1891) and *Unguarded Gates* (1895) were the titles of the volumes which contained his later verse.

Like his poems, Aldrich's prose works are characterized by the qualities of vivacity, brilliance, and delicate workmanship. Nothing pleases him better than to surprise his reader by some unexpected turn. This is the case in his first successful story, — in some respects his best, — *Marjorie Daw* (1873), and in some of his later tales. The novels *Prudence Palfrey* (1874) and *The Queen of Sheba* (1877) were followed, in 1880, by an admirable detective story, *The Stillwater Tragedy*. It is, however, in the field of the short story that we most clearly recognize Aldrich's power as a writer of fiction, — a field for which his art was exceedingly apt.

Prose Works.

Mercedes, a drama (1883), and *Judith of Bethulia*, prepared for the stage in 1905, have not proved dramatically successful. It is upon the best of his short stories and his earlier lyrics, with their exquisite technique, that Aldrich's literary fame must rest.[1]

Dramas.

Edmund Clarence Stedman was born at Hartford, Connecticut, October 8, 1833. His mother, Elizabeth Dodge Stedman, was a writer of verse, published several volumes of poems, and, through a long residence in Italy, was an intimate friend of the Brownings. During his undergraduate course at Yale, young Stedman received a first prize for a poem on *Westminster Abbey*. In 1855, he entered the journalistic profession in New York and was one of

E. C. Stedman, 1833–1908.

[1] An adequate and interesting biography of the poet is *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*, by Ferris Greenslet (1908).

the many talented men who became at various times protégés of Horace Greeley, upon the staff of the *Tribune*. It was at this period that Stedman was thrown into intimate association with Stoddard, Taylor, and Aldrich. The first literary success came with the publication of *The Diamond Wedding*, a satirical poem, inspired by a real incident in fashionable New York society. His *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic*, were published in 1860; and in that year the poet went to the front as a war-correspondent for the *World*.

The Banker-Poet.

At the close of the war, Stedman became a banker and remained a member of the Stock Exchange until 1890. While thus engaged in active business, he nevertheless found leisure to practice the art of letters to good purpose. Some of his poems, like *Kearney at Seven Pines*, *How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry*, *Wanted — A Man*, and *Pan in Wall Street*, hold a high place in American literature. Yet Stedman is in no sense a popular poet and not many of his compositions appeal to the public taste. He was not subjective, nor is there much intensity or passion in his verse. His themes were the immediate suggestions of the hour.

The Literary Critic.

Stedman ranks as our ablest critic of poetic literature. He lectured upon *Poetry* at Johns Hopkins University in 1892, and afterward repeated these lectures at other institutions. It was at this time that he formulated his suggestive definition of poetry — as "rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul." His critical volumes are: *The Victorian Poets* (1875), *Poets of America* (1885), and *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* (1892). These works are almost indispensable to the literary student. Mr. Stedman published *A Victorian*

Anthology in 1895, and *An American Anthology* in 1900. In collaboration with G. E. Woodberry he edited *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe* in 1895, and, with Ellen M. Hutchinson, completed the monumental *Library of American Literature* (11 volumes), in 1889.

His Death.

At the funeral of his brother-poet, Aldrich, in March, 1907, Stedman was a conspicuous figure, feeble and tottering with the weakness of advancing age. Yet death came upon him suddenly as he sat among his books, at work, January 18, 1908, — such a death as he had craved in *Mors Benefica*, —

> "Give me to die unwitting of the day
> And stricken in Life's brave heat, with senses clear."

And thus the last representative of the older generation of American poets had departed.

CHAPTER VII

RECENT YEARS

I. Scholars and Essayists.
II. Poets of this Generation.
III. Contemporary Fiction.

THE main facts in the history of our national literature have now been mentioned as fully as the purpose of the present volume will permit. Some account, however, must be taken of contemporary literature; and although it is unwise to pronounce definite judgment on the work of living writers, it will be desirable to note briefly the more conspicuous literary achievements of the present generation. We will therefore consider the work of our principal essayists, poets, and novelists not hitherto named, in order that we may recognize at least the widespread activity at the present time in the field of letters. Most of the writers to be enumerated belong entirely to the period since the Civil War, although in each group some are included who were a part of the older generation.

I. SCHOLARS AND ESSAYISTS.

Literary Critics.

In the field of literary criticism the work of Edwin Percy Whipple (1819–1886) was notable. He was the author of several volumes of scholarly essays including *Literature and Life* (1849), *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (1869), and *American Literature, and Other Papers* (1887). Horace E. Scudder (1838–1902), long associated with the publication of the *Atlantic Monthly*, — he succeeded Aldrich

as its editor in 1890, — was an indefatigable writer, the extent of whose service to American letters is hardly understood, since much of his work was anonymous. Henry N. Hudson (1814–1886), Richard Grant White (1821–1885), William James Rolfe (born 1827) and Horace Howard Furness (born 1833) are to be remembered for their services in the criticism and interpretation of Shakespeare's dramas. Their scholarly editions of the plays are among the best that have been produced. The name of William Winter (born in Massachusetts, 1836), author of *Shakespeare's England* (1886) and our foremost critic of the stage, may be mentioned in this connection.

Reminiscences.

Edward Everett Hale (1822–1909), the distinguished Boston clergyman and philanthropist, long survived the generation which read his earlier works. His literary career was remarkably versatile and productive. *A New England Boyhood* (1893) and *Memories of a Hundred Years* (1902) are pleasant sketch-books of past experience. *Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1902) and *James Russell Lowell and his Friends* (1899) are further contributions to this interesting series of reminiscent essays. Dr. Hale's work in fiction will be referred to later.[1] Thomas Wentworth Higginson (born at Cambridge, 1823) is the author of two volumes of reminiscence, *Cheerful Yesterdays* (1898) and *Contemporaries* (1899) which are of especial interest to literary students. He has also written biographies of Margaret Fuller Ossoli (1884), Longfellow (1903), and Whittier (1903). *Yesterdays with Authors* (1872), a volume written by James T. Fields (1817–1881), should be mentioned here. Mr. Fields, a partner in the famous publishing house of Ticknor and Fields, has a recognized

[1] See page 340.

standing among the men of letters. He followed Lowell as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was well known in his day as a lecturer and an essayist.

Nature Books.

John Burroughs (born in New York state, 1837) is, after Thoreau, our foremost writer on nature themes. He is not only a lover of the woods and fields, but he is a conscientious student of plant and animal life. He has no sympathy and scant patience with writers on these subjects whose imagination has interfered with their accuracy; he describes honestly what he observes. *Wake-Robin* (1871), *Winter Sunshine* (1875), *Birds and Poets* (1877), *Locusts and Wild Honey* (1879), *Fresh Fields* (1884), *Signs and Seasons* (1886), *Ways of Nature* (1905) — these are some of his outdoor books; he has written also *Literary Values* (1904), a volume of critical essays, two books on Walt Whitman, and *Bird and Bough* (1906), a volume of poems. Harriet Mann Miller ("Olive Thorne Miller"), born in New York state, 1831, and Bradford Torrey (born in Massachusetts, 1843) have written entertainingly of the ways and habits of birds; while Ernest Seton Thompson (born in England, 1860) has narrated with a somewhat freer imagination the biographies of various wild animals he has known.

Literary Essays.

In the field of the distinctively literary essay, Laurence Hutton (1843–1904), Hamilton Wright Mabie (born 1845), Henry van Dyke (born 1852), George Edward Woodberry (born 1855), Agnes Repplier (born 1857), Samuel M. Crothers (born 1857), Bliss Perry (born 1860) are perhaps our best-known representatives. There is also an important group of

Academic Group.

university men who have made noteworthy contributions to literary history and criticism. Chief of these is Moses Coit Tyler (1835–1900), a professor in Cornell University, author of the monumental

History of American Literature in Colonial Times (1878) and *The Literary History of the American Revolution* (1897). Thomas R. Lounsbury (born 1838), of Yale University, author of the volume on Cooper (1882) in the *American Men of Letters Series*, Charles F. Richardson (born 1851), of Dartmouth, Brander Matthews (born 1852), of Columbia, and Barrett Wendell (born 1855), of Harvard, have all done conspicuous work in this field. Two distinguished Harvard scholars, Francis J. Child (1825–1896) and Charles Eliot Norton (1827–1908), should be included in this list. Professor Child is our principal authority on the Scotch and English ballads; Professor Norton was the author of a prose translation of Dante, and edited the letters of Lowell, of Emerson, of Carlyle, and of Ruskin.

II. POETS OF THIS GENERATION.

At the head of our contemporary poets stands Richard Watson Gilder (born in New Jersey, 1844). In 1870, he became editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, and in 1881, of *The Century*—a position which he still retains. His first volume of verse, *The New Day*, appeared in 1875. A complete edition of *The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder* was published in 1908.

John James Piatt (born in Indiana, 1835) and his wife, Sarah M. Piatt (born in Kentucky, 1836) are residents of Ohio. Mr. Piatt was associated with William Dean Howells in the publication of *Poems of Two Friends* (1860). Numerous volumes of his poems have appeared since, two of them in association with his wife. Mrs. Piatt's *Complete Poems* (two volumes) were published in 1894.

Joaquin Miller (born in Indiana, 1841), whose name, until the poet changed it, was Cincinnatus Heine Miller, removed with his parents to Oregon in 1855, and there

began a life replete with picturesque experience. His first volume, *Songs of the Sierras*, was published in London, in 1871, while the author was visiting England. Miller's lyrical romances have not attained wide popularity, but the fine stanzas of his stirring poem, *Columbus*, may find a place, not undeserved, among the unforgettable poems of our literature. Joaquin Miller lives in the mountains not far from Oakland, California, amid surroundings similar to those so often reproduced in his verse.

John Banister Tabb (born in Virginia, 1845), a Catholic priest, professor of English literature in St. Charles College, in Maryland, is the author of many excellent lyrics. The lyric quality also distinguishes the work of John Vance Cheney (born in New York, 1848), who was from 1894 to 1908 librarian of the Newberry Library in Chicago. Lloyd Mifflin (born in Pennsylvania, 1846) has won distinction especially through his sonnets, a collected edition of which appeared in 1905.

Of the women who have contributed largely to our contemporary verse, the following are perhaps the most widely known for the literary quality of their work and for its sympathetic appeal: Julia C. R. Dorr (born in South Carolina, 1825, since 1830 living in Vermont), Annie Fields (born in Boston, 1834), the widow of James T. Fields, Edna Dean Proctor (born in New Hampshire, 1838), Edith M. Thomas (born in Ohio, 1854, since 1888 living in New York), Helen Gray Cone (born in New York, 1859), Louise Imogen Guiney (born in Boston, 1861), and Dora Read Goodale (born in Massachusetts, 1866).

Will Carleton (born in Michigan, 1845), a journalist now living in Brooklyn, first attracted popular interest by the publication of *Farm Ballads* in 1873. His poems in dialect, both humorous and pathetic, have extended through a lengthy series of volumes.

Eugene Field (1850–1895), for a number of years a journalist in Chicago, will long be remembered, not only for the whimsical humor of his prose, but for the tender pathos of a few poems of child life, like *Little Boy Blue* and *Wynken, Blynken and Nod.* Field was a lover of the Latin poet Horace, and the author of some happy versions of his odes. *A Little Book of Western Verse* (1890), *With Trumpet and Drum* (1892), and *A Second Book of Verse* (1893) contain his familiar poems.

Widely known as a writer of poems in the homely dialect of the Indiana farmer, James Whitcomb Riley has attained a popularity second to that of no other living American poet. Filled with a genial optimism, a universal sympathy, and a kindly sense of humor, Mr. Riley's verse has won the hearts of the people. His nature lyrics are vivid with rural charm and the simple joys of country life. He has written many songs for children which have long since become classics among child readers. Mr. Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. In 1873, he began newspaper work in Indianapolis, where he has since lived, contributing occasional poems in dialect to Indiana papers, using the pen-name "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone." He soon became known as "the Hoosier Poet." *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems* was published in 1883, and numerous collections have since followed. Among his best-known poems are: *Griggsby's Station, Knee-Deep in June, An Old Sweetheart of Mine, Old Aunt Mary's, Little Orphant Annie, When the Frost is on the Punkin, The Old Swimmin' Hole, Thoughts fer the Discouraged Farmer* — with its cheery strain, —

"Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you," —

and many others; so marked by homely sense and a

democratic simplicity of style that their humanness has commended them to readers of all ranks.

Edwin Markham (born in Oregon, 1852), while a teacher in California, wrote and published a remarkable poem, *The Man with the Hoe* (1898), which by its rugged strength and elemental feeling achieved an enduring fame. Mr. Markham is the author of a poem on Lincoln (*Lincoln, and Other Poems*, 1901) which deserves the wide recognition it has received; but in no other of his quite numerous compositions has he equaled the success of his first great poem. He has for some years been engaged in editorial work in New York.

Henry Cuyler Bunner (1855–1896), formerly editor of the humorous journal *Puck*, was a writer of verse in which humor and sentiment were often delicately blended. His *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere* appeared in 1884. Another writer whose field has been in the poetry of sentiment, and whose popularity seems to be well established, is Ella Wheeler Wilcox (born in Wisconsin, 1855). *Poems of Passion* (1883) first drew attention to her work. She is actively engaged in journalism.

Samuel Minturn Peck (born in Alabama, 1854) and Frank Lebby Stanton (born in South Carolina, 1857) are two popular poets of the South. Mr. Peck's first volume, *Cap and Bells*, appeared in 1886. Mr. Stanton, who is on the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*, published *Songs of the Soil* in 1894. *Comes One with a Song* (1898) and *Songs from Dixie Land* (1900) have followed.

The poetical work of Frank Dempster Sherman (born in Peekskill, N. Y., 1860) is represented by *Madrigals and Catches* (1887), *Lyrics for a Lute* (1890), *Lyrics of Joy* (1904). *A Southern Flight* (1906) was published in association with Clinton Scollard (born in

Clinton, N. Y., 1860), one of the most prolific of our minor poets. Mr. Scollard's earliest publication was *Pictures in Song* (1884). *With Reed and Lyre* followed in 1886, and at least a dozen volumes of his verse have appeared since. From 1888 to 1896, Mr. Scollard was professor of English literature in Hamilton College. Mr. Sherman is a member of the Faculty of Columbia University.

Bliss Carman (born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, 1861) has been engaged since 1890 in editorial work in the United States. He has attained a substantial position among the younger generation of American nature poets. His first collection, *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, appeared in 1893. *A Sea Mark* (1895) and *Ballads of Lost Haven* (1897) were followed by *Songs from Vagabondia* (1894), written in collaboration with Richard Hovey. *More Songs from Vagabondia* appeared in 1896, and *Last Songs from Vagabondia* in 1900. A collected edition of Bliss Carman's poems (two volumes) was published in 1905. Richard Hovey (1864–1900), a poet of large promise, was born in Illinois. He, too, was a journalist at the time of his collaboration with Carman in the three volumes mentioned. Besides the poems which celebrate the joys of the open road,— *Songs from Vagabondia* and *Along the Trail* (1898), — he composed a series of poetical dramas, *Launcelot and Guenevere* (1891–1898), and *Taliesin: a Masque* (1899).

William Vaughn Moody (born in Indiana, 1869), a graduate of Harvard and professor of English in the University of Chicago (1895–1907), published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1900, a very noteworthy poem, *An Ode Written in Time of Hesitation*, which dealt with the popular feeling aroused by the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. His first collection of

Poems appeared in 1901, but a lyrical drama, *The Masque of Judgment*, had been published in 1900. *The Fire-Bringer* (1904) follows as the second drama in a proposed trilogy. Mr. Moody has since turned to the prose drama, *The Great Divide* (1907) having met with substantial success.

Percy Wallace MacKaye (born in New York, 1875) has won distinction in the dramatic field with two poetical plays: *Jeanne d'Arc* (1906) and *Sappho and Phaon* (1907), both of which have been produced with success. *The Canterbury Pilgrims* (1903) and *Fenris the Wolf* (1905) are earlier works, the former, in 1909, being presented before various university audiences in the open air.

Josephine Preston Peabody (born in New York, 1874) was for a time instructor in English literature in Wellesley College (1901–1903). *The Wayfarers—A Book of Verse* appeared in 1898. Besides two other volumes of occasional poems, she has published a poetical drama of remarkable strength and beauty, *Marlowe* (1901); *Pan—A Choric Idyl* (for music) appeared in 1904. Her sympathetic poems of childhood also call for recognition. Since 1906, when Miss Peabody became Mrs. L. S. Marks, her home has been in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872–1906), the only representative of the African race to attain rank as an American poet, was a native of Ohio. His verse is often marked by real lyric excellence, his songs in negro dialect attracting wide attention.

William Dean Howells, George Edward Woodberry, and Henry van Dyke, although classified as prose writers, have all written occasional verse which merits more than passing recognition. And there are scores of

minor poets whose names might not unworthily find a place in a list more complete than this.[1]

III. CONTEMPORARY FICTION.

To take adequate account of our contemporary American fiction would require far more space than is available in this book; nor has the time yet come to attempt an estimate of literary values in this interesting field. Hardly more than a list of the most prominent among our present-day novelists can be included, with a partial classification of their work. Although it is in fiction that American writers are now most prolific and most successful, it is doubtful if many of these works will find a place in the literature which endures, or if any of these popular novelists will be long remembered. Two schools of fiction are represented: the realistic, and the romantic. It is not always easy to discriminate, however, and there are writers who have used the methods of both schools.

W. D. Howells, born 1837.

William Dean Howells, a consistent and uncompromising representative of the claims of realism, is recognized as easily the foremost American novelist in this generation. His father was a country editor; and it was in a printing-office in his native state of Ohio that Mr. Howells received his literary training. The publication, with John J. Piatt, of *Poems of Two Friends* (1860) marked the beginning of his career. A campaign *Life of Lincoln* in the same year secured his appointment as consul to Venice, a position which he held for four years. *Venetian Life* (1866) and *Italian Journeys* (1867) were the fruit of foreign residence. In 1866, Mr. Howells was

[1] Consult Stedman's *An American Anthology*, *The Younger American Poets*, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and *A Treasury of American Verse*, by Walter Learned.

made assistant editor (under James T. Fields) of the *Atlantic Monthly ;* and from 1871 to 1881, he was the editor of the magazine. A vivacious novel, *Their Wedding Journey* (1871), added to the reputation already gained by the two Italian books, and this was increased by the stories which followed, *A Chance Acquaintance* (1873) and *A Foregone Conclusion* (1874). Mr. Howells is the author of more than thirty volumes, mainly works of fiction. Of these, *A Modern Instance* (1882), *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885), and *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1889) have probably aroused widest interest. Mr. Howells's literary workmanship is deserving of the highest praise. He is minutely conscientious in his studies of character and incident, insisting upon careful observation and an honest report. His theory of literary art is set forth in an interesting essay, *Criticism and Fiction* (1891). Since 1881, the novelist has been associated editorially with various periodicals, including *Harper's Magazine.* While fiction predominates in his published writings, he has written a number of humorous parlor plays, several volumes of essays upon literary themes, and not a small amount of very charming verse.

Henry James, born 1843.

Henry James is a native of New York and is properly denominated an American writer, although since 1869 he has made his home in England. His novels are usually associated with those of Mr. Howells as exemplifying the best work of the American realists. In Mr. James's narratives we find the extreme application of realistic theory along with an analysis of character and motive wonderfully minute. His novels and short stories are psychological studies for the most part, and have a comparatively small audience among American readers. As the novelist was at one time fond of presenting studies of his

countrymen as they sometimes appear in Europe, in the environment of a superior culture, his work has often aroused protest rather than favor here. Such was the reception given to *Daisy Miller* (1878). Others of the novels which are eminently characteristic of this author are *An International Episode* (1879), *The Bostonians* (1886), *The Princess Casamassima*, (1886), *The Tragic Muse* (1890), and *What Maisie Knew* (1897). It is in the craftsmanship and structure of his narratives that Mr. James commands most general admiration; this artistic skill, along with his keen wit and general brilliance of style, may be most advantageously studied in some of the short stories, — which constitute a large portion of his fiction, — as, for example, in *Terminations* (1896) or *The Private Life and Other Stories* (1893).

Studies of Local Types.

Naturally the realistic novelists have, in the selection of material, frequently turned to the study of characters and manners with which their environment has made them well acquainted; there has therefore developed a large group of story-writers who deal with local types.

In New England.

Following the footsteps of Harriet Beecher Stowe in the delineation of the quiet New England life, Sarah Orne Jewett (1849–1909) published the placid but impressive little story, *Deephaven*, in 1877. Miss Jewett's work in this field has been sympathetic as well as accurate, and her novels have appealed strongly to the affections of many readers. Of these, *A Country Doctor* (1884), *A Marsh Island* (1885), and *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896) may be mentioned. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward (born at Boston, 1844) became widely known by the publication of two mystical novels, *The Gates Ajar* (1868) and *Men, Women, and*

Ghosts (1869). The daughter of a noted theologian and reared in the serious atmosphere of Andover, Mrs. Ward has given a distinctively religious coloring to her numerous works, of which *The Story of Avis* (1877), *Beyond the Gates* (1883), *The Madonna of the Tubs* (1886), *Jack the Fisherman* (1887), *The Gates Between* (1887), *A Singular Life* (1894), and *The Supply at St. Agatha's* (1896), are important examples. Margaret Wade Deland, born in Pennsylvania, 1857, — whose residence, since 1880, has been at Boston, — also touched the field of religious experience in her first novel, *John Ward, Preacher*, published in 1888. *Philip and his Wife* (1894), *Sidney* (1890), *The Common Way* (1904), and *The Awakening of Helena Richie* (1906) are the most notable of her later works. Perhaps the most distinguished success in realistic fiction is found in the work of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (born in Massachusetts, 1862). Mrs. Freeman has portrayed with great skill and intense feeling the more subdued yet rugged phases of New England life and character. Her short stories are of exceptional strength and exhibit the technical methods of realism in perfection. *A Humble Romance* (1887), *A New England Nun* (1891), *Jane Field* (1892), *Pembroke* (1894), and *Jerome* (1897) may be cited as examples. Alice Brown (born in New Hampshire, 1857) has been especially successful in her short stories, such as are gathered under the titles *Meadow-Grass* (1895), *Tiverton Tales* (1899), and *The County Road* (1906). Closely akin in local color to the work of Mrs. Freeman, these tales admit a little more of the brightness and warmth of the New England sunshine as it creeps among the shadows of humble circumstances. A later novel, *The Story of Thyrza* (1909), is a work of genuine creative power.

There are other well-known writers of fiction who belong to New England, — at least by birth, — whose work does not permit of such definite classification as that of the group just considered; it is not concerned with the local type. Here belongs the name of Jane G. Austin (1831-1894), whose historical novels, *Standish of Standish* (1889), *Betty Alden* (1891), etc., deal with Old Colony times. Harriet Prescott Spofford (born in Maine, 1835) is the author of numerous romantic tales beginning with *Sir Rohan's Ghost* (1859). Her more recent novels include *Priscilla's Love Story* (1898), *The Maid He Married* (1899), and *The Great Procession* (1902). Ellen Olney Kirk (born in Connecticut, 1842) published her first novel, *Love in Idleness*, in 1877. She has written a score of popular stories, including *Through Winding Ways* (1880), *The Story of Margaret Kent* (1886), *Sons and Daughters* (1887), *The Apology of Ayliffe* (1904), and *Marcia* (1907). Blanche Willis Howard (1847–1898), a native of Maine, became the wife of Dr. von Teuffel, of Stuttgart in Würtemberg, in 1890. She died at Munich. Her first story, *One Summer*, a delicate idyl, appeared in 1875; *Guenn, a Breton Romance*, in 1882. Clara Louise Burnham (born in Massachusetts, 1854) is the daughter of Dr. George F. Root, the composer. She has been the author of numerous works of fiction, beginning with *No Gentlemen*, in 1881. Among her later novels, which deal largely with the teachings of Christian Science, the most successful are *The Wise Woman* (1895), *The Right Princess* (1902), and *Jewel* (1903). Arthur Sherburne Hardy (born in Massachusetts, 1847), a graduate of West Point and at one time professor of mathematics in Dartmouth College, has written

Romance and Idealistic Fiction.

several novels of unusual charm and strength. These are *But Yet a Woman* (1883), *The Wind of Destiny* (1886), *Passe Rose* (1889), and *His Daughter First* (1903). Mr. Hardy was editor of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* (1893–1895) and has served as diplomatic representative of the United States in the Orient, in Switzerland, and in Spain. Edward Bellamy (1850–1898) is best known by two popular studies in political economy presented through the medium of romance: *Looking Backward* (1888) and *Equality* (1897). Robert Grant (born at Boston, 1852), a jurist, is well known as a writer of stimulating essays and an author of several successful novels. He has found American society a fruitful field for his realistic studies, of which the most prominent are: *An Average Man* (1883), *The Carletons* (1891), *Unleavened Bread* (1900), *The Undercurrent* (1904) and *The Chippendales* (1909). Frederic J. Stimson (born in Massachusetts, 1855), like Judge Grant, a representative of the legal profession, wrote his earlier novels under the pen-name "J. S. of Dale." *Guerndale* (1882), *King Noanett* (1896), and *In Cure of her Soul* (1906) are representative works. Edward Everett Hale (1822–1909), an indefatigable gleaner in many fields, won merited fame with his story, now classic, *The Man without a Country*, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1863. A long series of tales and narratives — mostly with a purpose — includes the novel *Philip Nolan's Friends* (1876) and the religious romance, *In His Name* (1873). John Townsend Trowbridge (born in New York, 1827) has been, since 1848, a resident of Boston or its suburbs. He, too, is a representative of the earlier generation, whose works were popular with old and young. His best-known novels are *Neighbor Jackwood* (1857) and *Cudjo's Cave* (1863). The nar-

rative of *Jack Hazard and his Fortunes* (1871) began a series of entertaining stories for boys which long maintained their place in the affections of the New England youth.

Indeed juvenile fiction flourished early in New England. The famous "Rollo" and "Lucy" books of Jacob Abbott (1803–1879), which began to appear about 1840, are now recalled as quaint examples of the old-fashioned children's books in which instruction was generously mixed with entertainment. The "Jack Hazard" books were of a different type and were the delight of the younger generation that followed; so were the "Elm Island" stories written by Rev. Elijah Kellogg (1813–1901), like Jacob Abbott, a native of Maine. Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney (1824–1906), author of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood* (1863), *Leslie Goldthwaite*, and *We Girls* (1870), and Louisa M. Alcott (1832–1888) were the most popular writers for girls. **Juvenile Fiction.**

Silas Weir Mitchell (born at Philadelphia, 1830), a distinguished physician, after several essays in fiction became famous as a novelist with the publication of *Hugh Wynne*, in 1897. This was the beginning in the recent revival of interest in the historical novel dealing with the American Revolution. It has its sequel in *The Red City* (1908). Francis R. Stockton (1834–1902), a native of Philadelphia, best known, perhaps, as the author of *The Lady or the Tiger* (1884), is unique among American story-writers for the whimsical mingling of the serious and the humorous in fiction. His first notable work was *Rudder Grange* (1879), which one hardly knows whether to classify as a novel or as romance; but its very original vein of humor is delicious and runs through all of Stockton's succeeding work. Mrs. Amelia **New York and Pennsylvania.**

Edith Barr (born in England, 1831), since 1869 a resident of New York state, has been the prolific author of more than thirty works of fiction, including *Jan Vedder's Wife* (1885), *The Black Shilling*, *The Bow of Orange Ribbon* (1886), etc. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen (1848–1895) is another successful American novelist, not American born; he was a native of Norway. After coming to this country, he filled professorships at Cornell and Columbia. *Gunnar, a Norse Romance*, his first novel, appeared in 1874. Edgar Fawcett (1847–1904), also a writer of verse, wrote novels depicting some phases of society in New York. Among these are *An Ambitious Woman* (1883), *Social Silhouettes* (1885), *The House at High Bridge* (1886). Brander Matthews (born at New Orleans, 1852), since 1892 a professor at Columbia, a well-known essayist and critic, has written realistic studies — both novels and short stories — of New York life; such are included in the volumes *Vignettes of Manhattan* (1894), *His Father's Son* (1895), and *A Confident To-morrow* (1899). Harold Frederic (1856–1898), a New York journalist and foreign correspondent at the time of his death, is best remembered by his strong, purposeful novel, *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (1896). Francis Marion Crawford (1854–1909), most cosmopolitan of American writers, both in residence and in the material utilized in his novels, was also one of the most productive of recent novelists. He was the son of the sculptor, Thomas C. Crawford, and was born in Italy. His education was attained at St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, at Trinity College, Cambridge, at Heidelberg, and Rome. During 1879 and 1880, he engaged in editorial work in India. Although his residence was for the rest of his life in Italy, he remained strongly patriotic in his sentiment

toward the United States, regarding it as his country and asserting himself always an American. His first novel, *Mr. Isaacs*, appeared in 1882, and was followed by *Dr. Claudius* (1883), *A Roman Singer* (1884), *Zoroaster* (1885), and *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* (1886). The variety of sources from which Mr. Crawford drew his material is strikingly suggested in the titles of his representative novels, of which the following may be mentioned: *Paul Patoff* (1887), *Saracinesca* (1887), *Greifenstein* (1889), *Khaled* (1891), *Pietro Ghisleri* (1893), *Katherine Lauderdale* (1894), *In the Palace of the King* (1900), *A Lady of Rome* (1906), *Arethusa* (1907). He was the author of more than forty books, including important studies of Italian history and several plays. Of his novels it is conceded that those depicting Italian life and character are the most valuable; and of these, three, constituting the *Saracinesca* series, are the best. Mr. Crawford died at his villa in Sorrento, at the age of fifty-five. Kate Douglas Wiggin, now Mrs. Riggs (born at Philadelphia, 1857), published her first notable story, *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, in 1888, and *The Story of Patsy* in 1889. Of her subsequent stories *Rebecca* (1903) has, perhaps, had the largest success. The well-known character Penelope first appeared in *Penelope's English Experiences* (1893).

The Younger Generation.

Of the present-day novelists in the New York group, Mrs. Edith Wharton (born at New York, 1862) holds a place of distinction based largely upon her intensely realistic novels, *The House of Mirth* (1905) and *The Fruit of the Tree* (1907). Owen Wister (born at Philadelphia, 1860) is known as the author of *The Virginian* (1902). Richard Harding Davis (born at Philadelphia, 1864), a journalist by profession and famed as a war cor-

respondent, is one of the most popular short-story writers of the day; the creator of "Gallagher" and "Van Bibber," and author of several popular romances, among which are *The King's Jackal* (1898), *Soldiers of Fortune* (1899), and *The White Mice* (1909). Robert W. Chambers (born at Brooklyn, 1865) is another popular writer of romantic tales, of which *Lorraine* (1896) and *The Fighting Chance* (1906) are examples. Here, also, should be included two representatives of this younger set, whose work had aroused wide interest when interrupted by their death: Paul Leicester Ford (1865–1902), author of *The Honorable Peter Stirling* (1894) and *Janice Meredith* (1899), and Stephen Crane (1871–1900), a young New York journalist, who wrote a remarkable realistic study of battle, *The Red Badge of Courage* (1896).

Southern Story-Tellers.

The Southern States are well represented in the fiction which depicts local types of character, and have, besides, produced novelists of note whose work is more general in its scope.

In Georgia.

Similar to the work of some of the New England realists is that of Richard Malcolm Johnston (1822–1898), whose novels and tales portray the picturesque manners prevailing in portions of his native state. *Old Mark Langston* (1883), *The Primes and their Neighbors* (1891), *Pearce Amerson's Will*, and *Old Times in Middle Georgia* (1897) are examples. Joel Chandler Harris (1848–1908), for twenty-five years editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, has worked in the same field. *Balaam and his Master* (1891), *On the Plantation* (1892), *Stories of Georgia*, *The Story of Aaron*, *Tales of the Home Folks*, are the titles of other well-known volumes; but it is as "Uncle Remus," teller of tales

concerning Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox, that this author is most widely known. *Uncle Remus — His Songs and his Sayings* was published in 1880. *Told by Uncle Remus* appeared in 1905, and almost the last publication of this writer was a volume entitled *Uncle Remus and Br'er Rabbit* (1907).

Virginia.

Thomas Nelson Page (born in Virginia, 1853) has written stories which have their scene in the Old Dominion. Among them are: *In Ole Virginia* (1887), *Two Little Confederates* (1888), *Meh Lady*, *Marse Chan;* a later novel, *Red Rock*, appeared in 1898.

Kentucky.

James Lane Allen (born in Kentucky, 1849) is less of realist than idealist; the idyllic quality appears predominant in *A Kentucky Cardinal* (1894) and its sequel, *Aftermath* (1896). *The Choir Invisible* (1897) and *The Reign of Law* (1900) are historical romances depicting early life in the state. Mr. Allen's style is distinguished by unusual literary charm. More distinctive studies of local types are found in the realistic novels of John Fox, Jr. (born in Kentucky, 1862). *A Mountain Europa* (1894), *Hell fer Sartain* (1896), and *The Kentuckians* (1897) introduced Mr. Fox to readers of fiction. More recently have appeared *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* (1903) and *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (1908).

Tennessee.

Mary Noailles Murfree (born in Tennessee, 1850) for some years successfully concealed her identity under the pen-name "Charles Egbert Craddock." *In the Tennessee Mountains* (1884), *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain* (1885), and *In the Clouds* (1886) began a series of strong and interesting tales of the mountain whites — a class which Miss Murfree has continued to depict in her later works.

Louisiana.

The touch of the romanticist is evident in the work of George Washington Cable (born at New Orleans, 1844). Although Mr. Cable has been a resident of Massachusetts for many years, his stories belong to the southland. *Old Creole Days* (1879), *The Grandissimes* (1880), *Madame Delphine* (1881), *Dr. Sevier* (1885), and *Bonaventure* (1888) are representative works. Ruth McEnery Stuart (born in Louisiana, 1856) has depicted with keen sense of humor some phases of Southern life, both white and black. *A Golden Wedding and Other Tales* appeared in 1893; *Carlotta's Intended* and *The Story of Babette* (1894) were followed by *Sonny* (1896), a unique and fascinating character study. The reconstructed negro appears in the later creations of *Napoleon Jackson* (1902) and *George Washington Jones* (1903). *The River's Children* (1904) is a genuine idyl of the Mississippi. Grace Elizabeth King (born at New Orleans, 1852) has written of the Creoles in *Monsieur Motte* (1888), *Tales of Time and Place* (1892), and *Balcony Stories* (1893).

Fiction of Broader Scope.

Frances Hodgson Burnett (born at Manchester, England, 1849) removed to the United States in 1865, residing for ten years in Tennessee, and then for a period in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Burnett's first novels, *That Lass o' Lowrie's* (1877) and *Haworth's* (1879), portray life among the working people of Lancashire. Her *Through One Administration* (1883) deals with official society life in Washington. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886) was an exceedingly popular juvenile, which was followed by others almost as successful. Mrs. Burnett has lived of late years in England. *A Lady of Quality* appeared in 1896, *The Shuttle*, in 1907. Amélie Rives, Princess Troubetzkoy (born

at Richmond, Virginia, 1863), owes her literary reputation largely to her first novel, *The Quick or the Dead*, published in 1888. *A Brother to Dragons* appeared the same year. Perhaps the best known of our writers from the South is Francis Hopkinson Smith (born at Baltimore, 1838), a versatile master of several arts including the substantial one of building lighthouses. His first success in fiction was the fine character sketch, *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* (1891). *Tom Grogan* (1896), *Caleb West* (1898), and *The Tides of Barnegat* (1906) are all realistic studies of the people whom the author may have known when living the practical business life of a building contractor and mechanical engineer. *The Fortunes of Oliver Horne* (1902) is said to be reminiscent of that period in Mr. Smith's life when he was an art student in New York. His recent stories, *The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman* (1907) and *Peter* (1908), indicate a return to the more sentimental manner of his earliest success. Albion W. Tourgée (1838–1905), a native of Ohio and an officer in the Union army throughout the Civil War, lived in North Carolina from 1865 to 1881, and during this period wrote three or four novels dealing with political conditions in the South. Of these, *A Fool's Errand* (1879) and *Bricks Without Straw* (1880) aroused widespread interest. Tourgée afterward served as United States Consul at Bordeaux and at Halifax, and was the author of numerous stories and novels.

The Younger Generation of Southern Writers.

Among the younger writers who are natives of the South, three have especial distinction as successful novelists in the broader field of fiction. Mary Johnston (born in Virginia, 1870) has written three historical romances dealing with old colony times in Virginia: *Prisoners of Hope*

(1898), *To Have and to Hold* (1900), and *Sir Mortimer* (1904). In *Lewis Rand* (1908), Miss Johnston presents a picturesque study of political life at the opening of the nineteenth century. *The Goddess of Reason* (1907) is a notable drama on the theme of the French Revolution. Winston Churchill (born at St. Louis, 1871) has taken a conspicuous place among writers of historical romance with his impressive series dealing with great epochs in American history: *Richard Carvel* (1899), *The Crisis* (1901), and *The Crossing* (1904). To these novels must be added his first story, *The Celebrity* (1898), and his later work, *Coniston* (1906). Ellen A. G. Glasgow (born at Richmond, Virginia, 1874) is the author of three realistic novels of unusual power: *The Descendant* (1897), *The Deliverance* (1904), and *The Wheel of Life* (1906).

The Indiana Novelists.

The promise of the West as a field for the writer of fiction came with the publication of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1871). This book was a realistic study of character in southern Indiana of the early fifties. Its author, Edward Eggleston (1837–1902), was born in the pioneer days of the state at the little town of Vevay, on the Ohio River. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Church, and became what was then known as a "circuit rider," ministering to a parish which required a four weeks' itinerary, involving both hardship and peril. In six months his health broke down, and he removed to Minnesota. In 1886, he engaged in editorial work at Chicago, and in 1874 became pastor of a church in Brooklyn, New York, to which he gave the name of the Church of Christian Endeavor. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* met with wide popularity and was translated into several languages. It was followed by *The Mystery of Metropolisville* (1873), with its setting

in Minnesota, and *The Circuit Rider* (1874), the scene of which is laid in Ohio. *Roxy* (1878) and *The Graysons* (1887) are again portrayals of Hoosier types.

The state of Indiana has made a remarkable record in the literary history of the middle West. Lew Wallace (1827–1905), the author of *Ben Hur*, was a native of the state and made his home at Crawfordsville, the "Hoosier Athens." He served in the Mexican War, and later in the Civil War, receiving the rank of Major-General, for gallantry in the field. His first romance, *The Fair God* (1873), was an Aztec story, the inspiration of which came from the reading of Prescott's histories. *Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ* (1880) was the result of a conscientious study of the foundations of the Christian faith. The author's treatment of his difficult subject is scholarly and reverent. The popularity of the work has fairly rivaled that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. General Wallace was appointed governor of New Mexico in 1878; and it was while living at Santa Fé that he wrote the larger part of the romance. A later story, *The Prince of India* (1893), was an outcome of Wallace's residence at Constantinople as minister to Turkey.

Maurice Thompson (1844–1901), also a resident of Crawfordsville, has been mentioned already as a writer of verse.[1] He was a novelist as well, the author of several popular stories, of which *A Tallahassee Girl* (1882) and *Alice of Old Vincennes* (1900) are noteworthy. Among more recent writers who have added to the literary reputation of the Hoosier state are: Newton Booth Tarkington (born 1869), author of *The Gentleman from Indiana* (1899), *Monsieur Beaucaire* (1900), *The Two Vanrevels* (1902), *Cherry*

[1] See page 312.

(1903), *The Conquest of Canaan* (1905), etc. Charles Major (born 1856), whose very popular romance, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, appeared in 1898; Meredith Nicholson (born 1866), author of several romantic narratives [1] of which *The House of a Thousand Candles* (1905) and *The Port of Missing Men* (1907) are prominent; and George Barr McCutcheon (born 1866), whose *Graustark* (1900), *Craneycrow* (1902), and *Beverly of Graustark* (1904) are best known. Here also should be included the name of the versatile humorist George Ade (born 1866), whose first literary successes, *Artie*, *Pink Marsh*, *Doc Horne*, etc., were produced while Mr. Ade was writing on the staff of a Chicago newspaper (1890–1900).

The West in General.

Captain Charles King (born at Albany, New York, 1844), now living at Milwaukee, a retired army officer, is the author of a long list of tales, the material of which is mainly drawn from military life. These include *The Colonel's Daughter* (1883), *The Deserter* (1887), *Captain Blake* (1892), *The General's Double* (1897), and many more.

Constance Fenimore Woolson (1848–1894), a descendant of James Fenimore Cooper, was born in New Hampshire, but her home in later life was at Cleveland, Ohio. Her summers were usually spent on the shores of Lake Superior, or at Mackinac; she resided also in Florida. Her principal novels are: *Castle Nowhere* (1875), *Anne* (1882), *East Angels* (1886), and *Jupiter Lights* (1889).

Mary Hallock Foote (born in New York, 1847) lived for some years in Colorado, California, and Idaho, accompanying her husband, a civil engineer.

[1] Mr. Nicholson is also author of *The Hoosiers* (1900), which gives an account in detail of the Indiana writers. It will be found interesting as a source of further information on this section.

Her most successful novels deal realistically with the life of the mining camp and the hills. These are *The Led Horse Claim* (1883), *John Bodewin's Testimony* (1886), and *Cœur d'Alène* (1894).

Mary Hartwell Catherwood (1847–1902), a native of Ohio, later a resident of Illinois, was the author of several interesting historical novels for the most part concerned with historic epochs in the region of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Illinois. It was *The Romance of Dollard* (1889) which began the series of her works — a series which owed its inception to the fascinating narratives of Francis Parkman. *Old Kaskaskia* (1893) and *The White Islander* (1893), *The Lady of Fort St. John* (1892) and *The Little Renault* (1897) are vigorous narratives of romantic adventure. Mrs. Catherwood's last work, *Lazarre* (1901), is based on the tradition which identifies the Dauphin of France, who disappeared mysteriously from Paris at the outbreak of the Revolution, with a lad in America who went by the name of Eleazar Williams and was reputed of royal birth.

Alice French, "Octave Thanet" (born in Massachusetts, 1850), is a resident of Davenport, Iowa. A part of the year she makes her home in a quiet spot in Arkansas. Both places serve as setting in some of her stories. Miss French is a realist; the relations between labor and capital have proved interesting and effective material in her hands. Among her works are: *Knitters in the Sun* (1887), *Expiation* (1890), *Otto the Knight* (1893), *Stories of a Western Town* (1893), *The Heart of Toil* (1898), and *The Man of the Hour* (1905).

Henry Blake Fuller (born at Chicago, 1857) has ably represented the western metropolis in modern fic-

tion. Beginning his literary career with two fantastic romances, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* (1891) and *The Chatelaine of La Trinité*, Mr. Fuller (1892) next appeared as a realistic novelist of keen vision and serious purpose. He portrayed some phases of Chicago society in *The Cliff Dwellers* (1893), and *With the Procession* (1895). Mr. Fuller's latest work, *The Last Refuge* (1901), is in line with his earlier volumes, romantic, whimsical, and strongly symbolistic.

A Chicago group.

Hamlin Garland (born in Wisconsin, 1860), for a time resident in the East, but now identified with Chicago, is a realist in principle, although some of his more recent work is softened by touches of romanticism. Mr. Garland's first publication, *Main Travelled Roads* (1890), was a volume of short stories realistic and somewhat cynical in tone. *Jason Edwards* (1891), *A Little Norsk* (1891), *A Spoil of Office* (1892), *A Member of the Third House* (1892), and *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* (1895) followed in similar vein. *The Eagle's Heart* (1900), *Her Mountain Lover* (1901), *The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop* (1902), and *Hesper* (1903) are all stories of the rugged, unconventional life of mountain, mine, and camp, in which romance blends with realism.

Will Payne (born in Illinois, 1865), since 1890 a Chicago journalist and for several years editor of *The Economist*, is the author of numerous short stories and of several novels. *Jerry the Dreamer* was published in 1896, *The Story of Eva* in 1901. Two of Mr. Payne's realistic novels, *The Money Captain* (1898) and *Mr. Salt* (1903), are distinctively studies of commercial life and admirable essays in this field.

Robert Herrick (born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1868), a Harvard man and, since 1893, a member of the Faculty in the University of Chicago, holds a leading

place among western realists. Like Mr. Fuller, he has been impressed by certain phases of American social life and has written somewhat sombre but carefully studied narratives which have their setting in the great city of the middle West. These include *The Gospel of Freedom* (1898), *The Web of Life* (1900), *The Common Lot* (1904), and *Together* (1908).

One of the youngest and one of the most promising in this group of western realists was Frank Norris (1870–1902). Mr. Norris was born at Chicago, but part of his life was spent on the Pacific coast and another portion of it in New York. He was a journalist and served as war correspondent in South Africa and Cuba. At the time of his death he was a resident in California. Mr. Norris's claim to distinction is found in a projected series of three novels planned to embody his great idea, — what he called the epic of the wheat. *The Octopus* (1901) is the first of the series and deals with the planting and harvesting of the crop; its scene is laid in southern California. *The Pit* (1903) pictures the selling of the wheat, and dramatically portrays the life which centres in the Chicago Board of Trade. The last book of the trilogy was to have dealt with the distribution of the wheat in Europe, and would have been entitled *The Wolf*, as symbolizing the experiences of famine in Russia. Although uncompleted, the large conception of this young enthusiast is worthy of more than passing note, while his actual achievement is in itself remarkable.

A CHRONOLOGICAL REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Miscellaneous Prose.	Fiction.	Poetry.	In Great Britain.	Historical Items.
Emerson's *Nature*, 1836.	Simms's *Mellichampe*, 1836.	Bryant's *Poems*, 1836.	*Pickwick Papers*, 1836.	Longfellow, Prof. of Modern Languages at Harvard, 1836.
Irving's *Astoria*, 1836.	*Twice-Told Tales*, 1837.	Holmes's *Poems*, 1836.	*Oliver Twist*, 1837.	Van Buren, President, 1837.
Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, 1837.	Ware's *Zenobia*, 1837.	Whittier's *Poems*, 1837.	Carlyle's *French Revolution*, 1837.	Victoria, Queen of England, 1837.
Emerson's *The American Scholar*, 1837.	Poe's *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, 1838.	Whittier's *Ballads, etc.*, 1838.	Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 1837.	*The Dial*, 1840-1844.
Essays (1st Series), 1841.	Ware's *Aurelian*, 1838.	Longfellow's *Voices of the Night*, 1839.	*Nicholas Nickleby*, 1838.	Population of U. S. (1840), 17,068,355.
Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, 1843.	Longfellow's *Hyperion*, 1839.	*Ballads and Other Poems*, 1841.	Browning's *Sordello*, 1840.	Brook Farm, 1840.
Emerson's *Essays* (2d Series), 1844.	Cooper's *Pathfinder*, 1840.	Lowell's *A Year's Life*, 1841.	*Old Curiosity Shop*, 1840.	Harrison, President, 1841.
Taylor's *Views Afoot*, 1846.	Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, 1840.	Longfellow's *The Spanish Student*, 1843.	Browning's *Pippa Passes*, 1841.	Tyler, President, 1841.
Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*, 1847.	Cooper's *Deerslayer*, 1841.	Whittier's *Lays of my Home*, 1843.	Carlyle's *Heroes*, 1841.	University of Michigan opened, 1841.
Poe's *Eureka*, 1848.	Ware's *Julian*, 1841.	Poe's *Raven*, 1845.	*Barnaby Rudge*, 1841.	Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, 1843.
Whipple's *Essays and Reviews*, 1848.	Cooper's *Wing-and-Wing*, 1842.	Holmes's *Poems*, 1846.	Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, 1842.	Webster's Speeches at Bunker Hill Monument and Plymouth, 1843.
Irving's *Goldsmith*, 1849.	*Twice-Told Tales*, 1842.	Longfellow's *Belfry of Bruges*, 1847.	Tennyson's *Poems*, 1842.	Polk, President, 1845.
Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*, 1849.	Simms's *Beauchampe*, 1842.	Emerson's *Poems*, 1847.	Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, 1843.	War with Mexico, 1845.
Thoreau's *Week on the Concord and Merrimack*, 1849.	*Mosses from an Old Manse*, 1846.	Longfellow's *Evangeline*, 1847.	Ruskin's *Modern Painters* (vol. i), 1843.	Peace with Mexico, 1848.
Whipple's *Literature and Life*, 1849.	Melville's *Typee*, 1846.	Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, 1848.	Carlyle's *Cromwell*, 1845.	Gold discovered in California, 1848.
Emerson's *Representative Men*, 1850.	*Omoo*, 1847.	*Fable for Critics*, 1848.	*Dombey and Son*, 1846.	Taylor, President, 1849.
Irving's *Mahomet*, 1850.	Longfellow's *Kavanagh*, 1849.	*Vision of Sir Launfal*, 1848.	C. Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, 1847.	Tennyson, Poet-Laureate, 1850.
Mitchell's *Reveries of a Bachelor*, 1850.	*The Scarlet Letter*, 1850.	*Poems* by Alice and Phœbe Cary, 1849.	Tennyson's *The Princess*, 1847.	*Harper's Magazine*, 1850.
Curtis's *Nile Notes of a Howadji*, 1851.	Susan Warner's *The Wide, Wide World*, 1850.	Whittier's *Voices of Freedom*, 1849.	*Vanity Fair*, 1847.	Population of U. S. (1850), 23,263,485.
Mitchell's *Dream Life*, 1851.	*House of Seven Gables*, 1851.	Longfellow's *Seaside and Fireside*, 1850.	Macaulay's *England* (vols. i and ii), 1848.	Daniel Webster died, 1852.
Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, 1851.	*Wonder-Book, Snow-Image and Other Twice-Told Tales*, 1851.	Holmes's *Astræa*, 1850.	*David Copperfield*, 1849.	
	Melville's *Moby Dick*, 1851.	Whittier's *Songs of Labor*, 1850.	*Pendennis*, 1849.	
			In Memoriam, 1850.	
			Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi. Windows*, 1851.	
			Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* (vol. i.), 1851.	

Howadji in Syria, 1852.
The Potiphar Papers, 1853.
Shillaber's *Mrs. Partington*, 1855.
Smith's *Way Down East*, 1855.
Thoreau's *Walden*, 1854.
Irving's *Washington*, 1855.
The Widow Bedott Papers, 1855.
Curtis's *Prue and I*, 1856.
Emerson's *English Traits*, 1856.
Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, 1856.
Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, 1857.
Timothy Titcomb's Letters, 1858.
Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, 1858.
New American Cyclopædia (edited by G. Ripley and C. A. Dana), begun 1858.
Emerson's *The Conduct of Life*, 1860.
The Professor at the Breakfast-Table, 1860.
Artemus Ward: His Book, 1862.
Orpheus C. Kerr Papers, 1862.
Story's *Roba di Roma*, 1862.
Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*, 1863.
Mitchell's *My Farm of Edgewood*. 1863.
Wet Days at Edgewood, 1864.
The Nasby Papers, 1864.

Blithedale Romance, 1852.
Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1852.
Susan Warner's *Queechy*, 1852.
Tanglewood Tales, 1853.
Cooke's *The Virginia Comedians*, 1854.
Maria Cummins's *The Lamplighter*, 1854.
Simms's *The Foragers*, 1855.
Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Dred*, 1856.
Trowbridge's *Neighbor Jackwood*, 1857.
Simms's *The Cassique of Kiawah*, 1859.
Harriet Beecher Stowe's *The Minister's Wooing*, 1859.
The Marble Faun, 1860.
Curtis's *Trumps*, 1861.
Holmes's *Elsie Venner*, 1861.
Winthrop's *Cecil Dreeme*, 1861.
Mrs. Stowe's *Agnes of Sorrento*, 1862.
Pearl of Orr's Island, 1862.
Winthrop's *John Brent*, 1862.
Taylor's *Hannah Thurston*, 1863.
John Godfrey's Fortunes, 1864.
Miss Alcott's *Moods*, 1864.

Longfellow's *The Golden Legend*, 1851.
Taylor's *Romances, Lyrics and Songs*, 1851.
Alice Cary's *Poems*, 1852.
Whittier's *Chapel of the Hermits*, 1853.
Phœbe Cary's *Poems*, 1854.
Parsons's *Poems*, 1854.
Taylor's *Poems of the Orient*, 1854.
Aldrich's *The Bells*, 1855.
Hiawatha, 1855.
Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, 1855.
Whittier's *Panorama*, 1856.
Stoddard's *Songs of Summer*, 1857.
Holland's *Bitter-Sweet*, 1858.
Courtship of Miles Standish, 1858.
Saxe's *Poems*, 1859.
Poems of Two Friends (Howells and Piatt), 1860.
Stedman's *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic*, 1860.
Timrod's *Poems*, 1860.
Whittier's *Home Ballads*, 1860.
Aldrich's *Pampina*, 1861.
Holmes's *Songs in Many Keys*, 1861.
Stoddard's *The King's Bell*, 1862.
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Whittier's *In War Time*, 1863.

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Bleak House, 1852.
Hypatia, 1853.
Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, 1853.
The Newcomes, 1854.
Matthew Arnold's *Poems*, 1855.
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Tennyson's *Maud*, 1855.
Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.
Froude's *England*, 1856.
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Silas Marner, 1861.
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Spencer's *First Principles*, 1862.
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Republican Party organized, 1856.
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Atlantic Monthly, 1857.
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Lowell's *Fireside Travels*, 1864.	Mitchell's *Doctor Johns*, 1866.	Stedman's *Alice of Monmouth*, 1864.	Browning's *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864.	Lee's Surrender, 1865.
Thoreau's *The Maine Woods*, 1864.	Taylor's *Story of Kennett*, 1866.	Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*, 1865.	*Our Mutual Friend*, 1864.	Assassination of Lincoln, 1865.
Artemus Ward: His Travels, 1865.	*The Celebrated Jumping Frog*, 1867.	Whitman's *Drum-Taps*, 1865.	Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*, 1864.	Johnson, President, 1865.
Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*, 1865.	Holmes's *The Guardian Angel*, 1867.	Whittier's *National Lyrics*, 1865.	Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, 1864.	Vassar College opened, 1865.
Thoreau's *Cape Cod*, 1865.	Lanier's *Tiger Lilies*, 1867.	Julia Ward Howe's *Later Lyrics*, 1866.	Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, 1865.	Bismarck, Chancellor, 1866.
Howells's *Venetian Life*, 1866.	Miss Alcott's *Little Women*, 1868.	*Snow-Bound*, 1866.	Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, 1865.	Purchase of Alaska, 1867.
Josh Billings: His Sayings, 1866.	Beecher's *Norwood*, 1868.	Phœbe Cary's *Poems*, 1867.	*Crown of Wild Olive*, 1866.	Cornell University, and University of the South opened, 1868.
Whipple's *Character and Characteristic Men*, 1866.	Hale's *The Man without a Country*, 1868.	Emerson's *May-Day*, 1867.	*Felix Holt*, 1866.	Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, 1868.
Howells's *Italian Journeys*, 1867.	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's *The Gates Ajar*, 1868.	Holland's *Kathrina*, 1867.	*The Ring and the Book*, 1867.	Grant, President, 1869.
Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, 1867.	Cooke's *Fairfax*, 1868.	Longfellow's Translation of Dante, 1867.	George Eliot's *The Spanish Gypsy*, 1868.	First Pacific Railroad, 1869.
Innocents Abroad, 1869.	*The Story of a Bad Boy*, 1869.	*Biglow Papers* (2d Series), 1867.	Morris's *The Earthly Paradise* (vols. i, ii), 1868.	Fifteenth Amendment, 1870.
Parkman's *La Salle*, 1869.	Howells's *No Love Lost*, 1869.	Parsons's Translation of Dante's *Inferno*, 1867.	Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy*, 1869.	University of Michigan opened, 1870.
Josh Billings' Farmer's Allminax, 1869.	Mrs. Stowe's *Oldtown Folks*, 1869.	Sill's *The Hermitage*, 1867.	*Lorna Doone*, 1869.	*Scribner's Monthly*, 1870.
Whipple's *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, 1869.	Miss Alcott's *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, 1870.	*Tent on the Beach*, 1867.	Lecky's *European Morals*, 1869.	Franco-Prussian War, 1870–1871.
Emerson's *Society and Solitude*, 1870.	*The Luck of Roaring Camp*, 1870.	Lucy Larcom's *Poems*, 1868.	Disraeli's *Lothair*, 1870.	Population of U. S. (1870), 38,558,371.
Lowell's *Among my Books*, 1870.	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's *Hedged in*, 1870.	*The New England Tragedies*, 1868.	Rossetti's *Poems*, 1870.	Wilhelm I, German Emperor, 1871. Bismarck, Chancellor.
Warner's *My Summer in a Garden*, 1870.	*Little Men*, 1871.	Piatt's *Poems*, 1868.	Darwin's *Descent of Man*, 1871.	Thiers, President of the French Republic, 1871.
Burroughs's *Wake-Robin*, 1871.	*The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, 1871.	Whittier's *Among the Hills*, 1868.	*Middlemarch*, 1871.	
Higginson's *Atlantic Essays*, 1871.	*Their Wedding Journey*, 1871.	Lowell's *Under the Willows*, 1869.	Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*, 1871.	
	Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories, 1871.	Bryant's Translation of the *Iliad*, 1870.		
		Taylor's *Faust*, 1870.		
		Bryant's *Odyssey*, 1871.		
		Harte's *East and West Poems*, 1871.		

Lowell's *My Study Windows*, 1871.
Roughing It, 1872.
Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*, 1872.
Fiske's *Myths and Myth-Makers*, 1872.
The Poet at the Breakfast-Table, 1872.
Warner's *Backlog Studies*, 1872.
Motley's *John of Barneveld*, 1874.
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Burroughs's *Winter Sunshine*, 1875.
Emerson's *Letters and Social Aims*, 1875.
Stedman's *Victorian Poets*, 1875.
Holland's *Every-Day Topics*, 1876.
Lowell's *Among my Books* (2d Series), 1876.
Warner's *My Winter on the Nile*, 1876.
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Tyler's *History of American Literature* (1617 – 1765), 1878.
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A Tramp Abroad, 1880.
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Marjorie Daw, 1873.
The Gilded Age, 1873.
In His Name, 1873.
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A Chance Acquaintance, 1873.
The Fair God, 1873.
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The Circuit Rider, 1874.
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That Lass o' Lowrie's, 1877.
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Uncle Remus, 1880.
The Undiscovered Country, 1880.
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Hay's *Pike County Ballads*, 1871.
Castilian Days, 1871.
Longfellow's *The Divine Tragedy*, 1871.
Miller's *Songs of the Sierras*, 1871.
Cranch's *Æneid*, 1872.
Taylor's *Masque of the Gods*, 1872.
Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, 1873.
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Aldrich's *Cloth of Gold*, 1874.
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Gilder's *The Poet and his Master*, 1878.
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